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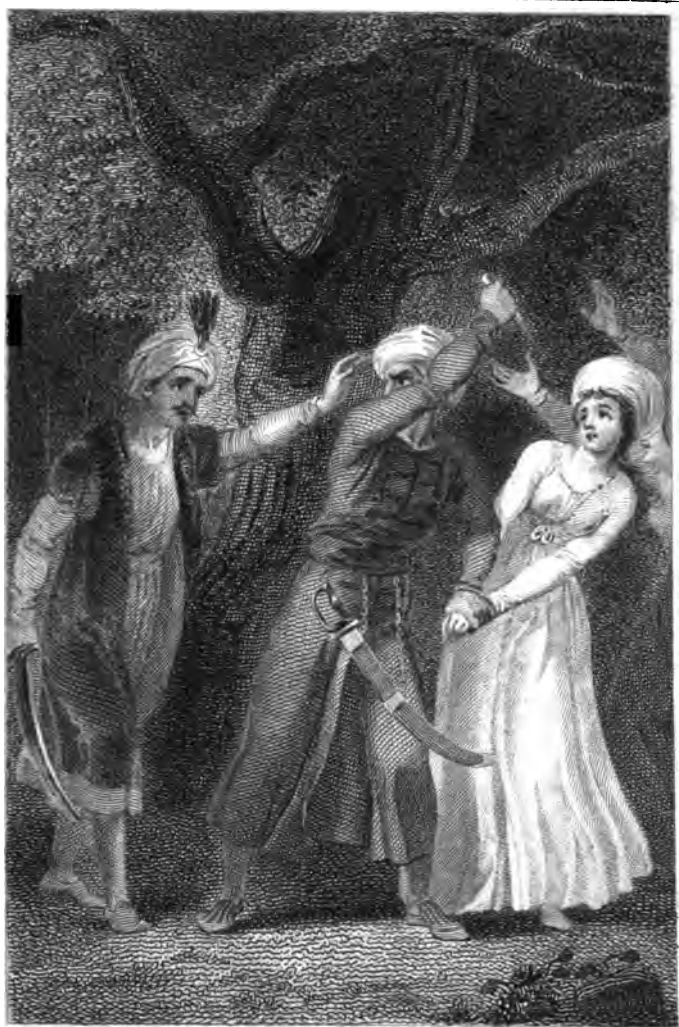
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Richard Fowler Stephens.

FRONTISPIECE, VOL. III.



Zep. Forbear, or by this Hand Zenobia dies.

Zenobia. Act III. Sc. III.

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DRAMAS
AND
OTHER POEMS;
OF THE
ABBÉ PIETRO METASTASIO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

BY

JOHN HOOLE.

VOL. II.

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Added to September 1941 322

ERRATA.

- p. 22. bottom of the page,
for "human life" read "human deeds."
- p. 48. for "doner" read "donor."
- p. 76. line 9, for "these," read "the."

ACHILLES IN SCYROS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

LYCOMEDES, King of **SCYROS**.

ACHILLES, in a female dress, under the name of
PYRRHA, in love with **DEIDAMIA**.

DEIDAMIA, the Daughter of **LYCOMEDES**, in love
with **ACHILLES**.

ULYSSES, Ambassador from Greece.

THEAGENES, Prince of Chalcis, the designed
husband of **DEIDAMIA**.

NEARCHUS, Governor of **ACHILLES**.

ARCAS, the Confident of **ULYSSES**.

CHORUS of **BACCHANALS**.

CHORUS of **SINGERS**.

SCENE in the Island of **SCYROS**.

ACHILLES IN SCYROS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The outside of a magnificent temple dedicated to Bacchus. Between the pillars of the temple is discovered on one side the wood sacred to the Deity, and on the other side the sea coast of Scyros. The piazza is filled with Bacchanals celebrating the festival of the God, to the sound of various instruments. A numerous company of the noble dames of Scyros descending the steps from the temple: with these are seen DEIDAMIA and ACHILLES, the last in a female habit.

CHORUS OF BACCHANALS.

While each, O father Bacchus! pays
To thee this hymn of grateful praise,
Descend our raptur'd souls to raise
With thy celestial fire.

PART CHORUS.

O! source! from whom our blessings flow,
Oblivion sweet of human woe!
By thee we scorn this life below,
And to the skies aspire.

CHORUS.

Descend our raptur'd souls to raise
With thy celestial fire.

PART CHORUS.

By thee, the blood, that scarce maintains
A sluggish course through freezing veins,
With warmth renew'd fresh vigour gains,
And glows with young desire.

CHORUS.

Descend our raptur'd souls to raise
With thy celestial fire.

PART CHORUS.

Henceforth deceit shall fly the breast
That owns thee for its chosen guest,
And lips, before with falsehood drest,
The words of truth acquire.

CHORUS.

Descend our raptur'd souls to raise
With thy celestial fire.

PART CHORUS.

Thou mak'st the coward Fame reverse;
Thou dry'st from weeping eyes the tear;
Thou bid'st the blush of modest fear
From lovers' cheeks retire.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O ! source ! from whom our blessings flow ;
Oblivion sweet of human woe !—
By thee we scorn this life below,
And to the skies aspire.

*[here the Chorus is interrupted by the sound of
trumpets from the sea.]*

Deid. *[to Ach.]* Didst thou not hear ?

Ach. Princess, I did.

Deid. Who dares
With sounds profane thus rashly to disturb
The sacred rites of our mysterious orgies ?

Ach. 'Tis so ; I am not deceiv'd ; from yonder
seas

The sounding clangour comes, and yet I know not,
Nor can divine the cause—but now methinks
I see two vessels, with extended sails,
Swift making to the shore.

[two ships appear at a distance.]

Deid. *[alarmed.]* Ah, me !

Ach. What fear'st thou ?
As yet they're distant far.

Deid. O ! let us fly.

[all fly but Ach. and Deid.]

Ach. And wherefore fly ?

Deid. Hast thou not heard these seas

Are

Are fill'd with impious pirates ? Thus were borne
The wretched daughters from their mourning fires,
The kings of Tyre and Argos—Know'st thou not
The recent loss which Sparta has sustain'd ?
That Greece indignant claims, but claims in vain
The faithless comfort from her Trojan spoiler ?
Who knows but these deceitful vessels now
Again may bring—O ! Heaven ! I sink with terror !

Ach. Fear not, my love, is not Achilles here ?

Deid. O ! hold——

Ach. And if Achilles——

Deid. O ! forbear ;

Some one may hear thee : should'st thou be discover'd,

I am lost myself, and thou to me art lost.

What will my father say, deluded thus ?

Thou know'st he thinks in thee he views a maid,

And oft, with smiles, has witness'd to our loves.

But what must chance, (I tremble at the thought)

Should he e'er learn that, veil'd in Pyrrha's name,
I love Achilles ?

Ach. Pardon, Deidamia,

I own your caution just.

S C E N E II.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. [*entering.*] Behold the lovers.
And must I ever tremble for your sake? [*to them.*]
Imprudent pair! a thousand times I've warn'd you,
But warn'd in vain. All eyes observe how still
You shun society, and court the shades.
Your conduct is the theme of every tongue.
Go—seek the king; the palace now is throng'd,
And only you are absent.

Ach. [*not attending.*] Sure that sound
From yonder ships bespeaks them freighted deep
With arms and warriors.

Deid. [*aside to Near.*] Heavens! what martial
spirit
Flames in his looks! Each art must be employ'd
To draw him hence.

Near. [*to both.*] And still you linger here.

Ach. This instant I'll depart: but let me,
princes,
Behold those vessels enter first the port.

Deid. What! shall I leave you thus beset with
perils?
But this thou heed'st not—O! I see too well
Thou lov'st not Deidamia: from thy heart
I know

know thou judgest mine, too cruel man !

Ach. Then let us go : appease thy gentle spirit,
A look of thine subdues me.

Deid. No, ingrate !
Thou but deceiv'st me, thou art falsehood all.

Ah ! no, ingrate ! thou know'st not love,
Or if thou feel'st his dart,
Thou ne'er for me the cares wilt prove
That rend a gentle heart.

Love at thy choice—thy wayward will
Can raise, or quench the flame ;
Nor heed that truth which lovers still
From faithful lovers claim.

[Exit. Achilles follows her, then stops at the entrance, and turns again to observe the ships, which are now so near, that on the deck of one of them is distinguished a warrior completely armed.]

S C E N E III.

NEARCHUS, ACHILLES.

Near. The olive branch that decks those gliding
prows
Proclaims them friendly vessels.

Ach. See, Nearchus,

Observe

Observe that warrior clad in shining arms,
Of port majestick.

Near. —Hence : it ill befits
That thou, a seeming virgin, wrapt in weeds
Of female softness, still should'st linger here
Alone, without defence.

Ach. But say, Nearchus,
Am I not deem'd thy own ? Does not the voice
Of general fame declare thee for my father ?
What wonder then a daughter should converse
With him who gave her birth ?

Near. But well thou know'st
Thy stay offends the princess.

Ach. True, Nearchus. [*looking towards the ships.*

Near. [*aside.*] How hard to keep Achilles long
conceal'd !

Ach. O ! did yon splendid helmet deck my
brows,
Yon falchion grace my side—no more, Nearchus,
I'm weary of disguise—this sex's weeds
Of sloth inglorious—time demands—

Near. What time ?
O ! Heaven ! remember that this sex's weeds
Have won and still preserv'd the fair-one thine.

Ach. 'Tis true, but yet—

Near. Depart.

Ach. O ! let me now

But

But for a moment view those dazzling arms,
And kindle at the sight.

Near. [*aside.*] What course remains?

[*to Ach.*] Yes, stay; indulge thy wish, but know
 meantime

Thy rival dwells on Deidamia's charms.

Ach. What say'st thou; ha!

Near. The prince of Chalcis comes
To Scyros' court, and Lycomedes wills
With him to join his daughter's hand.

Ach. O! Heavens!

Near. 'Tis true, her heart is thine; but should
 thy rival

Affail her youth with all the arts of flattery,
Alone and unobserv'd—who knows, Achilles,
He may, perchance, prevail and win her from thee.

Ach. What mortal dares my wrath excite,
Or hope to win my soul's delight,
While still to guard a lover's right,

I breathe this vital air?

What though the power of beauty's eyes
Has cloth'd these limbs in soft disguise,
My breast a hero's warmth supplies,

I feel Achilles there.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

NEARCHUS *alone.*

Great is the task that Thetis has enjoin'd :
I fear each moment may reveal Achilles.
'Tis true the force of potent love restrains
His native warmth ; but when perchance he hears
The trumpet's sound, or sees a warrior clad
In plate and mail, his genius takes the alarm :
He raves aloud and scorns his feeble dress
Of powerless woman. Should he learn that Troy
Can never fall without his fateful arm ;
That now all Greece combin'd require his aid,
What were his feelings then ? Forbid it, Heaven,
That any Greek should seek him on this shore—
[*looking out.*] O ! Gods ! am I deceiv'd ? Is that
Ulysses ?
What cause has brought him hither ? Not by
chance,
He seeks the port of Scyros—What were best ?
He knew me once, and knew me at the court
Of aged Peleus, young Achilles' fire.
'Tis true, since then a length of years has pass'd.
At all events I would remain conceal'd,
Nor own myself the same he saw in Greece.
—Ho ! stranger ! pass no further ; first declare
Thy name and lineage : such is here the law,
And such my sovereign's will.

S C E N E V.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyf. The law be reverenc'd :
Behold Ulysses here.

Near. Ulysses, Heavens !
Forgive, O ! generous chief, my hasty speech :
I fly to tell the king these welcome tidings. [*going.*

Ulyf. Yet one word more : art thou not here a
servant
Of royal Lycomedes ?

Near. Rightly spoken,
I am his servant.

Ulyf. And thy name ?

Near. Nearchus.

Ulyf. What country claims thy birth ?

Near. The town of Corinth.

Ulyf. Why didst thou quit, for this, thy native
land ?

Near. I came—O ! Heavens !—I tarry here too
long ;

Forgive me, sir, the king meantime impatient,
Knows not as yet what ships have reach'd the port.

Ulyf. Go then, my friend, dispatch.

Near. [*aside.*] How well I feign'd !
Yet scarcely could escape his wife detection. [*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter ARCAS.

Ulyf. Heaven favours, Arcas, now our great design.

Arc. Whence springs this hope ?

Ulyf. Didst thou not hear our converse ?
Thou saw'st who parted from me : know I met him
At Peleus' court, now many years elaps'd.
With me feign'd his country and his name :
But when I question'd him he seem'd confus'd.
No—fame has not deceiv'd us : here disguis'd
In female garb, Achilles lives conceal'd.
Fly, Arcas, and pursue his steps, who late
Amus'd my ear with falsehood : seek to know
His real state ; why settled here, and where
He now resides—by whom accompanied ;
The slightest hint may guide us.

Arc. I am gone.

[*going.*

Ulyf. Yet hear, take heed that not the least surmise
Be given to make it thought we seek Achilles.

Arc. Such caution to a follower of Ulysses
Were surely needless. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

ULYSSES *alone.*

With a prosperous wind
Thus far our vessel sails. To some, perchance,
This well-tim'd meeting, this confus'd discourse,
Those troubled looks were little; but to those
Who like Ulysses judge they promise much.

A slender gleam in dreary night
Can guide the skilful pilot right,
Till soon he finds the polar light,
And safely ploughs the watry way.
Full oft a single track has sped
The pilgrim lost, and surely led
No more fallacious paths to tread,
That lure the heedless feet astray. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

The apartment of DEIDAMIA.

LYCOMEDES, DEIDAMIA.

Lyc. But if thou see'st him not, then wherefore
think
The prince must prove ungracious in thine eyes?
Deid. Already have I heard and much, my lord,
Of

Of prince Theagenes.

Lyc. And wilt thou judge
By others' eyes ? O ! rash and unadvis'd !
Go to the royal garden, there expect me,
I'll join thee soon, and with me thither bring
Thy plighted spouse.

Deid. My plighted spouse ?

Lyc. He comes
Relying on my faith : all is prepar'd.

Deid. At least, my lord, my father ! hear—

Lyc. No more :
The ambassador from Greece expects an audience.
No more oppose my will : embrace the counsel
A king and father gives.

Deid. Then, dear my lord,
You counsel, not-command me.

Lyc. When a father
Gives to a daughter counsel, he commands.

To inexperience'd minds that know
Few fickle turns of human woe,
The advice that faithful lips bestow
Will oft like harsh decrees offend,
Confounding rashly praise and blame,
Who mildly rules, they tyrant name,
And cruel him, who proves a friend. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter ACHILLES.

Deid. And shall I break my faith to him I love!
No—ere another spouse——

Ach. [*entering.*] And may I then
Presume to intrude on Deidamia's presence?
I would not come unwish'd for—ha! alone!
Where is thy plighted lord? I hop'd to find
The prince of Chalcis breathing ardent vows
At Deidamia's feet.

Deid. And have you heard——

Ach. All, all is known; but not from thee—
O proof!

O wondrous proof of thy unfulfilled faith!
From me, inhuman, hast thou well conceal'd
This treason to my hopes—from me who lov'd thee
Far more than life; from me, who thus inglorious,
In these vile weeds dishonour'd for thy sake—
—False Deidamia!

Deid. O! eternal Powers!
Reproach me not; believe me, till this day
I never heard of these detested nuptials:
But now my father urg'd the fatal union;
Trembling I stood, and senseless at the shock,
Felt all my blood congeal'd within my veins.

Ach.

Ach. What canst thou now resolve ?

Deid. To hazard all,

But never to forsake thee. Prayers and tears
Shall be employ'd to soften Lycomedes :
Sure he will yield, if nature's voice can bend
A father's heart to save a darling child :
And should he still pursue his cruel purpose,
O ! never, never must he hope to shake
My constant faith. Achilles was the first,
The first dear object of my virgin heart,
And my last dying breath shall sigh Achilles.
Yes, thou may'st see me dead, but never see
Thy love betray'd by Deidamia's change.

Ach. Transporting sounds ! How, how shall I
repay

Such unexampled goodness ?

Deid. Grant but this :

Preserve, if possible, with greater heed,
Our secret from discovery.

Ach. What are else

These woman's vestures ?

Deid. But can these avail,

If every action, every look belies them ?

Thy free and manly step but ill beseems

The timorous maid ; thine eyes too boldly dart

Their wandering glances : every little cause

Excites thy temper's warmth, nor seems thy anger

Such anger as a female bosom breeds.

If but a helm or javelin meet thy fight,
 Or let them but be nam'd, thy look is chang'd,
 Thy glaring eye-balls flash with living fire,
 Pyrrha is lost, and all proclaims Achilles.

Ach. Hard is the task for nature to reverse
 Her first designs.

Deid. And sure as hard the task
 To oppose a father's will. With such a plea
 May Deidamia wed the prince of Chalcis?

Ach. O! never, never! I submit—O! pardon—
 Whate'er thou bidd'st Achilles shall obey.

Deid. But now you promis'd, yet——

Ach. O! no—this once
 I yield to thee: I'll rein my struggling passions,
 Nor speak again of war: if I forget
 Thy bidding more, to punish my neglect
 Fly to my rival's arms, and I forgive thee.

Deid. Be silent—hark! some stranger is at hand
 To catch the unguarded sound.

S C E N E X.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ach. [*meeting Ulys.*] And who art thou
 That rashly hast presum'd to invade these seats
 Of sacred privacy? What wouldst thou? Speak.
 Speak, or this insolence——

Deid. Pyrrha! forbear.

Ulyf. [*afide.*] What stern demeanour in a female form !

Deid. [*afide to Ach.*] Didst thou not promise—

Ach. [*to her.*] True, my Deidamia :
I stand reprov'd.

Ulyf. Say, are not these the apartments
Of royal Lycomedes ?

Deid. Lycomedes
Resides not here.

Ulyf. If I, a stranger, err'd,
Forgive the intrusion. [*going.*

Deid. Yet vouchsafe a word :
What seek'st thou with the king ?

Ulyf. From him the Greeks
Request a warlike aid of ships and men,
All Greece assembling with confederate arms
To avenge the general wrong.

Ach. [*afide.*] How happy those
Who quit the dwellings of enfeebling sloth
To join this host of heroes !

Deid. [*afide.*] See ! already
His placid features change.

Ulyf. Behold a path
Is open'd now to every daring mind
That pants for valiant deeds : the vilest breast
Must catch the kindling sparks.

Ach. [*afide.*] And yet Achilles

Still loiters here !

Deid. [*aside.*] Such converse must not be :
I tremble at the danger—[*to Ulyf.*] Yonder way
Will lead thy steps to Lycomedes' presence.
Stranger, farewell—Come, Pyrrha, let us hence.
[*going.*]

Ach. [*returning.*] Say, friend, what port receives the Grecian fleet
United for this glorious enterprize ?

Deid. [*to Ach.*] Why, Pyrrha, this delay ?

Ach. Behold I follow——
O ! tyrant, tyrant love ! [Exit with *Deid.*]

S C E N E XI.

ULYSSES *alone.*

Or fond desire
To find this youth presents in every place
His imag'd form, or Pyrrha is Achilles.
I well remember such were Peleus' features
In manhood's ripening years—that speech, those
looks—
It must be so—but yet Ulysses' caution
Will not too soon confide : who knows ? Appearance
May still deceive me. Should this prove Achilles,
I will be wary ere I speak : the time,
The place, each circumstance must all be weigh'd.
That

That pilot rarely ploughs the waves with safety,
Who sounds not first the depth. We yet must

pause

Till all is ripe before we strike the blow,
Then make it sure.

S C E N E XII.

Enter ARCAS.

Arc. Ulysses.

Ulyf. Arcas here?

How hast thou found admittance in these walls?

Arc. I saw you enter, and pursu'd your steps.

Ulyf. What hast thou learn'd meantime that may
import

Our great design?

Arc. But little, good my lord;
That to this land since first Nearchus came,
A year is now complete: with him he brings
His only daughter, grac'd above her sex
With more than female gifts: for her the princess,
The royal Deidamia, bears a love,
A wondrous love, beyond a woman's friendship.

Ulyf. How dost thou name this virgin?

Arc. Pyrrha.

Ulyf. Pyrrha?

Arc. And for her sake Nearchus holds a place
Among

Among the royal train of Scyros' court.

Ulyf. And think'st thou this is little thou hast
learn'd?

Arc. Why what imports it?

Ulyf. O! my trusty friend,
In one short moment we have travell'd far.
Hear me, and then confefs.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. My lord, delay not;
Even now the king expects you.

Ulyf. Say, which way
Leads to the royal presence?

Near. Yonder passage
Conducts us to him.

Ulyf. Lead, I follow thee.
[*aside to Arc.*] Some other time shall tell thee.
[*Exit with Near.*]

S C E N E XIV.

ARCAS alone.

Like Ulysses
What man can pierce the veil of human life?
What seems to others dark, to him is light

As

As Sol's meridian beam : nor art, nor nature
E'er form'd his equal. Where is he, who knows
Like him to mould his looks to every passion,
Yet keep his heart a stranger to them all ?
Who can, like him, with soft persuasive speech
Enchain the yielding soul ? With every moment
Can change his genius, language, form, and like-
ness ?

Such have I never known ; still, day by day
I watch Ulysses, ever at his side,
And every day I find Ulysses new.

When summer showers refresh the plain,
And skies a changing aspect show ;
When Sol returning shines again ;
Thus Iris dyes her various bow.

The glossy dove, in open light,
Thus shews her many-colour'd plumes ;
And when she spreads her wings for flight,
A thousand different hues assumes. [Exit.

S C E N E XV.

The gardens belonging to the palace,

ACHILLES, DEIDAMIA.

Deid. Achilles, no ; I can no longer trust
Thy oft-forgotten promise ; should'st thou stay,
I know, in presence of Theagenes, ,

Thy

Thy rage would know no bounds : thy look, thy
speech

Might soon discover all. If yet thou lov'st me,
Leave me, in pity leave me.

Ach. Yet permit me,
Retir'd apart, in silence to behold
The rival of my love.

Deid. O ! Heavens, I tremble
To think what danger waits thee—but he comes.

Ach. [*looking out.*] Is that the man whose rash-
ness has presum'd !
And shall I tamely bear——

Deid. Is this thy faith ?
Already thou forget'st——

Ach. A hasty impulse——
No more, my love—'tis past, and I am calm,

Deid. Again thy warmth will speak,

Ach. O ! no, by Heaven !
Forgive me, Deidamia.

[*he retires to the back of the stage.*]

S C E N E XVI.

*Enter LYCOMEDES with THEAGENES ;
ACHILLES behind.*

Lyc. Dearest daughter,
Behold thy husband ; thou, Theagens,
Illustrious

Illustrious prince, behold thy destin'd spouse.

Ach. [*behind.*] Still, still, my soul, repress thy swelling rage.

Theag. Whoe'er, O princess, hears what Fame relates

Of Deidamia's charms, may deem she flatters ;
But when he sees you thus, will think her tongue
Has paid but scanty praise. Lo ! I subdu'd,
Your happy prisoner, yield my freedom here,
And give my life in dowery with my love.

Ach. [*aside.*] Unheard of insolence !

[*looking disdainfully at Theag. advancing nearer.*]

Deid. [*to Theag.*] My merits, prince,
Have ne'er aspir'd so high ; nor should you now
So far extol them. [*sees Ach. near Theag.*
Pyrha ! hence ! what mean'st thou ?

Ach. I speak not, princess. [*retires again.*]

Deid. [*aside.*] O ! what terror shakes
My every sense !

Theag. [*to Lyc. observing Ach.*] What virgin-
fair is that
Of lofty mien ?

Lyc. That virgin is your rival.

Deid. [*aside.*] I sink with apprehension.

Ach. [*aside.*] Ah ! too surely
He pierces my disguise.

Lyc. [*to Theag.*] Her name is Pyrrha,

Sole partner now of Deidamia's love ;
Nor yet the world, from east to western Ind,
E'er saw so constant, or so fond a pair.

Deid. [*aside.*] He speaks in sportive vein, but
little thinks

How well he paints two faithful lovers' vows.

Lyc. What thinks my daughter of the noble
comfort

Her father's care provides ?

Deid. Alas ! my lord,
My inexperience knows not yet to prize——
But if I durst——

Lyc. Thou blushest, Deidamia,
I read thy heart, and seek to know no further.

The blushes, kindling on thy cheek,
Thy virgin-wishes prove :
Before thy fire thou canst not speak
The tender words of love.

'Twere cruel then my presence here
Should but increase thy pain :
Farewell, and, freed from every fear,
No more thy thoughts restrain. [*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E XVII. -

DEIDAMIA, THEAGENES; ACHILLES *behind*.

Ach. [*afide*.] O! that I now could free these
coward limbs

From hated female weeds, the weeds of shame!

Theag. Permit me, fairest princess, thus before
you

To paint the warmth that glows within my breast,
To tell you all——

Deid. O! speak no more of Love——
I must not hear—In me behold his foe.

I hate the boast of love-sick fires,
And every plaint of fond desires:
The train of lovers I despise,
And liberty alone I prize.
If all, like me, were thus sincere,
The truth would less offend our ear;
And falsehood then would rarely prove
The bane of those that trust in love.

[*Exit Deid. Achilles following, stops at
the entrance.*]

S C E N E XVIII.

THEAGENES, ACHILLES.

Theag. [*to himself.*] Almighty powers! Does
Deidamia thus
Receive my vows? In what have I offended?
And wherefore then—let me pursue her steps.

[*going.*]

Ach. [*meeting him.*] Forbear—say whither
would'st thou go?

Theag. I go
To Deidamia: let me once again
Renew my suit.

Ach. [*resolutely.*] It is not now permitted.

Theag. Who shall forbid me?

Ach. I.

Theag. Dost thou forbid me?

Ach. Yes, I forbid thee, prince, and know yet
more,

That when I speak, I never speak in vain.

[*going slowly.*]

Theag. [*aside.*] The nymphs of Scyros sure are
wondrous strange:
Strange in their speech, in their demeanour strange.
And yet there's something in this haughty maid
That

That pleases while she threatens—[*to Ach.*] Hear
me, fair-one,

Declare what cause—

Ach. No more—let this suffice. [*going.*]

Theag. And can you think your words alone
will strike

A terror here : that you alone have power
To shake the purpose of Theagenes ?

Ach. [*sternly.*] Such power is mine—believe
and tremble.

Theag. [*aside.*] Heavens !
That fierceness kindles here a new commotion.

[*Achilles going meets Deid. at the entrance.*]

Deid. False to my hopes !—And art thou yet
content

To fail in every claim of love and honour ?

Ach. Alas ! 'tis true——I own my warmth be-
tray'd me. [*Deid. leaves him.*]

Theag. Hear, beauteous nymph ! I will obey
your mandate ;

But, in return, indulge my sole request :

Give me to know what this resentment means,

And why on me are bent your angry eyes—

And, ah ! that sigh—that look—you seem con-
fus'd—

Whence is this change ? O ! speak.—Why are
you silent ?

Ach.

Ach. I strive to speak, but strive in vain,
My frozen lips each word deny :
'Tis Love can issuing words restrain,
'Tis Love can words at will supply.

That Love who, at his choice, can raise
The vile to deeds of high desert :
That Love, who in a moment lays
Beneath his yoke the firmest heart. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XIX.

THEAGENES *alone.*

Where am I ? Sure I dream ! In such a face
Anger itself can please—perchance she loves me,
And hence forbids me to pursue a rival.
And can it be ? So soon to yield to love ;
So soon to feel the pangs of jealous passion !
Such words of menace from a virgin lip ;
Such bold deportment from the sex that ever
Is bred in timid softness ? Wondrous all !
I know not how ; she pains, and yet she charms me.

What eye before has ever seen
Such winning fierceness, pleasing pride,
That love inspires with haughty mien,
And gains the heart by threats defied ?

To

To her the sword, the lance resign,
And o'er her brows the helmet place;
Her form with Pallas' self may shine,
For female charms and martial grace.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

An apartment adorned with statues representing the labours of HERCULES.

ULYSSES, ARCAS.

Arc. All, all, as you have will'd, is now prepar'd.
The gifts are ready to present the king :
With these I've plac'd a coat of shining mail,
And military weapons. To your followers
'Tis given in charge to feign a sudden tumult,
With warlike clangors. Tell me now what mean
These mysteries unexplain'd ? Or what can these
Avail our great design ?

Ulyf. To find Achilles
Amidst a thousand virgins.

Arc. How distinguish
The youth disguis'd in vestments of the fair ?

Ulyf. Mark well and thou shalt soon behold
him, Arcas,
With eager eyes devour the dazzling helm
And corselet's plates : but when he hears the din
Of clashing arms, and trumpets' brazen sounds,
That rouse, with generous notes, the warrior's soul,
Then, Arcas, shalt thou see the smother'd flame
Burst forth resistless and proclaim Achilles.

Arc. Too flattering are your hopes.

Ulyf.

Ulyf. I know Achilles,
His warlike genius ; from his infant years
Arms were his sole delight ; and well I know
'Tis vain to oppose the powerful bent of nature,
Confirm'd by early habit. Midst the enjoyments
Of downy rest, scarce fav'd from stormy seas,
The pilot vows to quit the land no more ;
But when the storm is hush'd he leaves again
His downy rest, and ploughs secure the waves.

Arc. You sure have other signs that might direct
Your present search.

Ulyf. All other signs are doubtful,
But these are certainty. Remember, Arcas,
No proof can rank with this, when nature speaks
With impulse undisguis'd.

Arc. But if Achilles
(As thus you deem) for Deidamia feel
Such strong affection, grant him now discover'd,
What art shall win him from the fair he loves ?

Ulyf. With every caution first secure discovery :
Discover'd once, Ulysses undisguis'd
Will prove all means to assail his fiery temper ;
Rouze in his breast the latent flame of honour,
And kindle on his cheek the glow of shame.

Arc. But how to gain the means of converse
with him,
Defended thus from all access ?

Ulyf. The occasion
 May yet be found, and heedful let us watch
 'The wish'd-for time, which, should we fail to find,
 It must be hasten'd—yes, the trial—

Arc. See
 Where Pyrrha comes : now seize the moment—

Ulyf. Peace :
 And look she comes alone : myself will seem
 Intent on other thoughts : meanwhile do thou
 Observe her every gesture. [*they retire behind.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter ACHILLES.

Ach. [*entering.*] See the chief
 Whom Greece has sent—But that my fair forbidsit,
 How gladly would I join in converse with him.
 Yet, sure without offence to Deidamia,
 In silence I may here indulge my eyes
 To gaze with rapture on his godlike form.

Ulyf. [*aside to Arc.*] What now, my Arcas, say ?

Arc. His looks on thee
 Are bent with fix'd attention.

Ulyf. [*examining the statues.*] In this palace
 All speaks a kingly soul. 'This sculptur'd marble
 Seems warm with life : behold Alcides there
 Subdues the hydra : see in every feature

His martial spirit, while the artist's hand
Informs the stone with all a hero's fire.

[to Arcas.] Mark if he hears.

Arc. [to Ulyf.] He dwells upon your words.

Ulyf. [turning to the statues.] Lo ! where he lifts

Antæus from the ground

To hurl him headlong down : the artist here
Excels himself. O ! how the great example
Of godlike virtue, nobly thus express'd,
Should warm the generous breast ! O ! would to

Heaven

That I could boast Alcides' mighty deeds !
Transcendent hero ! yes, thy name shall last,
From age to age, to far-succeeding times !

Ach. O ! mighty Gods ! what tongue shall thus
foretel

Of lost, despis'd Achilles !

Ulyf. [to Arc.] Arcas, speak :
How seems he now ?

Arc. He communes with himself,
As strongly agitated.

Ulyf. Mark him still.

[turning again to the statues.]

What do I see ? Behold the same Alcides,
The terror late of Erymanthus' woods,
Disguis'd in female weeds, and plac'd beside
His favourite Iole.—How much he err'd,
(Ill-judging sculptor !) to debase his art

With sad memorials of a hero's fall !
 Alcides here, alas ! excites our pity,
 No more Alcides son of thundering Jove.

Ach. 'Tis true, 'tis true—O ! my eternal shame !

Ulyf. [*to Arc.*] What think'st thou, Arcas,
 now ?

Arc. He seems to rave
 With conscious feelings.

Ulyf. Let us then accost him.

[*advancing to Ach.*

Arc. [*to Ulyf. aside.*] The king's at hand, take
 heed, lest aught too soon
 Reveal our chief design.

Ulyf. [*to Arc.*] O ill-tim'd meeting !
 The work was near complete.

S C E N E III.

Enter LYCOMEDES.

Lyc. [*entering.*] I fought you, Pyrrha,
 Attend my will. Ulysses, look the fun
 Declines already to the western waves ;
 Vouchsafe, illustrious guest, with Lycomedes
 To share the pleasures of the festive board.

Ulyf. Your will, O mighty king, to me is law.

Lyc. At dawning day, Ulysses, shalt thou see
 The

The ships and arms the Greeks request from Scyros:
Then mark how these exceed thy utmost hopes,
And learn from these how Lycomedes honours
His brave allies, and how esteems in thee
The generous messenger of Greece combin'd.

Ulyf. The soul of Lycomedes, ever great,
Still holds her wonted tenor: yes, from me
The Achaian princes, whose confederate powers
Now threaten faithless Troy, shall learn the friend-
ship

Of royal Lycomedes: generous proofs
I bring; these arms and vessels which your care
Has nobly furnish'd for the common cause.
[*afide.*] But deeper aims are mine; a mightier aid
I mean that Greece shall win from Scyros' shore.

When Troy shall learn the glorious aid
I bring from Scyros' shore,
Even Hector's self will stand dismay'd,
And dread the Grecian power.

This single aid he more shall fear,
Than all that rang'd in arms appear
To swell the Grecian host:
Than all the fleet's unnumber'd sail
That spread their canvas to the gale
For Phrygia's distant coast. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

LYCOMEDES, ACHILLES.

Lyc. Would'st thou believe it, Pyrrha? Yes,
on thee
Depends the future peace of Lycomedes.

Ach. What mean these words?

Lyc. Yes, dearest maid, 'tis thou
Canst make at will a grateful monarch happy.

Ach. What power is mine?

Lyc. My daughter Deidamia,
Repugnant to a father's will, rejects
The proffer'd union with the prince of Chalcis.

Ach. And wherefore this to me?

Lyc. Thou rul'st at pleasure
Her every thought, and all her heart is thine.

Ach. And would you, Lycomedes, ask from me—

Lyc. Yes, teach her to respect a father's choice;
Teach her the virtues of a noble husband,
And kindle in her breast a flame for him
Who merits all her love: so may she meet
His fond address with equal fair return,
And all a wife's endearments.

Ach. [*aside.*] Yes, to you,
To you, ye weeds of shame, I owe this insult.

Lyc.

Lyc. What says my Pyrrha?

Ach. Think'st thou then with me
Such ministry may suit? Ah! Lycomedes,
Thou little know'st me—I? Eternal powers!
Shall I?—O! seek some better advocate
To enforce a father's will.

Lyc. What fears my Pyrrha?
Perchance she deems Theagenes a lover
That merits not the hand of Deidamia?

Ach. [*aside.*] What shall I say? No longer can
I bear
Such cruel sufferings.

Lyc. Tell me, can my daughter
E'er find a nobler union?

Ach. [*aside.*] 'Tis too much.
[*to Lyc.*] Hear me, my lord——

S C E N E V.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. [*to Lyc.*] The banquet is prepar'd,
And all, O Lycomedes, wait your presence.

Lyc. Then let us hence. [*to Ach.*] Remember
thou hast heard
My dearest wish: to thee I trust, my Pyrrha;
Then to thy friendship let me owe my peace.

Thy

Thy words the stubborn maid may move
Her last resolves to own :
To embrace a father's tender love,
Or meet a father's frown.

Tell her within this breast I bear
The heart of king and fire :
Then let her ease a parent's care,
Or dread a monarch's ire, [Exit,

S C E N E VI.

ACHILLES, NEARCHUS.

Ach. No more, Nearchus, no, I'll hear no more
Of temper or disguise—my soul is fix'd.
No longer hope to abuse my yielding nature :
Let us depart.

Near. And whither ?

Ach. From these limbs
To strip these woman's weeds—Shall I, Nearchus,
Thus basely pass my life, my prime of years ?
And must I bear it tamely, while I see
My threats despis'd ; and to complete my shame,
Charged with a haughty lord's imperious mandate ?
I see, I see by others' great example
My own reproach ; nor will I feel each moment
The conscious blush——

Near. The conscious blush——

Ach. Be silent ;

I've

I've borne too long thy counsels : different those
The sage Theſſalian taught: theſe feet could then
Outſtrip the winds : this arm, in ſavage wilds,
Would dare the fierceſt beaſt, and ſtem the tide
Of roaring torrents.—Now—did Chiron now
Behold his pupil in theſe ſlothful veſtures,
Where ſhould I hide? How answer, when with
looks

Of ſtern reproach he cries: “ Where, where,
Achilles,

Is now thy ſword, with all the warrior's arms?
No mark of Chiron's ſchool, ſave yonder lyre,
Debaſ'd from heroes' praiſe to ſtrains inglorious.”

Near. Enough, Achilles, I contend no longer,
But yield to reaſon's force.

Ach. Think'ſt thou, Nearchus,
This life is worthy of me?

Near. No—I own
The generous truth: 'tis time to rouse thy ſoul
From drowſy ſleep; ſhake off that baſe attire,
And haſte to ſcenes where honour calls to prove
Thy dauntleſs heart.—'Tis true, that Deidamia,
Depriv'd of thee, muſt taſte of peace no more;
Nay, grief perchance may waſte her gentle frame
Till friendly death—but pauſe not thou, Achilles,
In glory's courſe: the triumphs thou ſhalt gain
May well outweigh the life of Deidamia.

Ach. The life of Deidamia! think'ſt thou then
Her

Her constancy will not support our parting ?

Near. Her constancy ? Ah ! what can that avail
A tender maid who mourns her lover lost,
The sole dear object of her fondest wishes,
Her comfort and her hope ?

Ach. [*aside.*] O ! Heaven !

Near. And know'st thou
That if thou steal'st a moment from her sight
A thousand fears distract her ? All repose
Is banish'd from her breast : with eager warmth
Of each she meets she seeks her bosom's lord.
How thinks Achilles now she brooks his absence ?
She knows no peace, but trembling——

Ach. Let us seek
The lovely mourner.

Near. Art thou then prepar'd
To quit the port of Scyros ?

Ach. No, Nearchus,
No, let us now return to Deidamia.

What lover, though his harden'd breast
A tiger's heart contains,
Can leave his dearest maid oppress
With love's afflicting pains ?

The pity now that rends my soul,
And all the pangs I prove,
Must sure a tiger's rage control,
When tigers yield to love.

[*Exit.*
SCENE

S C E N E VII.

NEARCHUS *alone.*

O! miracle of all-commanding love!
Surpassing our belief! When anger fires
His daring soul, Achilles, terrible,
Nor art nor force restrains: his fury then
Would naked rush through circling fires, and meet
Alone a thousand foes: but let him think
On Deidamia once, the fierce Achilles
Forgets his rage and softens to a woman.

The lion stern, whose proud disdain
With lordly roar rejects the chain,
Whene'er his keeper's voice he hears,
At once subdu'd his rage appears;
He yields submissive to command,
And mildly licks the chastening hand. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

A great hall, a table in the middle: above are placed musicians and numerous spectators. LYCOMEDES, THEAGENES, DEIDAMIA and ULYSSES seated at the table. ARCAS stands by ULYSSES, and ACHILLES by DEIDAMIA. Courtiers, damsels, and pages.

CHORUS.

Far, far be hence ! unwelcome here,
Intruding thought and jealous fear ;
Nor let a moment's gloom appear

To cloud this happy festive day.

While Love inspires and Peace invites,

Affection's mild and calm delights,

Let Joy, that rules o'er social rites,

In every breast exert his sway.

Far, far be hence ! unwelcome here,

Intruding thought and jealous fear ;

Nor let a moment's gloom appear

To cloud this happy festive day.

Lyc. Let every goblet now be circled round
With Cretan wine.

Deid. [to Ach.] Thou know'st, my dearest
Pyrrha,

Unless thy hand should minister the cup

That

That heavenly nectar to my lips would prove
A tasteless beverage.

Ach. I obey. Ah ! judge
From that obedience if your Pyrrha's heart
Is true to Deidamia.

Theag. [*observing them.*] Strange effect
Of unexampled passion ! [*aside.*

Ach. [*aside, going to take the cup.*] Tyrant love !

Lyc. Say, great Ulysses, when your country's
fleet

Will loose their anchors from the Grecian shores.

Ulys. At my return.

Theag. Are all the ships assembled ?

Ulys. There only want the friendly aids from
Scyros.

Lyc. O ! wretched, feeble state of hoary age,
That keeps me now from such a glorious fight.

Ulys. [*aside.*] This is the time for trial. [*to Lyc.*]
Mighty king,

The thought is worthy thee. What eyes again
Shall view such arms, such leaders, such a host
Of gallant warriors, countless steeds and vessels,
Spears bristled, banners streaming to the wind ;
All Europe there assembled. Woods and cities
Are deserts now : encouraged by their fires,
Their reverend fires, who mourn their useless age,
The

The impatient youth rush forth and fly to arms.

[to Arc. *aside*.] Observe him, Arcas, now.

[*during this speech a page brings the cup to Achilles, who, instead of taking it to Deidamia stands listening to Ulysses.*]

Deid. Pyrrha !

Ach. Forgive me :

My mind estrang'd awhile——

[*takes the cup, then stops again to listen.*]

Ulyf. None, none remain

Whose bosoms ever felt the stings of honour,

Or knew a wish for glory : scarcely virgins,

Or tender brides escape the general flame ;

And those, whom hard necessity detains,

Rave at their fate and call the Gods unjust.

Deid. What dost thou, Pyrrha ?

Ach. I attend your will. [*presents her the cup.*]

Deid. [*aside to Ach. taking the cup.*] Ingrate !
are these thy boasted signs of love ?

Ach. [*to her.*] Be not displeas'd ; forgive me,
Deidamia.

Lyc. Go, place the wonted lyre in Pyrrha's hand.
Now, daughter, urge her with accustom'd skill
To raise her voice and join the sounding chords :
She nothing can deny thee.

Deid. [*to Ach.*] If thou lov'st me

Attend

Attend my father's wish.

Ach. If such your will

I shall obey—O ! tyranny of love ! [*aside.*

[a page gives him the lyre, and a seat is placed for him near the table.

Theag. [*afide.*] I am bewilder'd whilst I see two
maids

Thus knit in strange affection.

Ulys. [*aside to Arc.*] Arcas, hear :

Now is the time—thou know’st—

Arç. I know it well. [*Exit.*

[Achilles takes his seat and sings, accompanying his voice with the lyre.

When love has firmly bound the soul,
And bid the heart obey,
He rules the will without control,
And rules with tyrant sway.

His cruel frauds, on every hand,
He spreads alike for all :
Not valour can his power withstand,
And wisdom's self must fall.

If Jove, of gods and men the fire,
In snowy plumage drest,
Effay'd with tuneful notes to fire
The tender Leda's breast :

If

If once amongst the herds he pac'd
For fair Europa's sake ;
'Twas love who thus the god debas'd
Such borrow'd forms to take.

Whoe'er betray'd by female smiles
Would join the train of Love,
Too late shall find his cruel wiles,
And lasting sorrow prove.

The tyrant wills that every slave
Should kiss the galling chains ;
Should boast the sufferings Beauty gave,
And triumph in his pains.

*[here the song is interrupted by the followers
of Ulysses bringing in the presents for the
king.]*

Lyc. Say, who are these ?

Ulyf. My followers, mighty prince,
Who humbly lay before your royal feet
These slender presents brought from Ithaca.
Forgive the freedom, if in these I offer
The accustom'd thanks of no ungrateful guest.
If I presume too much, my country's usage
Must plead forgiveness for me.

Lyc. Gifts like these
Speak well the generous doner

Ach. [*approaching observes the armour.*] Heavenly powers!

What do I see!

Lyc. [*looking at the vases.*] Not even in princely Tyre

No purple ever glow'd with brighter hue.

Theag. [*looking at the vases.*] I ne'er till now beheld the sculptur'd vase

So fram'd and fashion'd by a master hand.

Deid. [*looking at the jewels.*] And never sure on India's wealthy shore

Were seen such dazzling gems.

Ach. [*goes nearer.*] What eyes till now Have e'er beheld such glorious splendid arms?

Deid. [*aside to Ach.*] What would'st thou, Pyrrha? Go, resume the lyre,

And tune again thy song.

Ach. [*returning to his seat.*] O pain to suffer!

Cry within. To arms! to arms!

[*a noise is heard of arms and warlike instruments: all the guests rise with looks of astonishment and fear except Achilles, who remains seated with an intrepid air. Arcas re-enters with seeming terror.*]

Lyc. What sudden tumult's this?

Arc. Ulysses, haste

And curb thy followers' fury.

Ulyf. What has chanc'd ?

Arc. I know not why, but with the royal guards
They mix in cruel fight : expect this moment
To see a thousand threatening falchions drawn.

Deid. Assist me, Gods ! O ! whither shall I fly
To save me from their fury ? [runs out.]

Theag. Princess, stay—— [follows her.]

Within. To arms ! to arms !

*[Lycomedes draws his sword and runs to the
tumult. Noise of arms continues. All fly
but Ulysses, Arcas and Achilles. Ulysses
and Arcas stand apart to observe Achilles,
who starts from his seat with great emotion.]*

S C E N E IX.

ACHILLES, ULYSSES and ARCAS apart.

Ach. Almighty powers ! where am I ?
What did I hear ? Methinks I feel my hair
Upstart with frenzy ! Ah ! what cloud is this
Obscures my sight ! What sudden fire now glows
Within my bosom !—I can hold no longer—
To arms ! to arms !

*[walks to and fro with a furious air, then
suddenly stops and observes the lyre still in
his hand.]*

Ulyf. [to *Arc.*] Observe him, Arcas, well.

Ach. And is this lyre a weapon for Achilles ?
No, fortune now provides me nobler arms

More

More worthy of me—Hence ! to earth, to earth !
Vile instrument of shame !

*[dashes it on the ground, and goes to the table
to take the arms from the presents brought
by Ulysses.*

This hand debas'd
Shall wield the ponderous buckler's honour'd
weight,
And this the gleaming sword.

[takes the shield and sword.

Ah ! now I feel,
I know myself Achilles—Lead me, Gods !
To meet the glorious labours of the field,
And dare with single force a thousand foes.

Ulyf. If this be not Achilles, tell me, Arcas,
What hero shall we name him ? *[coming forward.*

Ach. Heavens ! Ulysses !
What would'st thou say ?

Ulyf. Exalted youth ! Achilles !
Offspring of Gods ! at length permit Ulysses
To clasp thee to his breast : 'tis now no time
For vain dissimulation—thou art he,
The hope, the glory of exulting Greece,
And Asia's terror. Wherefore then suppress
The great emotions of thy generous heart ?
Are they not worthy of thee ? O ! indulge,
Indulge them, noble youth—I see, I see
Thou canst no more disguise them—Come, I'll
guide thee

To victory and triumph. Greece, in arms,
Awaits but thee, and Asia's hostile sons
Shall tremble at thy single name—away!

Ach. Then lead me hence; conduct me where
thou wilt—

But yet, Ulysses—

Ulyf. Whence this sudden pause?

Ach. And what of Deidamia?—

Ulyf. Deidamia

Will see thee on some future day return,
With laurels crown'd, more worthy of her love.

Ach. But whilst, alas!—

Ulyf. Yes, whilst the earth is fill'd
With war's destructive flames, would'st thou, conceal'd

From every eye, here linger out thy life
In vile repose? Remotest times shall tell
How fierce Tydides sapp'd the Dardan walls;
How Hector from Idomeneus obtain'd
His arms and spoils; how Sthenelus and Ajax
Laid Priam's throne in ashes; whilst Achilles,
(What did Achilles?) he, in female garb
Amongst the maids of Scyros dragg'd his days,
Lull'd by the distant sound of valiant deeds.
Forbid it, Gods! O! rouse at length—efface
This blot of honour—O! permit no longer
That any eye should see that vile disguise.
O! could'st thou in thyself behold a prince,

A warrior

A warrior thus disgrac'd with all the mockery
Of female trappings!—In that shield reflected
Thou may'st contemplate—Know'st thou there
Achilles? [points to the shield.]

Ach. O! treble shame! off! off! ye foul disguises!

Reproach to manhood! [tears his vests.] How
have I endur'd them?

Ulysses, hence to sheath these limbs in arms,
Nor let me longer pine in shameful bonds.

Ulyf. Follow me then—[aside.] The day at
length is ours.

[as they are going on one side Nearchus enters
on the other.]

S C E N E X.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. Where goest thou, Pyrrha? Pyrrha.

Ach. [turning.] O! thou base-one!
Let not that name again escape thy lips,
Nor dare henceforth remind me of my shame.

Near. Hear me—and wilt thou thus depart?
Thy princefs—

Ach. Tell her from me—

Ulyf. Achilles, let us go.

Near. What can I say from thee to Deidamia?

Ach.

Ach. O! tell her, midst her cruel woes,
To love me still, nor vainly mourn:
To her Achilles constant goes,
And constant will to her return.

Tell her those lovely eyes alone
Shall ever rule my faithful heart:
She ever there maintain'd her throne,
And thence she never shall depart.
[*Exit with Ulysses.*]

S C E N E XI.

NEARCHUS alone.

Eternal powers! what sudden storm has wreck'd
My dearest hopes! And should Achilles go
Where shall I fly? Ah! who will save me then
From angry Thetis? After years of care,
Such toils, such watchings, every art employ'd?
O! Heavens!

S C E N E XII.

Enter DEIDAMIA.

Deid. [*entering.*] Where is he? Lead me, lead
me to him—
Where is my life, my love?
Near. Ah! Deidamia,

1

Achilles

Achilles is no longer yours.

Deid. Nearchus,
What mean thy fatal words?

Near. Alas! my princefs,
He leaves you, he forfakes you.

Deid. Oft before
Thy vain fufpicions have alarm'd my fears.

Near. Would I were ftill deceiv'd!—Alas!

Ulyffes
Has now difcover'd all; has found Achilles,
And forc'd him hence.

Deid. And could'ft thou thus, Nearchus,
Permit him to depart? O! hafte, purfue him—
Ah! wretched Deidamia!—hear me yet—
This ftroke indeed was death!—why doft thou
tarry?—

Did I not fend thee hence?

Near. I go, my princefs,
But all I fear in vain.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XIII.

DEIDAMIA *alone.*

Achilles leaves me!
Achilles then forfakes me!—Ah! ingrate!
And could he harbour fuch a thought and live?
Is this his promis'd faith? Are thefe the fruits
Of-

Of long protesting love—But while I rave
In fond complaints, the traitor spreads his sails—
O! let us haste to stop his treacherous flight.
My sorrow knows no bounds—away—should all
Avail me nothing, let the perjur'd man
See Deidamia on the shore expire,
Then sail in triumph from the port of Scyros.

S C E N E XIV.

Enter THEAGENES.

Theag. O! princess most belov'd—

Deid. [*aside.*] Ill-tim'd intrusion,
To break on my distraction!

Theag. Ah! permit me
To learn the soft emotions of your heart,
If yet your love—

Deid. It is not now a time
To talk of love,

Theag. Yet hear me.

Deid. O! forbear—

Theag. But for a moment.

Deid. [*impatiently.*] O! Immortal powers!

Theag. At length, my plighted bride, at early
day—

Deid. For pity's sake distract me now no more—

See't

See'st thou not, cruel, how distress'd,
A thousand torments rend my breast,
That all I ask is lasting rest,

Which only death can give ?
And see'st thou not my tortur'd mind
Detests itself, detests mankind,
And longer loathes to live ?

[Exit.

S C E N E XV.

THEAGENES *alone.*

Mysterious all ! what wisdom can explain
The wonders of this day ? What means the prin-
ces ?

What can her words import ? She surely raves,
Or seeks to shake my reason. Do I dream ?
Wake, wake, Theagenes—How art thou lost,
Without a clue to tread this various maze !

Did she in truth, or sportive strain
Address my wondering ear ?
I seek to explore her sense in vain,
And doubt of all I hear.

By sympathy, in sorrow join'd,
We others' sighs partake ;
Then sure another's frantic mind
In ours may frenzy wake.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Porticoes of the palace adjoining to the sea. Ships
near the shore.*

ULYSSES, ACHILLES *in a military dress.*

Ulyf. Achilles, I confess the hero now ;
I see thee all thyself. O ! how the dress
Of female weeds obscur'd thy godlike mien !
Behold the warrior now. The serpent thus
Forth issues to the sun, with youth renew'd,
And as he rides on golden spires, or trails
His lengthen'd curls, rejoices in his strength.

Ach. To thee, O mighty chief, Achilles owes
A life restor'd : but like a captive scarce
Releas'd from bonds, I doubt my freedom still ;
Still seem to view the dungeon's dreary gloom,
And hear the clanking of inglorious chains.

Ulyf. [*looking out.*] Why comes not Arcas yet ?
[aside.

Ach. Are these, Ulysses,
Thy ships that sail'd from Greece ?

Ulyf. They are : nor less
Will these with pride exult, than Argo once,
To bear their glorious burthen, while Achilles
Can singly weigh against that band of heroes,
And all the treasures brought from Phryxus' shore..

Ach.

Ach. Then wherefore this delay ?

Ulyf. Ho ! mariners,
Approach the land—[*aside.*] And yet I see not
Arcas.

Ach. Why are not these Scamander's hostile
shores ?

There, there it shall be known how soon Achilles
Will cancel every fault, when glorious toils
Of fighting fields shall wash my stains away.
This sword shall plead forgiveness for the hours,
The slothful hours of Scyros : then perhaps
My trophies gain'd may swell the trump of fame,
And leave no time to blaze my follies past.

Ulyf. O ! glorious warmth ! O ! godlike sense
of shame !

That well befits Achilles : never, never
Such virtue could be hid from human kind,
And buried in the narrow bounds of Scyros.
Too far, O Thetis ! thy maternal fears
Betray'd thy better sense : thou might'st have known
That here to keep conceal'd so fierce a flame,
All arts were vain and every labour fruitless.

Enclos'd in earth's capacious caves,
A smother'd fire indignant raves,
And bursts at length its narrow bound ;
Proud cities, woods, destroys and burns,
And forests shakes, and hills o'erturns,
And spreads a ghastly ruin round.

Ach.

Ach. Behold the vessels now approach the shore :
Ulysses, follow me. [*going towards the sea.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter ARCAS in haste;

Ulysses. [*aside to Arc.*] Arcas, what means
Thy long delay ?

Arc. Let us with speed embark
Left aught obstruct our purpose.

Ulysses. Say what mean'st thou ?

Arc. Depart, depart, and thou shalt learn it all,

Ulysses. Give me at least some token.

Arc. Deidamia,
Wild with her love, and blinded with her rage,
Pursues our steps : I could no longer stay her,
And flew before to bear the unwelcome tidings.

Ulysses. This dangerous meeting must not be, my
Arcas.

Ach. [*returning impatient.*] Why do we linger
thus ?

Ulysses. Behold me ready.

Ach. [*to Arc.*] What cause disturbs thee thus ?
say, Arcas.

Arc. Nothing.

Ulysses. Let us depart.

Ach.

Ach. [*to Arc.*] What mean those frequent looks
Cast back with anxious search? What fear'st thou?

Speak.

Ulyf. [*aside.*] O! mighty Gods!

Arc. [*to Ach.*] My lord, I fear, perhaps—
The king perhaps may hear of our departure,
And seek by force to stay us.

Ach. Seek by force?

Am I his prisoner then, and would he thus—

Ulyf. No—but 'tis prudent we should fly from all
That might detain us.

Ach. Shall Achilles fly?

Ulyf. Let us not waste the time in vain delays:
Haste to the sea—the winds and waves invite us.

[*takes Achilles by the hand, and goes with him
towards the sea-shore.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter DEIDAMIA.

Deid. Ah! whither, whither goest thou, O!
Achilles?

Yet stay and hear me.

[*Achilles turns and sees Deidamia: both re-
main some time silent.*]

Ulyf. [*aside.*] Now indeed I fear.

Arc.

Arc. [*aside.*] Behold where love and glory both contend.

Deid. Inhuman man ! and is it possible ?
Could'st thou then leave me ?

Ulyf. [*aside to Ach.*] If thou mak'st reply
Thou art vanquish'd.

Ach. [*to Ulyf.*] Fear me not ; whate'er my
feelings,
I'll struggle to suppress them.

Deid. Such reward,
O cruel ! dost thou yield for love like mine ?
Could such a form conceal a treacherous heart ?
Learn hence, too easy maidens, learn from him
To trust a lover's faith : even now he swore
Eternal constancy, and in a moment
Forgets it all—departs, forsakes me thus,
Without one tender sigh, one last adieu.

Ach. [*aside.*] My breaking heart !

Arc. [*aside.*] He melts.

Deid. What cause could make thee
At once my foe ? Alas ! what have I done ?
What crime of mine can merit thus thy hatred ?

Ach. No, princess, no——

Ulyf. Achilles——

Ach. [*to Ulyf.*] But one word :
I ask no more.

Ulyf.

Ulyf. [*afide.*] Then all is lost.

Ach. [*to Deid.*] No, princess,
Believe me not a traitor or thy foe :
Eternal truth I've sworn and I will keep it.
The rigid laws of honour tear me from thee ;
But I'll return more worthy of thy love.
If silent I depart, think not my silence
Was scorn or hatred : O ! 'twas fear and pity.
Pity for thee, a prey to tender sorrow,
And fear that constancy in me would prove
Unequal to the task : the first, alas !
I well foresaw, the last I dar'd not trust.
I know thou lov'st me dearer than thy life,
And well I know——

Ulyf. Achilles.

Ach. See me here
Prepar'd to quit the port.

Arc. [*afide.*] And yet he comes not.

Ach. [*to Deid.*] Still in my breast——

Deid. No more—'tis now too late—
Forgive my transports to excess of love.
'Tis true, Achilles owes himself to Greece,
To all the world, and to his own renown.
Then go—no longer I oppose thy purpose :
My heart's affection shall attend thee still ;
But since I here without thee must remain,
O ! be the stroke less dreadful—leave me not
Thus unprepar'd : allow my feeble virtue

Some

Some time for recollection—but one day—
I ask no more—go then, depart in peace.
Such grace is not denied a wretch condemn'd
To meet his death; and can I doubt Achilles
Will now refuse this grant to Deidamia?

Arc. [*aside.*] If she obtain a day she conquers all.

Deid. Ah! think—Ah! speak—thy downcast
eyes are fix'd

In pensive silence still.

Ach. [*to Ulyf.*] What says Ulysses?

Ulyf. 'Tis at thy choice, Achilles, to depart,
Or here abide: to me is not permitted
A longer tarriance here: resolve to quit
The port, or leave me to embark alone.

Ach. [*aside.*] O! cruel state!

Deid. Yet answer me, Achilles.

Ach. Fain would I stay in pity to thy grief,
But heard'st thou not Ulysses? [*points to Ulyf.*

Ulyf. Well—resolve.

Ach. [*to Ulyf.*] I would pursue thy steps, but
feest thou not
Who pleads against thee? [*points to Deid.*

Deid. 'Tis enough—I see
Thy choice is made and thou prepar'st to leave me.
Go then, ungrateful man! farewell for ever.

[*going.*

Ach. Stay, Deidamia.

[*follows her.*

Ulyf.

Ulyf. I perceive, Achilles,
Thy purpose to remain. Irresolute,
Degenerate youth ! I leave thee and depart.

[*going.*

Ach. Ulyffes, stay.

Deid. [*to Ach.*] What would'st thou ?

Ulyf. Whither tends
Thy purpose now ?

Ach. I would, my Deidamia,
Indulge thy wish—[*aside.*] O Heaven ! what means
this weakness.

[*to Ulyf.*] To thee, Ulyffes, would I yield my
guidance—

[*aside.*] But this were surely cruel—If my glory
Exact obedience here, there love denies it.

Arc. [*aside.*] 'Tis doubtful which will conquer.

Deid. Since to grant me
So light a boon excites such painful struggles,
I press no further—yet one grace I ask
More worthy thee : depart, but ere thou goest,
Deep in my bosom plunge thy glorious sword,
This will avail us both : for thou, Achilles,
Wilt thus begin to inure thy soul to slaughter,
And Deidamia shun a lingering death :
So may'st thou gladly go, and go unquestion'd.
I die content, if he, whom still my heart
Must ever love, dear master of my fate,
If he, alas ! who has refus'd me life,

At least in pity thus concludes my woes. [*weeps.*]

Arc. [*aside.*] Were I Achilles I could hold no longer.

Deid. Thy last best gift——

Ach. Ah ! cease—lament no more :
Ulysses, longer to reject her suit
Were useless cruelty.

Ulys. So thinks Achilles.

Ach. She asks but for a day ; a single day
May surely be indulg'd me.

Ulys. Not a day.

I go to tell the assembled Argive chiefs
The glories of Achilles ; yes, from me
Each ear may learn what generoustoils have cleans'd
His fame ; what great amends his sword has made
For all his sloth at Scyros, and by him
What numerous trophies fill the mouth of fame.

Ach. But valour loses not——

Ulys. Talk not of valour.

Strip off those arms, a useless load for Pyrrha.
What ho ! bring forth the hero's silken robes,
And let him rest awhile : his fainting brows
Enough have felt the helmet's massy weight.

Arc. [*aside.*] How well Ulysses proves his every
art

To rouse the latent hero.

Ach. [*to Ulys.*] Am I Pyrrha ?

To

To me the filken robes ?

Ulys. O ! no—thou giv'st
Great proofs of manly mind : thou canst not con-
quer

One weak, one poor affection.

Ach. [*firmly.*] Better learn
To know Achilles—let us go.

Deid. Achilles ;
And wilt thou leave me ?

Ach. Strong necessity
Compels me.

Deid. Say'st thou ?

Ach. Longer to remain
Were fatal to my honour—Deidamia,
Farewell !

*[goes resolutely to the ship ; is about to ascend
the deck, then stops. Ulysses and Arcas
follow. Deidamia continues some time im-
moveable.]*

Arc. [*aside.*] Ulysses' taunts at length have
rous'd
His sleeping honour.

Ulys. [*aside.*] Yet we are not secure.

Deid. Barbarian ! traitor ! wilt thou then be
gone ?

Is this a lover's parting ?—Tyranny
Beyond example !—Hence thou fly'st from me,

But shalt not fly from Heaven—If Gods are just,
 And pity human sufferings, all will join
 To punish thy misdeeds : my injur'd ghost
 Shall haunt thy fight and witness my revenge.
 Already now my soul enjoys the thought !—
 I see the lightnings flash—O ! no, forbear,
 Vindictive powers !—if one must pay the forfeit,
 O ! spare that breast lov'd and strike at mine.
 If cruel he has chang'd his former self,
 Yet Deidamia's heart is still the same :
 For him I liv'd, for him I now will die. [*faints.*]

Ach. Ah ! let me fly—— [*to Ulys.*]

Ulys. And whither would Achilles ?

Ach. To save my Deidamia.

Ulys. Then no longer——

Ach. And canst thou hope that I will leave her
 thus ?

Ulys. Are these thy proofs of valour ?

Ach. [*in anger.*] Thou would'st ask
 For proofs of valour, proofs of cruelty,
 —Ulysses, give me way.

[*breaks from him and runs to Deidamia.*]

Arc. [*aside.*] Then Love has conquer'd.

Ach. My life ! my princess ! hear me—mighty
 Gods !

She answers not—lift up those lovely eyes,
 Behold, behold thy own Achilles here.

Ulys.

Ulys. I fear, my Arcas, 'tis not now a time
To hope for victory : we must resign
The palm, and seek the field with other arms.
[*Exit with Arcas, unseen by Achilles.*]

S C E N E IV.

DEIDAMIA, ACHILLES.

Deid. Ah ! me. [recovering.]

Ach. The Gods be prais'd ! she breathes again.
—O ! no, my hope, Achilles will not leave thee.

Deid. Art thou indeed Achilles ? Sure I dream—
What would'st thou now ?

Ach. All peace to thee, my love.

Deid. Could'st thou, unkind, refuse a single day ?
And now thou com'st——

Ach. It was not I oppos'd
Thy gentle wish—behold thy foe—but, ha !
What can this mean ? Ulysses is not here :
He leaves me then.

S C E N E V.

Enter NEARCHUS.

Near. If you would find Ulysses,
He seeks the king, and with his sanction means
To bear you, thus discover'd, to his ships.

Deid.

Deid. This only wanted to complete my sufferings :

All must be then reveal'd to Lycomedes.

Near. Believe not now your secret first disclos'd.
Theagenes, alarm'd at your distraction,
Soon found the cause, and hasted to the king,
Who holds him now in converse.

Deid. O ! ye Powers !
Unhappy Deidamia ! what has fate
In store ? If you, Achilles, should forsake me,
Where shall I fly for pity ?

Ach. I forsake thee
In such a trial !—no—my first exploit
Would then be impious treason : calm thy fears,
And trust to me thy fortune and my own.

May heavenly powers thy peace redeem,
And give thy tears relief ;
And hope, like summer meteors, stream
Through transient clouds of grief.

Those eyes shall point their guiding ray
In love and honour's course ;
'Tis they that give and take away
My courage and my force. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

DEIDAMIA, NEARCHUS.

Deid. Support me, O! Nearchus, give me comfort.

Near. Alas! what comfort can I give, oppress'd
With doubts and terrors that exceed thy own?

Deid. Ye pitying Gods! if my affections ever
Were innocent and pure, do you protect me:
Dispel the cloud that wraps me thus in darkness.
If love's a crime, I must confess I err'd;
If love like mine be guilt—I lov'd Achilles.

Let all, who now my passion blame,
Those manly beauties trace;
And learn, what best defends my fame,
From that enchanting face.

That face, which seems by Heaven design'd
To kindle Love's alarms,
Bespeaks no less a hero's mind
To dare the field in arms. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

NEARCHUS *alone.*

Go, go, Nearchus, now, and proudly triumph
In all thy prosperous cares: to Thetis tell
How arts, like thine, could tame the fierce Achilles.
Boast

Boast every studied speech of fawning flattery,
 And all thy soothing phrase of timid counsels.
 Lo ! how thy hopes are crush'd : Ulysses singly
 Has baffled every plan.—What stars averse
 Could send this crafty Greek to Scyros' shore ?

I yield to fate, my hopes are crost ;
 My strength is gone, my courage lost :
 Against me winds and waves prevail ;
 My oars are broke and rent my sail,
 And nought remains my bark to guide,
 That floats at random down the tide. [*Exit,*

S C E N E VIII.

The Palace.

LYCOMEDES, ACHILLES, THEAGENES, *attendants.*

Ach. And does not Lycomedes deign to answer
 When thus Achilles sues ?

Theag. Great king, what means
 This doubtful silence ? Yield, O ! yield at length
 To my request, and to Achilles' wishes.
 Why do you pause ? Perhaps your mind revolves
 The promise given to me : but think not, fir,
 Theagenes so weighs his little merits
 Against such nuptials. Well I know from these
 What earth and heaven expect. The Gods them-
 selves

Have fram'd this union : Fate could never weave
 Such

Such strange events but for mysterious ends.
Does love offend you ? In a virtuous bosom
Can love be guilt ? Perhaps your mind revolts
From such a fraud ; but Thetis here is guilty,
And Thetis now is punish'd. Thus attir'd,
She hop'd from every eye to hide her son,
And made him known to all. These spousal rites
Will glad the exulting earth, that ne'er till now
Beheld such valour, worth and beauty join'd.
On these what favouring grace will Heaven bestow,
Both sprung from heavenly seed ! What sons
 from these

Our hopes may form, when, Lycomedes, you,
And you, Achilles, boast for ancestry
A countless line of heroes ?

Ach. [*aside.*] Could I ever
Have hop'd Theagenes to plead my cause ?

Lyc. Achilles, yes, a name so great as thine
Engrosses all my thoughts. What can I answer
To nuptials so desir'd ? Theagenes
With generous zeal approves, and Heaven com-
 mands them.

Thou ask'st her hand, Achilles, and a father
Confirms the grant. With wonder I contemplate
Such strange adventures, and in these, respectful
Adore the wisdom of the immortal powers.

Ach. Ah ! Lycomedes, ah ! Theagenes——
O ! fly and hasten hither to my fight

My

My love, my plighted bride. [*to the attendants.*

[*to Theag.*] Ah! prince, to thee

What does Achilles owe? My lord, my father,

How shall my soul with gratitude repay

This precious gift?

[*to Lyc.*

Lyc. Enough for Lycomedes

To be the father of a son like thee.

Since thou art mine let Fortune deal

The worst a mortal fears:

I scorn each foe, and less I feel

The weight of drooping years.

Thus he, that on some ancient tree

Engrafts a tender shoot,

Shall springing greens and blossoms see

Adorn the wasting root.

S C E N E IX.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ach. O! come, Ulysses, thou perhaps hast heard
Achilles' happiness.

Ulys. Far other cares
Have brought me hither. [*to Lyc.*] Mighty king,
it now

Imports that all disguise be cast aside:

I must at length declare the will of Greece:

Know then——

Lyc. Already is it known, Ulysses,
And every part shall meet a fair reply.

SCENE LAST.

Enter DEIDAMIA attended.

Ach. [*meeting Deid.*] O ! dearest, best belov'd !
and art thou come

To bless these eyes ? Did I not tell thee, sweet,
That still for us propitious fate would smile ?

Deid. [*kneels to Lyc.*] My king, my father,
prostrate at your feet—

Lyc. Rise, Deidamia, 'twere superfluous now
To hear thee further. I already know
The high decrees of Heaven. With me it rests
To end a mighty contest. Hear, my daughter ;
Glory and Love with rival power contend
To usurp their empire o'er Achilles' heart.
THIS seeks to make it but the gentle feat
Of soft affections : THAT would banish all
But martial ardors : both alike unjust
In either claim. Declare, even thou, Ulysses,
What were our hero's praise, to breathe alone
Fury and wrath ? And say, my Deidamia,
What were Achilles should he languish ever
In love's enfeebling cares ? No, let him go
To where the trumpet's noble call invites him,
But let him go thy husband : to thy arms
Again returning grac'd with glorious wreaths ;
Repose shall thus relieve the toils of honour,

The

The toils of honour dignify repose.

Ach. What says my Deidamia? Speak. What
says

The sage Ulysses?

Deid. When a father wills,
No voice has Deidamia.

Ulyf. Greece, O! king,
Shall hear and shall applaud your wise decree.

Ach. Then nothing more remains to crown our
bliss.

Lyc. Let now these bands, by either long desir'd,
Unite the illustrious pair, while Love and Glory
Henceforth are one, and join in lasting peace.

CHORUS.

Behold, behold, ye happy pair!
Descending soft through yielding air,
Where Hymen shews his torch from far,
His purple veil expands.
Behold the God with smiles sustain
The links that frame the marriage chain,
For you, on Heaven's ethereal plain,
Prepar'd by heavenly hands.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

DEMOPHOON.

DEMOPHON.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DEMOPHOON, King of **THRACE**.

DIRCE, privately married to **TIMANTHES**.

CREUSA, Princess of **PHRYGIA**.

TIMANTHES, privately married to **DIRCE**.

CHERINTHUS, in love with **CREUSA**.

MATHUSIUS, a nobleman of the court.

ADRASTUS, Captain of the royal guards.

OLINTHUS, a child, the son of **TIMANTHES** and
DIRCE.

The **SCENE** lies in **THRACE**.

DEMOPHOON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Gardens adjoining to several apartments of
DEMOPHOON'S palace.*

DIRCE, MATHUSIUS.

Dir. Believe me, sir, a parent's fond affection
But hurries on that evil which you dread :
Why should you hope to see your daughter's name
Alone exempted from the fatal urn ?
You plead the king perhaps——

Mat. And just the plea :
Am I, because a subject, less a father ?
Apollo wills some virgin nobly born
Should stain his altar every year with blood
On this returning day ; but yet excludes not
The maids of royal birth. Let him who shews
Such rigid zeal to enforce the laws divine,
Teach others patience by his own example :
Let him recall those daughters kept at distance
With artful policy : let him expose
Their names in yonder urn ; and let him feel
What pangs distract a wretched parent's breast,
When his heart trembles as the priest draws near
The

The dreadful vase, while with a solemn mien
His lips prepare to speak the victim's name.
So may he blush with conscious shame to think
He could till now with cruel pride look on,
The tame spectator of another's woe.

Dir. Thou know'st the laws are subject to the
king.

Mat. The laws of man, but not the laws of
Heaven.

Dir. Yet these a king explains.

Mat. Not when the Gods
So fully speak their will.

Dir. Yet ne'er so fully——

Mat. Dirce, no more——I am resolv'd.

Dir. O fir !

Reflect awhile ; quick runs the flame of wrath
In mighty men, but slowly is extinguish'd :
'Twere rashness to provoke impending rage
That's arm'd with power. Alas ! the king already
Beholds you with an unpropitious eye.
I dread to think, if, now too far provok'd,
He find new matter to augment his hatred,
What mischief may ensue !

Mat. In vain thou tell'st me
Of wrath or hatred in his breast : while reason
Asserts my cause, and Heaven inspires my thoughts.

No

No longer shall this bosom groan,
Oppress'd beneath its load of woe :
Or the proud monarch on his throne,
With me shall equal anguish know.

We both are fathers, both confess
The fears a father's fondness brings :
Paternal love inspires no less
The hearts of subjects than of kings.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter TIMANTHES.

Dir. O were my lord less distant !—Heavens !
he comes.

Timan. My dearest wife !

Dir. Ah ! hold, some ear perhaps
May catch the unwary sound. Remember, prince,
A subject whose presumptuous love has dar'd
To match with royal blood, must yield her life
A forfeit for the offence.

Timan. Fear not, my love !
None hears, nor shall—Timanthes is thy guard.

Dir. What friendly power restores thee to my
arms !

Timan. My father's mandate brings me from
the camp ;

The cause to me unknown. But tell me, Dirce,
Dost thou still love me ? Art thou still the same,
As when I left thee at the call of honour ;
And are thy thoughts still constant to Timanthes ?

Dir. And canst thou ask me ? Canst thou doubt
my faith ?

Timan. O Heaven ! I doubt thee not ; I know
thy truth :

But yet forgive me, if my too fond heart
Delights to hear the pleasing sound repeated
From those dear lips. How fares my boy Olinthus,
The precious pledge of our connubial joys ?
Say, does his beauty with his years increase ?
Do his young features speak a father's likeness,
Or bloom they with a mother's softer charms ?

Dir. Already have his tender feet begun
To form uncertain steps : his looks already
Assume the manly sternness, mix'd with grace,
That charm'd me in his fire : but when he smiles
He's all thyself ; then fondly gazing on him
Methinks I look on thee : how oft deceiv'd
With the dear thought, I strain him to my bosom,
And in the son embrace the absent father.

Timan. Where is he now, my Dirce ? Lead me
to him ;
O let me see my boy !

Dir.

Dir. Forbear, my lord,
Awhile suppress a parent's tenderness :
He lives conceal'd ; but 'midst the observing eyes
That round us watch, to attempt access to him,
At every hour, were dangerous. Oh ! what anguish
Attends the mystery of our loves conceal'd !

Timan. I'm weary of dissembling thus ; no more
I'll bear these doubts and fears : this day shall yield
Some blest expedient to relieve our pains.

Dir. Alas ! still greater dangers now impend :
This is the day of annual sacrifice ;
And Dirce's name must stand the fatal chance.
Such is the king's command, my anxious father
Has dar'd to oppose it, and from their contention
My fears increase.

Timan. And does Mathufius know
Our hands are join'd in Hymen's sacred ties ?

Dir. Forbid it, Heaven ! for Dirce then were lost.

Timan. Yet hear me ; let us now persuade the
king
To seek the Oracle again ; by this
At least we gain more time for further thought.

Dir. Already this is done.

Timan. And what success ?

Dir. Short was the answer, and in terms ob-
scure.

“ Beneath the wrath of Heaven your land must
“ groan,

“ ‘Till time disclose the secret cause to light ;
“ ‘Till to himself reveal’d the offender’s known,
“ Who guiltless now usurps a prince’s right.”

Timan. Darknefs and clouds !

Dir. And should my lot be drawn
For this day’s sacrifice, what hopes remain ?
I fear not death ; no, for her country’s sake,
Most gladly Dirce would submit to fate :
But Phoebus’ words demand a virgin’s blood.
Shall I, a wife and mother, dare approach
His sacred altars, an unhallow’d victim ?
Thus if I speak or not, I still am guilty ;
My silence Heaven, my speech offends the king.

Timan. In desperate dangers desperate means are
needful :

The king must know the story of our nuptials.

Dir. But how to evade the sentence of the law
Impending o’er my head ?

Timan. A monarch made,
A monarch can revoke the stern decree.
Demophoon, though severe, is yet a father,
And I a son : full well, my love, we know
By fond experience what those names import ;
Nor do I now obscurely come before him :
I bring all Scythia vanquish’d, Phasis quell’d,

To

To welcome my return : my father sure
May yield me some reward for kingdoms conquer'd.

If these suffice not, tears at least shall move him ;
I'll kneel a suppliant at his awful throne,
Embrace his knees, and melt him to compassion.

Dir. Alas !——I doubt.

Timan. My Dirce, doubt no more ;
Commit thy future destiny to me :
Go then, but let this fix'd assurance still
Dwell in thy mind, and calm thy troubled thoughts ;
Timanthes will be ever watchful o'er thee,
And hold thy peace far dearer than his own.

Dir. In thee I hope, my dearest love !

To thee my fate resign :

Whate'er for thee I'm doom'd to prove,

With pleasure shall be mine.

When death creeps chilly to my breast,

Could I but this obtain,

To boast I die of thee possest,

I should not die in vain.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

TIMANTHES alone.

O Fortune ! wherefore did thy lavish hand
Bestow on Dirce every female charm ;

Beauty

Beauty unmatch'd, and virtue scarcely human,
Yet blindly place her in a subject's rank ?
But be it so—it rests on me to amend
The partial error : Thrace, some future day,
With joy shall view her partner of my throne.
But see, my father comes ; no longer let me
Conceal the secret from him.

S C E N E IV.

Enter DEMOPHOON attended.

Demo. Prince !—my son !

Timan. My lord ! my father !

[kneels and kisses his hand.

Demo. Rise.

Timan. Behold me here,
Obedient to your royal will.

Demo. I know

Thy warlike genius brooks not peaceful courts ;
And thou, perchance, reluctant hast receiv'd
My orders that recall'd thee from the field.
Thy triumphs, prince, are mine : my soul exults
In every deed, and conquers by thy sword :
I know the worth of all thy arms have won,
But thou art dearer to my heart than all.
Thy toils demand refreshment : valour gains
New vigour from repose ; for ever bent,
The bow at length will lose the elastic force.

'Tis

'Tis thine to merit, to reward is mine :
If then the prince and son have done their part,
The king and father must accomplish their's.

Timan. 'Tis now the wish'd-for time—be bold
and speak ! [*aside.*

So well I know the goodness of my father,
I dare presume——

Demo. O no ! thou canst not tell,
How dear I hold thee : little thinks my son
How much his peace employs my careful hours.
I read thy thoughts this instant : even thy silence
I construe for thee : all thy soul desires,
Is to behold thy consort by thy side,
And see all Thrace spectators of thy love.
Is it not so ?

Timan. What means he ! sure my father
Has heard the secret story of our nuptials. [*aside.*

Demo. Thou dar'st not speak, and this respectful
silence
Persuades me to fulfill thy utmost wishes.
I own at first I doubted on the choice,
Nay felt reluctance to consent to ties
My nature seem'd to abhor ; the father's enmity
Rose in my mind, and made me hate the daughter
At length my sole desire to see thee happy
Prevail'd o'er all.

Timan. I can no longer doubt. [*aside.*

Demo.

Demo. What passions, my Timanthes, can control

A father's fondness pleading for his son ?

Timan. O royal sir ! you give me life unhop'd ;
This goodness melts me—let me seek my bride
And bring her to your presence.

Demo. Stay——Cherinthus,
Thy younger brother, shall conduct her to me.

Timan. Heavens ! what unlook'd-for happiness
is this ! [*aside.*

Demo. A messenger, dispatch'd by my command,
Waits her arrival at the port——

Timan. The port !

Demo. Who when th' expected ship appears in
fight,
Will give us tidings strait.

Timan. What ship, my lord ?

Demo. The ship that from the shores of Phrygia
brings
The fair Creusa to thy nuptial bed.

Timan. O Gods ! [*aside.*

Demo. I know thou think'st it strange, Timan-
thes :

The hate, devolving from the fire to son,
Between our race, might seem to exclude the hope
Of such alliance ; but the princess brings
A kingdom's

A kingdom's dowery with her love, herself
The only offspring of an aged king.

Timan. My lord—I hop'd—O fatal, fatal error!
[*aside.*

Demo. There is no other partner for thy bed,
Unless a subject born—

Timan. And what imports it,
A subject or a princess?

Demo. No, my son,
The shades of our great ancestors would blush
To see their race demean'd; from them we hold
The statute, that condemns to death the maid,
Who, born a subject, dares to join in marriage
With one of royal blood; and while I reign,
I'm guardian of the law, and will enforce it
Even with severest rigour.

Timan. Sacred fir——

S C E N E V.

Enter ADRASTUS.

Adraf. The Phrygian ships, my lord, have
gain'd the port.

Demo. Then go, Timanthes, haste to meet thy
bride.

Timan. Who, I, my lord?

Demo. Yes, thou, my son; myself

Would

Would with thee thither, but the mournful rites
Of sacrifice demand me at the temple.

Timan. Yet stay and hear me, fir——

Demo. What would'st thou ? Speak.

Timan. Hear me confess——but whither am I
driven ?

Yet let me ask you—O my tortur'd soul !
O fir ! the sacrifice !—the law—my wife !
O direful law ! O most unhappy bride !
O cruel sacrifice and fatal chance.

Demo. No more——I cannot now prolong the
time.

The terms are settled, prince, my promise given :
A monarch's word is sacred, he who rules
Must guard his faith unstain'd ; and oft we find
Virtue the offspring of necessity.

By this, in arms the warrior sleeps,
The sailor sings amid the deeps ;
And death we view without affright.
The timorous beasts that fly the foe,
Can strength assume, and boldness show,
When by necessity they fight, [*Exit* .

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

TIMANTHES *alone.*

What guilt has Dirce known, malignant stars !
That thus you join to heap afflictions on her ?
You, who were present at the blameless union,
Ye powers ! protect the love yourselves inspir'd.
This stroke has chill'd my heart, and all in vain
I strive to call my wandering spirits home.

I fondly hop'd to reach the shore,
And hear the winds no longer roar ;
But find my hapless bark again
Expos'd amid the stormy main.
And while from one my vessel flies,
Another rock my fate supplies :
In vain, alas ! the first is past,
When greater perils wait the last ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

A sea port finely decorated for the arrival of the princess of PHRYGIA. A view of several ships, from the most magnificent of which CREUSA and CHERINTHUS, accompanied by a numerous train, disembark to the sound of various barbarous instruments.

CREUSA, CHERINTHUS.

Creu. What means this sadness, prince, that hangs upon you ?

Why are you pensive thus ? with silent gaze
You look and sigh ; and if with friendly speech
I urge your converse, when you seem prepar'd
To tell me much, your faltering tongue is mute.
Where is your wonted cheerfulness, the grace
That season'd your discourse ? Are you in Thrace
The same Cherinthus that I knew in Phrygia ?
Or is it thus, with melancholy looks,
You Thracians to her lord conduct a bride ?
Is this the omen of my future nuptials ?

Cher. If my afflictions bear a sad presage,
On me, fair princess, every evil fall :
My stars can little add to griefs like mine ;
Nor breathes a wretch so hopeless as Cherinthus !

Creu. Am I unworthy to be told your sorrows,
That

That thus you slight my counsel and assistance ?

Cher. Must I then speak ? I will, I will obey
you :

From the first moment—from that fatal day—

Alas ! I dare no more—forgive my silence :

My speech I fear would but incite your anger.

Creu. Your diffidence already has deserv'd it ;

'Tis true I am a woman, and your secret

Were ill confided to a female breast :

I urge no further—lead me to the palace.

Cher. O Heavens ! yet stay :—be calm and I
will speak :

'Tis thou alone hast robb'd me of my peace :

I gaze with rapture on thy matchless charms ;

I know my love is vain, and know that death

Alone can fix a period to my sufferings :

Princess, behold the cause——

Creu. What means this boldness ?

Cher. I knew too well I should offend——

Creu. Cherinthus ;

From thee at least I hop'd for more respect.

Cher. The faults of love——

Creu. Forbear ; I'll hear no more. [going.

Cher. Since you've compell'd me to reveal my
crime,

Vouchsafe to hear th' excuse.

Creu. What canst thou say ?

Cher. That though I love thee, I deserve thy pity :

If there's a crime, Demophoon is the guilty.
My father should have found some other hand
To bring thee to Timanthes : shall he wonder,
Who thoughtless ventures fuel near the fire,
If flames are kindled ? Thou hast charms, and I
Have eyes to view : I saw, admir'd and lov'd :
Each day beheld me near thee, while the name
Of kinsman gave a license to my tongue.
Nor did this name alone deceive the world,
I was deceiv'd myself : that love which made
Me sigh for ever for Creusa's presence,
Appear'd but duty : and a thousand times
I thought to paint the affections of a brother,
While my too eager speech betray'd my own.

Creu. Alas ! too plain I saw it all——[*aside.*]
Such boldness,

So unexpected, strikes me dumb with wonder.

Cher. And yet sometimes I felt a flattering hope
That secret sympathy inspir'd our souls.
Methought I oft observ'd a tender sigh
Steal from thy breast, view'd in thy eyes a softness
That seem'd much more than friendship——

Creu. Hold, Cherinthus :
Thou dost begin to abuse my easy nature :
But let me hear thee speak no more of love.

Cher. What can this mean ?

Creu.

Creu. Attend, and mark me well :
If from this hour thou dost not learn a converse
More suited to our state, no longer dare
Appear before me—now, thou know'st my meaning.

Cher. Ungrateful ! yes, thy cruel will
I see requires my life,
This hand shall then thy wish fulfill
And death conclude the strife.

But when I'm dead, review, though late,
The cause for which I fell ;
And own I found too hard a fate,
For loving thee so well. [going.

Creu. But whither go'st thou ?—stay.

Cher. Forbear—my presence
Too much offends you.

Creu. Hear me.

Cher. By my stay
I should insult your patience.

Creu. Say, Cherinthus,
At whose command dost thou depart ?

Cher. Too well
I understand thee, though thou speak'st it not.

Creu. Ah ! prince ! how ill thou know'st me ;
from that hour—

O Heavens !

Cher. Go on——

Creu. From that ill-fated hour——
What am I saying!—leave me if thou wilt.

Cher. Inhuman princefs! yes, I will depart;
And yet perhaps—But see, my brother comes!

S C E N E VIII.

Enter TIMANTHES in haste.

Timan. Cherinthus, say, is this the Phrygian
princefs?

Cher. It is.

Timan. I would converse in private with her;
Vouchsafe a moment to retire apart.

Cher. I shall obey—O torture! [*aside, retires.*]

Creu. Sir! my lord!

Timan. Imperial virgin! we are both in danger:
And thou alone canst, if thou wilt, preserve
Creusa's glory and Timanthes' life.

Creu. What has befallen?

Timan. Our parents have decreed
An union to thyself perhaps ungrateful,
By me unsought: thy regal virtues, princefs,
Deserve a God far rather than Timanthes.
But Fate forbids me to become thy husband;
There is a bar which nothing can surmount;
My father knows it not, nor can I speak it:
'Tis yours to avert the shame of a refusal:

Prevent

Prevent—refuse me first—say, I'm displeasing—
Enlarge my faults, say all thou wilt, despise me ;
And by this only means our fate has left us,
At once preserve thy fame, my peace and life.

Creu. Indeed !——

Timan. I can no longer stay : my brother,
Do thou conduct the princess to the palace.

Creu. Tell me at least——

Timan. Already have I told
Whate'er my breast conceal'd—reflect—farewell !
[*Exit.*

S C E N E IX.

CHERINTHUS, CREUSA.

Creu. Gods ! to Creusa, to the royal heir
Of Phrygia's sceptre this affront !——Cherinthus,
Hast thou a heart ?

Cher. I had ; but thou, fair princess,
Hast now depriv'd me of it.

Creu. If thou lov'st me,
Avenge my injur'd honour : all I have,
My heart, my hand, my bed, my throne are thine :
I shall not set a bound to my reward.

Cher. What canst thou ask ?

Creu. The blood of bold Timanthes.

Cher. My brother !——

Creu. Art thou pale? Go, coward wretch!
I'll find some other will deserve my love.

Cher. Yet hear me, princefs!

Creu. Peace; I'll hear no more:
I see your mutual purpose to betray me.

Cher. Canst thou so far distrust my faithful
passion?

Creu. I scorn thy passion whether false or true.

The affection of a timorous lover
Ever shall my soul despise,
In whose breast we ne'er discover
Generous sparks of valour rise;

Who, to glorious deeds a stranger,
Fears in fight his sword to prove;
Only bold, when far from danger,
He can safely talk of love.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E X.

CHERINTHUS alone.

Ye powers! what means this storm! How could
Timanthes

Excite her anger thus?—To bid me steep
This hand in brother's blood! the thought alone
Chills me with horror!—with what fix'd resent-
ment,

And pride she spoke! yet even her rage can please;
I find

I find still something claim my admiration,
And soften every passion into love.

Beauty bears eternal arms
In that dear, that lovely face :
Anger gives it stronger charms ;
Pity gives it softer grace.

When she smiles, from ocean's stream,
Heavenly Venus seems to rise :
When she frowns, I surely deem
Pallas lighted from the skies. [Exit.

S C E N E XI.

MATHUSIUS *in haste, with DIRCE by the hand.*

Dir. Ah ! whither, whither must I go, my lord ?

Mat. Far hence, remote to Lybia's inmost deserts,

To wild Hircania's woods, or Scythia's rocks ;
Or to some land unknown, by distant seas
Divided from the abodes of human kind.

Dir. Ah me !

Mat. Why, fathers, for your children's sake,
Exert your anxious care ? Behold the fruits ;
See what respect the laws of nature find.

Dir. Alas ! he surely knows the fatal secret ;
Our marriage is discover'd : heavenly powers !

[*aside.*

Pity

Pity me, fir !

Mat. There is no pity left,
Nor faith ; all, all is lost !

Dir. See at your feet——

Mat. What wouldst thou ?

Dir. Here I'll weep such floods of tears——

Mat. Thy fortune calls for something more than
tears.

Dir. Then learn——

Mat. Await me here ; I fly with speed
To seek some vessel to transport us hence. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XII.

DIRCE alone.

Ah ! to what region must I now be led
To end my wretched life ! my child ! my child !
Poor innocent ! and you, my much-lov'd lord,
O Gods ! what torture to forsake you thus
Without one parting look !

S C E N E XIII.

Enter TIMANTHES.

Timan. My life ! my Dirce !
And have I found thee then ?

Dir. My dearest lord !

Farewell,

Farewell, farewell for ever ! to thy care
I here commend my child ; for me embrace him,
Give him this kiss, and when his ripening age
Can feel compassion, tell him all my sufferings.

Timan. What says my love ? Thou mak'st my
blood run cold—

Dir. Alas ! our union is no more a secret ;
My father knows it all, and wild with rage
Will bear me distant hence ; I know him well,
There is no hope remains.

Timan. Be comforted,
Compose thy troubled breast, my love, my wife,
Thou hast thy husband with thee.

S C E N E XIV.

Enter MATHUSIUS in haste.

Mat. Dirce, fly,
Let us be gone.

Timan. Dirce must not depart.

Mat. And who forbids it ?

Timan. That shall I.

Mat. Indeed !

Dir. O Heaven !

Mat. This sword shall guard a father's right.

[draws.

Timan.

Timan. And this shall vindicate the rights I
claim. [draws.]

Dir. Ah! prince! what would'st thou do?—
O hold, my father!

Mat. Impious! to oppose me when I seek to save
A guiltless maid from cruel sacrifice.

Dir. O Gods!

Timan. But thus——

Dir. O peace: I was deceiv'd;
All yet is secret.—— [aside to Timanthes.]

Mat. Canst thou then desire
To see her perish?

Dir. My unguarded terror
Had near betray'd me. [aside.]

Timan. Pardon, sir, this rashness;
Appearance has misled me; I beheld
Thy angry gestures, saw her streaming tears,
I had no time for thought, but deem'd it piety
To save her from thy rage.

Mat. Obstruct not therefore
Our purpos'd flight: if longer Dirce stays,
She must be made the victim.

Dir. Heavenly powers!

Timan. Has then her name been drawn?

Mat. No, but thy father
Has most unjustly doom'd her guiltless life,
Without

Without the sentence of the fatal urn.

Timan. Why should his anger kindle thus
against thee?

Mat To punish me because I durst attempt
To exclude my daughter from the lots of death :
Because I durst produce his own example ;
Because the struggles of a father's fears
Made me forget the subject.

Dir. Mighty powers !
All has conspir'd to hasten my destruction.

Timan. Doubt not, Mathufius : nor believe the
king
Can prove so cruel ; though his rage at first
Bears all before it, cooler reason soon
Succeeds and softens all.

S C E N E XV.

Enter ADRASTUS with Guards.

Adraf. Guards ! seize on Dirce.

[guards surround her.]

Mat. Did I not tell thee, prince ?

Timan. What means this violence ?

Dir. O me unhappy !

Timan. For what cause is Dirce
Secur'd a prisoner ?

Adraf. 'Tis the king's command ;

Conduct her hence.

Dir. Ah ! whither ?

Adraf. Hapless maid,
Soon shalt thou know.

Dir. O prince !—my father, help——
Have pity on me.

Timan. No ; it ne'er shall be—— [draws.

Mat. Shall I permit—— [draws.

Adraf. If either dare approach,
Behold I plunge this poniard in her breast.

Timan. Impious !

Mat. Unfeeling wretch !

Adraf. The royal mandate
Shall justify my deeds.

Dir. Ah then——

Adraf. Dispatch ;
For, Dirce, all thy fond complaints are vain.

Dir. I come. [going.

Timan. }
Mat. } Barbarian ! [going to attack Adrastus.

Adraf. Hold. [about to strike.

Timan. }
Mat. } O stay, inhuman !

Dir.

Dir. Forgive—my father—O my heart !
Remember, prince !—thus, thus to part !
Since I must die, 'twere some relief,
In words at least to vent my grief :
Why should I now such woe sustain,
Yet Fate forbid me to complain ?
O say, ye powers ! what crime unknown,
Has drawn on me your vengeance down ?
[*Exit with Adraftus, guarded.*]

S C E N E XVI.

TIMANTHES, MATHUSIUS.

Timan. O give me counsel, Gods !

Mat. Earth opens not,
Nor lightnings fly to punish such injustice ;
And shall we say Jove watches o'er mankind ?

Timan. Let us not waste, my friend, these precious moments ;
Go and observe where Dirce is conducted,
Myself, meantime, will haste to appease my father.

Mat. I have no comfort left.

Timan. O Heavens ! delay not,
For should the king's resentment still continue,
Some other means shall save her.

Mat. Generous prince !
Thy virtues might deserve a better father.

[*embraces him.—Exit.*]

Timan.

Timan. Unless the Gods assistance lend,
And hope and fortitude bestow,
I feel my constancy will bend
Unequal to its weight of woe !

To see my lov'd, my trembling bride,
Thus torn reluctant from my side,
To cruel death decreed !
To hear her mourn, yet mourn in vain :
Ye powers ! what anguish I sustain !
How does my bosom bleed ! [Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A private apartment.

DEMOPHOON, CREUSA.

Demo. Ask what thou wilt, and ask without
constraint,

I can this day refuse Creusa nothing.
Yet speak not in behalf of Dirce ; no,
Her father shall behold her die : the wretch
Has dar'd to insult the majesty of kings :
Even in my presence, 'midst the vulgar herd,
He sow'd seditious rumours, nay oppos'd
Our high decree, and durst compare himself
To me his sovereign—I'll no longer reign,
If insolence like this must pass unpunish'd.

Creu. I come not, sir, to plead another's cause ;
I know full well your purpose : my demands
Are for myself alone.

Demo. What would'st thou seek ?

Creu. Let me return to Phrygia : your permission
Is wanting that the ships may quit the port.
Grant my request : you cannot, sure, refuse me ;
Unless Creusa comes, as much she fears,
To be a slave, and not partake a throne.

Demo. What say'st thou, princess ? what sus-
picious fill

Thy

Thy breast ? what passion dictates to thy tongue ?
Wilt thou depart, and leave the prince, forego
The promis'd nuptials ?

Creu. For Timanthes, fir,
Creusa boasts no charms ; a mortal beauty
Must never hope to win him—for himself—
But this imports not me—I would be gone—
Have I your leave, my lord ?

Demo. Thou art thyself
The mistress of thy actions : think not, princess,
Unwilling I'd detain thee : yet, permit me,
To say I hop'd far other from Creusa.

Creu. I know not which most justly may com-
plain :
The prince indeed—no more—to sum up all—
Let me depart——

Demo. But hast thou seen my son ?

Creu. I have.

Demo. And did he speak to thee ?

Creu. He did :
Would he had never spoken !

Demo. Ha ! what said he ?

Creu. Excuse me, fir, let this suffice——

Demo. Creusa,
I understand thee ; thou hast found the prince
Rough in address, unskill'd in courtly phrase.
Perchance he gave thee but a cold reception,

I can forgive thy anger. Born in Phrygia,
Nurtur'd in all the softness of thy country,
A Thracian's manners must be harsh to thee :
Wonder not then if such Timanthes seem :
Bred up in arms, the soul's more tender passions
To him are yet unknown : be thine the glory
To instruct him in the mysteries of love.
Thine be the easy task ; for, O Creusa !
What power resides not in a face so charming,
And eyes that sparkle with such heavenly fire ?
What breast, inspir'd by thee, but soon must learn ?

Creu. Reflect it ill befits with my condition,
To stand expos'd to a refusal.

Demo. How !

Refusal ? wherefore should'st thou fear it, princess ?

Creu. Who knows th' event ?

Demo. This day my son shall give
To thee his hand, if thou wilt deign to accept it.
I plight the faith and honour of a king ;
And should he dare to disobey my will——
A father's just resentment—but no more——
It cannot be—I am alarm'd too soon.

Creu. Yes, let him force Timanthes to consent,
That so I may refuse him. [*aside.*]—Well, my lord,
I take your word—be thine the care—but if—

Demo. Enough ; to me securely trust thy honour.

Creu.

Creu. You know what suits Creusa's name,
And what befits my high degree :
Reflect, nor let a thought of blame,
Whate'er the event, be cast on me.

As king and father here you stand,
Remember what those words comprise ;
It fits the father to command,
It fits the monarch to chastise. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

DEMOPHOON *alone.*

What arrogance is this—as if—but yet
Her rank, her sex, her youth may plead her pardon ;
And sure Timanthes has but ill receiv'd her.
I must rebuke him, teach him better thoughts,
To change his coldness and assume the lover.
Go—call Timanthes to me—but he comes.

S C E N E III.

Enter TIMANTHES.

Timan. My king ! my father ! pity, grace and
pardon !

Demo. For whom dost thou entreat ?

Timan. The unhappy daughter
Of poor Mathufius.

Demo.

Demo. 'Tis already done ;
Her doom is fix'd ; the sentence that has pass'd
A monarch's lips, is not to be revok'd.
Repentance springs from error ; but a king
Who errs not, never can repent.

Timan. On earth
The Gods are worshipp'd, as they bend their ear
To mortal vows : but Fate, the greatest power,
Against whose dread decree no prayers avail,
Finds none to raise an altar or a temple
To his divinity.

Demo. And know'st thou not
That Fear's the strongest guardian of the throne ?

Timan. Ill to be trusted.

Demo. Him respect succeeds,
His rightful offspring.

Timan. Doubtful as the parent.

Demo. Soon will it grow to love.

Timan. But love dissembled.

Demo. Time will instruct thee what thou yet
must learn ;
But let us change the subject—Tell me, son,
What hast thou done to offend the Phrygian princess,
Whose hand this day should joint to thee in marriage ?

Timan. I feel such strong repugnance, to the
union,
I fear my best resolves can ne'er surmount it.

Demo.

Demo. And yet thou must——

Timan. Of this we'll speak hereafter.
For Dirce now behold me at your feet ; [*kneels.*
O ! grant, my lord, grant to your son's request
Her guiltless life !

Demo. Dost thou presume again
To name her ? If thou valuest aught my love,
Forego this enterprize.

Timan. My dearest father !
I cannot now obey you——O ! if ever
I have deserv'd a parent's tenderness :
If with a bosom mark'd with honest wounds,
I have return'd a conqueror to your arms :
If e'er my triumphs in the glorious field,
The timely fruits of your august example,
Have drawn the tear of pleasure from your eyes ;
Reverse the doom of Dirce : lost, unhappy,
She has no friend but me to plead her cause ;
Cast off by all, her hope's in me alone !
O Heaven ! 'twere most inhuman to behold her,
In early bloom of years, who never knew
The name of guilt, stretch'd on the fatal altar
In agonizing suffering, to behold
The life-warm blood gush from her tender breast ;
To hear the last sad accents from her lips ;
To mark her dying eyes—but, thou art pale !
Why look'st thou thus upon me ?—O my father !
I know, I know the gracious signs of pity :

Do

Do not repent, my lord, indulge it still ;
For never will I quit these sacred feet, [kneels,
'Till thou hast given the word to pardon Dirce.

Demo. Rise, prince !—Almighty powers ! What
must I think

That with such tenderness thou dwell'st upon her ?
What mean these starts of some mysterious passion !
And can it be thou lov'st her ?

Timan. 'Tis in vain
I seek to hide it longer.

Demo. Now full well
I see what caus'd thy coldness to Creusa :
And what would'st thou intend ? For canst thou
hope

I'll e'er consent to join thee to a subject ?
Reflect that secret nuptials—O ! if once
I could suspect it——

Timan. What mistrust is this ?
I swear to all the Gods I'll ne'er espouse her :
I do not ask it : give her but to live.
But if your will is fix'd, and she must die,
Believe me, sir, your son will perish too.

Demo. To gain our purpose let us yield a little—
[aside.

Well then, since thou wilt have it so, thy favourite
Shall live, my son, I give her to thy prayers.

Timan. My dearest father !

[attempts to kiss his hand.

Demo. Hold—a parent's goodness
Sure merits some return.

Timan. My life itself——

Demo. No, my dear son, I ask far less from thee :
Learn to respect my choice in fair Creusa,
And be no more averse to wed the princess.

Timan. O Heaven !

Demo. I see it pains thee ; but the struggle
Thy heart endures, adds merit to obedience.
Have I not felt compassion for thy weakness ?
Do thou preserve my honour : think, Timanthes,
How will the breath of fame traduce thy father,
If through thy fault his sacred faith is forfeit.
Thou canst not harbour such ingratitude ;
I know it well—come ; let us to the temple,
Thither conduct thy bride, and there before
The attesting Gods, at once my son fulfil
What justice now demands from thee and me.

Timan. My lord—I cannot—

Demo. Prince ! thou yet hast heard
The father only ; force me not to employ
The king's authority.

Timan. Sacred alike
I hold the dictates of the king and father :
But well thou know'st, love cannot be compell'd.

Demo. Love rules the nuptials of the subject
only,

A greater

A greater power must join the hands of princes :
Their choice is guided by the public good.

Timan. If such a price must buy the good of
others——

Demo. No more—I am weary, prince, of fruit-
less talk ;

This reason may suffice—'tis my command.

Timan. And I can never——

Demo. Ha ! what means this boldness ?
Dost thou not know——

Timan. I know thou wilt chastise me.

Demo. Yes, thou shalt feel thy punishment begin
In her thou lov'st, thy Dirce.

Timan. O for pity !

Demo. Away.

Timan. Yet hear——

Demo. I have heard enough, and Dirce
Shall die ; her doom is seal'd.

Timan. And if she dies——

Demo. Art thou not gone yet ?

Timan. Yes ! I will depart——
But if th' event should prove——

Demo. Presumptuous boy !
Gods ! dost thou threat ?

Timan. I know not when I speak
In prayers or threats, reason by flow degrees

Forfakes her feat—O force me not, my father,
To passion's wild extremes—I here protest—
I'll do—what may I not!—

Demo. Speak out, ingrate!
What wilt thou do?

Timan. All that despair can prompt.

Would'st thou have me prudent still;
Would'st thou my innocence defend?
'Tis thine to rule me at thy will;
On thee my future deeds depend.

My thoughts no longer peace can find,
While she, whose danger fills my mind,
With frenzy fires my soul:
My passions lighten from my eyes;
No force of reason can suffice
My fury to control.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

DEMOPHOON *alone.*

Must all insult me thus? yon' haughty princets,
My daring subject, and rebellious son?
'Tis time to vindicate my slighted power.
Guards, see that Dirce be without delay
Led to the sacrifice: from her proceed
My son's presumption, and her father's guilt:
But were she innocent, she must not live;

The

The kingdom's weal requires Creusa's nuptials ;
And these Timanthes never will complete
Till death remove his Dirce. When the state
May be preserv'd, 'tis just to sacrifice
One life, tho' guiltless, for the general good.

Thus the swain, who lops away
Some superfluous flower or bough,
Hopes to see, a future day,
The plant or tree more lovely grow.

Sense and reason must beware
One more favour'd part to cherish,
When the whole, without our care,
May for want of moisture perish. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Porticoes.

MATHUSIUS, TIMANTHES.

Mat. Our only refuge then——

Timan. Yes, dearest friend,
Our only refuge is in flight : the king,
So far from yielding to my earnest prayers,
Grew more incens'd : fly then, and fly this instant.
Provide a speedy bark, therein secure
Whate'er thou hast of choice and valued treasure :
And where amid the rocks the sea breaks in,

Right of the port, 'conceal'd expect me : there
I'll join thee soon with Dirce.

Mat. But her guards——

Timan. The care be mine to elude their vigilance ;
I know a secret path that to her prison
Can lead my steps : O haste ! for time neglected
Will punish those who slight occasion offer'd.

Mat. Some friendly power its aid extends,
Some power that innocence befriends,

Has on thy soul these thoughts imprest :
Th' example of thy cruel fire
Could soft compassion ne'er inspire,
To influence thus thy generous breast. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

TIMANTHES alone.

Vast is the sacrifice I make to love ;
To fly to poverty, to sink myself
Even to the humble state of private life :
To lose the crown and my paternal wealth ;
But dearer are my wife and son than all.
Each other good has no intrinsic worth,
Opinion makes it great. The tender feelings
Of father, husband, have their sacred spring
In nature's self : these are not bred by custom,
Or early thoughts instill'd from infant years :
The seeds are in ourselves, are with us born.

Fly

Fly then—delay no more—but who comes here ?
Perchance the king—behold the guards approach !
O no !——and yet I see the holy priests,
And with them one in snowy vesture clad.
But, ha ! what do I see !—Almighty powers !
It is my wife !

S C E N E VII.

*Enter DIRCE, in white vestments, crowned with
flowers, Priests and Guards.*

Timan. O stay ! my Dirce ! speak,
What can this mean ?

Dir. At length my hour is come ;
These eyes must never, never see thee more !
O prince ! how cruel is this separation !

Timan. And does my father——

Dir. 'Tis his will that I
This instant suffer.

Timan. Never whilst I live— [*going to draw.*

Dir. What would'st thou do, my lord ! against
such numbers
Thou seek'st in vain to save me, but must rush
Thyself on certain ruin.

Timan. True, my love,
I'll seek some better way.

[*going.*

Dir. But whither go'st thou ?

Timan.

Timan. To draw together all the friends I have;
Go thou in peace; I'll reach the fane before thee.

Dir. Yet think—O Heaven!—

Timan. There is no room for thought:
My pity's turn'd to fury: tremble all
That dare oppose me: should my father's self—
My frenzy knows no bounds—let sword and flames
Destroy the palace, temple, priests and Gods!

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

DIRCE, Priests, Guards.

Dir. O stay!—he hears me not—Eternal
powers!

Preserve his life—for, ah! should he be lost,
What friendly care shall guard our orphan son!
The pangs of terror for a husband's danger
Were only wanting to complete my woes:
Did I but know of whom to implore relief!

S C E N E IX.

Enter CREUSA.

Dir. Ah! princess! ah! Creusa! grant me pity.
Thou canst not sure refuse a dying wretch,
Who, 'midst the bitterest grief, essays to move
Thy gentle heart, no stranger to compassion.

Creu.

Creu. Who art thou ? Say, what would'st thou ?

Dir. Sure my fate

Too well is known by thee : my name is Dirce ;

I go to die, yet guiltless of a crime :

I ask no pity for myself, Creusa ;

But save, defend the poor distress'd Timanthes :

To guard my life, he courts his own destruction.

If e'er th' entreaties of the dying move,

O ! let him find in you a kind protectress !

Appease his rage, or, O ! procure his pardon

For all the frantic deeds of rash despair.

Creu. And can it be, that on the verge of death,
Thou feel'st so deeply for another's welfare.

Dir. Enquire no further——fate decrees him
thine.

Should I, alas ! those ills impart

I've long been doom'd to know,

The tale would break thy tender heart

With sympathy of woe.

But thus with every pang oppress,

All hopeless of relief ;

A rock, that pity ne'er confess'd,

Might soften at my grief.

[*Exit with the priests and guards to the temple.*]

S C E N E X.

CREUSA alone.

How strong a power has beauty! If the charms
Of this afflicted thus can touch my heart,
Well may Timanthes stand excus'd, who loves her.
I scarce can hold from tears: this hapless pair
With faithful passion love, and I'm the cause
Of their misfortunes—no—forbid it, Heaven!
Some means shall yet be found——

S C E N E XI.

Enter CHERINTHUS.

Creu. Thou com'st, Cherinthus,
In happy time to assist me.

Cher. Dost thou, princess,
Still seek my brother's blood?

Creu. No; rage inspir'd
That thought, and with my rage the thought is
lost:

I seek his preservation. Dirce now
Goes to be sacrific'd, Timanthes raves
In wild despair: haste thou to calm his fury,
While I, on his behalf, entreat the king.

Cher. O goodness worthy of a princely mind!
And who would not adore thee, fair Creusa?

Ah!

Ah ! wert thou not so cruel to Cherinthus !

Creu. How hast thou found Creusa cruel to thee ?
This heart is different far from what thou think'st—
Perhaps—but go—thou would'st enquire too much.

Cher. Kind stars ! I ask not if ye prove
Still malignant to my state ;
'Tis enough that she I love,
Gives me but to doubt my fate.

The wretch who, long inur'd to grief,
Had ne'er one happy hour to prize ;
Whene'er he doubts, receives relief,
For hopes begin when doubts arise. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XII.

CREUSA alone.

Could'st thou, my dear Cherinthus, know what
pain

This rigour, that offends thee, gives Creusa,
I should not seem the tyrant thou hast thought me.
'Tis true I have not yet espous'd Timanthes :
The change is easy ; on myself alone
Depends the choice—but let me think—I came
To wed the kingdom's heir ; and shall I yield
To live a subject where I thought to reign ?
No, virtue, glory, pride forbid such weakness.

Happy,

Happy, happy age of gold !
 Lovely innocence of old,
 When our pleasures uncontroll'd,
 Ne'er their foes in virtue found.
 Now we groan beneath the weight
 Of slavish forms and galling state,
 While ourselves our pains create,
 And forge the chains with which we're bound.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E XIII.

The temple of APOLLO. A magnificent flight of steps ascending to the temple, the inside of which is discovered to the spectators betwixt the pillars that support the building. The altars are seen thrown down, the fire extinguished, the sacred vessels overturned, the garlands, axes and other implements of sacrifice scattered upon the ground; the Priests flying, the royal Guards pursued by the friends of TIMANTHES, and tumult and confusion in every part.

TIMANTHES appears driving some of the Guards down the steps, then is lost behind the scenes. DIRCE from the top of the steps calls to him with the utmost terror. A slight skirmish ensues, in which the friends of TIMANTHES have the advantage. The combatants being gone off, DIRCE, seeing TIMANTHES again, runs down from the temple to stop him.

Dir. O! all ye sacred powers of Heaven! defend him!

Hear me, Timanthes, O! in pity hear me—

Timan. Come, come, my love, thou art safe.

Dir. Ah me! Timanthes,
What hast thou done?

Timan.

Timan. I've done but as I ought.

Dir. Unhappy me!—Alas! my lord, thou art
wounded,

O Gods! thou art all o'er blood.

Timan. Be not dismay'd;
The blood thou see'st ne'er issued from these veins,
'Tis what my rage from other breasts has drawn.

Dir. Yet look! [looking out.]

Timan. No more, my life! compose thyself,
Let us be gone. [takes her hand.]

Dir. And leave our son Olinthus?
Where must he stay? Shall we depart without him?

Timan. I will return for him when thou art in
safety.

Dir. Yet stay—for yonder I behold approaching
The royal guards.

Timan. 'Tis true: then let us fly
A different way—that passage too is barr'd,
Another troop draws near.

Dir. Unhappy Dirce!

Timan. Do all my friends forsake me?
[looking round.]

Dir. Cruel fate!
What can we more?

Timan. This sword shall hew thy passage:
Follow me!— [going, meets Demo.]

SCENE

S C E N E XIV.

Enter DEMOPHOON, his sword drawn, Guards.

Demo. Fly not——Stay, unworthy son !

Timan. My father ! are you here against me too !

Demo. Perfidious boy !

Timan. Let none approach the victim.

Dir. Yield, prince, think of thy safety.

[aside to him.]

Demo. No—forbear ;

Touch him not, guards, but give his madness way,

And let us see how far it can transport him :

Complete thy glorious deeds, here in this breast

Plunge deep thy sword ; thou canst not tremble,
traitor,

To pierce a father, when thy impious rage

Has, in their temples, dar'd to insult the Gods !

Timan. O Heaven !

Demo. What is't withholds thee ? Dost thou
pause

To see this weapon ?—Thus I cast it from me.

What would'st thou more ? Behold I offer here

Thy greatest foe defenceless to thy rage.

Now glut thy secret hate, let me be punish'd

For giving birth to thee. Thou want'st but little
To be supreme in wickedness ; already

Thou art travell'd far : it but remains to steep
Thy daring weapon in a parent's blood,
And give thy reeking hand to her thou lov'st.

Timan. Enough, enough, my father ! O forbear ;
These keen reproaches stab me to the soul.
Behold this guilty weapon at your feet,
Behold your son offending kneels before you.
Take from him, if you will, this wretched life,
But speak not thus. I know I have transgress'd,
My fault's so great I dare not sue for pardon :
Yet sure the bitter scourge of your resentment
Is more than wretchedness like mine can bear.

Dir. Ill-fated prince ! What dost thou feel for
me ? *[aside.*

Demo. Had I not proofs so glaring of his perfidy,
He would seduce me—but I'll hear no more.
Yield, rebel ! yield—submit thy impious hands
To slavish manacles.

Timan. Where, where, my friends,
[to the guards.
Where are your chains ? Behold these ready hands,
For never shall the son refuse to obey
The mandates of a just, offended father.

Dir. Alas ! my fears predicted but too true !
[aside.

Demo. Lead back the victim to the insulted God,
Ye holy priests, and slay her in my presence.

Timan.

Timan. Alas! my life, I cannot now defend
thee. [to Dirce.

Dir. How many deaths this day must I endure?

Timan. My king! my father!

Demo. Leave me!

Timan. Yet have pity!

Demo. Thou ask'st in vain.

Timan. It never shall be said
I suffer'd Dirce to be slain before me;
At least defer the stroke: hear, reverend priests!
My father hear! know Dirce ne'er can be
The victim Heaven requires—the sacrifice
Would prove a profanation.

Demo. Speak, what mean'st thou?

Timan. What does the God demand?

Demo. A virgin's blood.

Timan. Then Dirce must not here be led to
death,
She's wedded—she's a mother—she's my wife.

Demo. Ha!

Dir. How I tremble for him! [aside.

Demo. Mighty Gods!

What do I hear! ye priests, suspend the rites,
Some other victim must be found. Are these
The hopes I fondly cherish'd? Impious son!
Respect'st thou thus divine and human laws?

And dost thou comfort thus thy father's age?

Dir. Let not your wrath, my lord, be turn'd
on him :

'Tis I am guilty : these unhappy charms
Caus'd all this wretchedness : 'twas I who studied
Too much to please him ; I, with female wiles,
Seduc'd him first to love : 'twas I enforc'd him,
With frequent tears, to these forbidden nuptials.

Timan. Believe it not, my lord—it is not so :
That she consented was my fault alone ;
By me was every artifice employ'd :
A thousand times she banish'd me her sight,
As often I return'd : I vow'd, entreated,
Nay threaten'd, but in vain : at length she saw me
Reduc'd to all the madness of despair ;
'Till in her presence, with a desperate hand,
My sword I drew, and menac'd even my life :
Then pity forc'd her to consent.

Dir. And yet——

Demo. Be silent both——I find an unknown
something

Creep through my heart, that 'midst my just re-
sentment,

Would soften me to tenderness and pity :
But, O ! it must not be, their guilt's too great ;
'Tis mine to give the world a bright example
Of steady virtue and impartial justice. [*aside.*
What, ho !——let these be kept apart in prison
'Till

Till we decree their fate.

Timan. At least together——

Dir. At least together in our utmost sufferings——

Demo. Yes, yes, ingrates ! one fortune shall be yours.

Perfidious pair ! in life's estate

Since love your hands could bind ;
Both shall partake one common fate,
Nor be by death disjoin'd.

Your crime was one ; and both alike
One punishment shall know ;
While just resentment now shall strike
By me the impartial blow. [Exit.

S C E N E XV.

DIRCE, TIMANTHES, *Guards.*

Dir. My lord !

Timan. My wife !

Dir. For me must thou be lost !

Timan. And must thou die for me !

Dir. Ah ! who henceforth
Will guard our child Olinthus !

Timan. Cruel moment !

Dir. Ah ! then—but what avails it, prince, to
sink

In unbecoming weakness ! Let our grief
Be worthy of us ; one short effort cuts
This cruel knot ; then let us part with firmness,
Without complaining,

Timan. Yes, bright excellence !

I praise the generous thought : let not a sigh
Escape us more.

Dir. Now I am prepar'd—

Timan. And I
Have steel'd my bosom.

Dir. O ! be strong my heart !

Timan. Farewell, my Dirce !

*[they part with resolution, but at the entrance
of the scene turn again to look at each other.]*

Dir. Prince, farewell !

Timan. My wife !

Dir. Timanthes !

Both. O ye powers !

Dir. Why go'st thou not ?

Timan. Why dost thou turn again to gaze upon
me ?

Dir. Fain would I see how thou canst bear thy
pains.

Timan. But yet thou weep'st—

Dir. And thou too sigh'st, Timanthes.

Timan.

Timan. O Heaven! how easy do we form resolves

Before the trial comes!

Dir. Alas! how well

I thought my resolution fix'd: yet let me
At least conceal my weakness from thy sight.

Timan. Ah! stay, my life! hear me.

Dir. What would'st thou say?

Timan. Thou dearest object of my care,
Instruct me how these woes to bear:
Ah! reach thy hand at least to prove
The last dear pledge of truth and love!

Dir. This hand when fondly join'd to thine,
Was once of happiness the sign:
But now, these fleeting moments o'er,
The sign of happiness no more!

Both. Farewell thou treasure of my heart!
Relentless fate, that bids us part,
That dooms us ne'er to meet again!
Can e'er malignant planets shed
Worse evils on the guilty head,
Than faithful love must now sustain?

[*Exeunt separately.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A prison.

TIMANTHES, ADRASTUS.

Timan. Be silent—canst thou hope that Dirce dead,

Timanthes will prolong his hated life
By wedding with another? Why presum'st thou
To affront my constancy?

Adraf. 'Tis she thou lov'st
Now speaks by me; yes, Dirce bids me say
That 'tis the last request she e'er shall make.

Timan. Even the same love that urges her to ask.
Forbids me to comply.

Adraf. And yet—

Timan. Enough.

Adraf. Reflect, my lord—

Timan. Adrastus, 'tis in vain;
I'll hear no more.

Adraf. Compassion bids me try
All means to save thee from the fate that threatens.

Timan. Who speaks to me of life becomes my
foe.

Adraf.

Adraf. Will thy breast no counsel move ?
Wilt thou then no succour find ?
Sure 'tis just thou ne'er should'st prove
Tender pity from mankind.

The wretch who sees with certain eyes
Impending ruin round him wait,
Yet not to 'scape the danger tries,
Can justly ne'er complain of Fate. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

TIMANTHES alone.

Why should we covet life ? What are its charms,
For all degrees are wretched ? Every state
Partakes of misery. In infancy
We tremble at a frown : in ripening youth
We are made the sport of Fortune and of Love :
In age we groan beneath the weight of years :
Now we are tormented with the thirst of gain,
And now the fear of loss : eternal war
The wicked with themselves maintain ; the just
With fraud and envy. All our schemes are shadows,
Vain and illusive as a sick man's dream !
And when we but begin at last to know
Our life's whole folly, death cuts short the scene :
O then let death at once—

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter CHERINTHUS.

Cher. My dearest prince !
Come to my breast. *[embraces him.*

Timan. What mean those looks compos'd,
When thus you press me with a last embrace ?
Are these the tears due to a brother's death ?

Cher. What last embrace, what tears, what
death, my brother ?
Thou art now the happiest of mankind : our father
Forgets his indignation : all is past :
He gives thee back his former tenderness,
Thy spouse, thy son, thy liberty and life.

Timan. O ! hold, Cherinthus, even in pity hold ;
Such mighty raptures flow too fast upon me :
Could I believe thee, sure my soul would faint
With vast excess of pleasure !

Cher. Doubt it not ;
My words are truth, Timanthes.

Timan. Can it be !
What friendly power could change my father's
anger,
When, parting from the temple, he resolv'd
On mine and Dirce's death ?

Cher. Such was his purpose ;

And

And sure th' event had answer'd his resolve,
Since all but prov'd in vain to appease his wrath:
Even I, O prince! despair'd of safety for thee,
When to thy aid Creusa came—

Timan. Creusa!

Creusa to my aid! she whom so late
My scorn offended?

Cher. Yes, the same Creusa:

Thou dost not know, my brother, all the virtues
Of that exalted fair: what said she not,
What did she not to save thee! Thy deserts
How did she raise! How did she speak to excuse
Thy guilty rashness! Every means she tried
To waken nature in a parent's heart:
She made compassion, justice, public good,
And glory plead for thee: for his example
She shew'd herself offended yet forgiving,
And touch'd his breast with shame. Soon as I saw
The father's feelings warm'd by slow degrees,
I flew (so Heaven inspir'd) to seek thy Dirce.
I found her with Olinthus: instant both
I hurried thence; and set before the king
The mother and the son. This fight secur'd
Our victory: for whether age subsided,
Or that the affections of a parent now
Exerted all their power, the king forgot
His anger, rais'd his daughter from the ground,
Then strain'd the guiltless infant in his arms,

And mingled with the rest his pitying tears.

Timan. O my lov'd brother! O my dearest father!
Cherinthus, let us fly with speed to seek him.

Cher. Not so—he longs himself to bring thee
first

The grateful tidings; 'twill offend him much
To see his fond design by me prevented.

Timan. And has he then such kindness for a son
Who yet so little has deserv'd his love?
O how his goodness aggravates my crime!
With shame I own it now: could I at least
Discharge his promise to the Phrygian king:
But thou, Cherinthus, may'st—Then save his
honour,

Give, in my stead, thy hand to fair Creusa,
And calm to peace a parent's sinking age.

Cher. What say'st thou, prince?—yes, let me
now confess it—

Creusa is the mistress of my fate,
I love her with the truest, tenderest passion—
But yet—

Timan. But what!

Cher. I ne'er must hope Creusa
Will deign to accept my hand: thou know'st she
came

To espouse the kingdom's heir—but I am none.

Timan. Is this the only bar?

Cher. What needs there more

To oppose my happiness ?

Timan. Then go, Cherinthus,
Preserve my father's faith—thou art the heir.

Cher. Who, I, my brother ?

Timan. Yes ; thou would'st have been,
Had not thy virtue snatch'd me from destruction :
In yielding up my title to the throne,
I give thee back but part of what thou gav'st.

Cher. Our father then——

Timan. At least he shall not blush
To find his plighted faith to breach expos'd :
And can I less for such a father's peace ?
What is a throne, compar'd with all the bliss
His goodness heaps upon me ?

Cher. Yet his loss
Is great who quits a crown.

Timan. No, he who quits
A crown, has something left he prizes more.

Cher. How glorious in thy gift I find,
The godlike virtues of thy mind !
I envy not the regal state,
But envy thee a soul so great.
Thou bid'st a thousand passions rise ;
A thousand thoughts my heart surprise.
At once I joy and wonder prove,
And tender shame, and grateful love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

TIMANTHES *alone.*

My son ! my wife ! dear pledges of my peace !
Part of myself ! Is it then given me soon
Fearless to clasp you in my fond embrace ?
And shall we then, without a future pang,
Together lead our lives ? Transporting thought !
Now, now, I find that unexpected joy
Can sooner raise, than grief depress the soul.

S C E N E V.

Enter MATHUSIUS with a paper in his hand.

Mat. O prince ! my lord !

Timan. Art thou indeed Mathusius ?
If in yon' bark you stay'd for me in vain——

Mat. Enough——the place thou art found in
must excuse thee.

Timan. How did'st thou gain access to me ?

Mat. Cherinthus
Procur'd me this admittance.

Timan. Has he then
Told thee my happiness ?

Mat. No ; with impatience
He broke from me, and flew I know not whither.

Timan.

Timan. O ! I have wonders to relate, my friend !

Mat. Perhaps thou may'st more wonders hear
from me.

Timan. Know, I'm this hour the happiest of
mankind.

Mat. Know, that this hour reveals a mighty
secret.

Timan. What secret ?

Mat. Hear, and own 'tis wondrous—Dirce
Is not my daughter ; she's thy sister.

Timan. Ha !

My sister !—sure thou mock'st me ! [*disturbed.*]

Mat. No, my prince,
I mock thee not ; thou did'st with her partake
One common stock ; one blood runs in your veins ;
One father and one mother gave you birth.

Timan. O peace ! what hast thou said !—Forbidden
it Heaven ! [*aside.*]

Mat. This paper yields the certain proof—

Timan. What paper ?

O give it—— [*with impatience.*]

Mat. Hear me first ; my wife, when dying,
Gave me this paper seal'd, and bade me swear
Never to open it, unless some danger
Should threaten Dirce.

Timan. Wherefore, when the king

This

This day condemn'd her to the sacrifice,
Didst thou neglect it?

Mat. Such a length of years
Elaps'd, had blotted it from my remembrance.

Timan. What brought it now to mind?

Mat. When late for flight
I gather'd all my treasures to the sea,
Amidst my hoard I found it,

Timan. Let me view——

Mat. Yet stay.

Timan. O Heaven!

Mat. Thou know'st my consort bore
Such faithful duty to the queen thy mother,
That whom in life she lov'd, in death she follow'd.

Timan. I know it well.

Mat. See'st thou this regal signet?

Timan. I do.

Mat. Observe this writing; mark it well;
Know'st thou the queen's own hand?

Timan. I do—no more——
Distract me not!

Mat. Now read. [gives the paper.

Timan. My trembling heart! [reads.

“Dirce is not the daughter of Mathufius,
“But springs from royal race, to me she owes
“Her birth, and claims Demophoon for her father.
“By

“ By what event her fortune has been chang’d,
“ Another secret paper must disclose ;
“ Let this be fought for in the household temple,
“ Beneath the sacred footstool of the God,
“ To which the king alone must dare approach.
“ Meantime let this suffice to prove her birth,
“ A queen confirms it with her oath.

“ ARGÆA.”

Mat. Thou tremblest, prince ! Sure this is more
than wonder !

Why spreads that deadly paleness o’er thy face ?

Timan. Almighty powers ! what dreadful stroke
is this ! [*aside.*

Mat. Now tell me, prince, the happiness you
boasted,

Let me at least——

Timan. Leave me, Mathufius, leave me.

Mat. Why art thou troubled thus ? thou’st
gain’d a sister,

And say is that so great a cause of sorrow ?

Timan. Leave me, in pity leave me to myself !

Mat. How strangely various are the minds of
men !

The same event that fills one breast with joy,
Distracts another with the pangs of grief.

Good

Good and ill are only names,
Nothing real here we find :
Each his pain or pleasure frames,
As affection fways the mind.

Every object changes hue,
While ourselves the hues impart :
As the passions, ever new,
Turn to peace or war the heart. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

TIMANTHES *alone.*

Ah ! wretch ! what coldness freezes at my heart !
What dreadful aspect does my fate assume !
I see, I see the source of all my woes ;
The wrath of Heaven pursued the unlawful nuptials.

My hairs stand up with horror ! What am I !
What is the king !—Behold Olinthus now,
Nephew and son ! Dirce my wife and sister !
Detested mixture, most unnatural kindred !
Fly, fly, Timanthes, hide thee from mankind.
Each hand will point at thee—thou now must prove
Thy aged father's curse ! How will thy story
Be made the sport of fame ! Unhappy Thrace,
Behold thy Œdipus ! in me behold
The furies here renew'd of Thebes and Argos.

O ! that

O ! that these eyes had never gaz'd on Dirce !
What then I deem'd the violence of love
Was but the voice of nature—I'm become
A monster to myself ! The light grows hateful !
Each breath affrights me, earth appears to sink
Beneath my trembling feet !—methinks I hear
Ten thousand thunders round me, while my crime
With every object glares upon my sight !

S C E N E VII.

*Enter from different parts CREUSA, DEMOPHOON,
ADRASTUS leading OLINTHUS by the hand, and
DIRCE.*

Creu. Timanthes—

Timan. Princess ! ah ! pursue me not—
Leave, leave me to myself.

Demo. My dearest son.

Timan. Ah ! no—I must not hear that tender
name.

Creu. Perhaps thou know'st not—

Timan. O ! I know too much.

Demo. Receive this fond embrace, thy pledge
of pardon :

But say why dost thou shun thy father's arms ?

Timan. I dare not look on thee—

Creu. What can this mean ?

Demo. What has befallen thee?—

Adraf. See ! behold your son :
Be comforted, my lord.

Timan. Take hence, Adraftus,
Take hence that child, O ! bear him from my
fight.

Dir. My much-lov'd lord !—

Timan. Begone, avoid me, Dirce.

Dir. And wilt thou drive me from thee on this
day
Of general joy ?

Timan. Where shall I fly to hide me ! [*going.*

Dir. O hold !

Demo. Yet hear me !

Creu. Stay—

Timan. 'Tis all in vain ;
You seek to ease, and stab me to the heart.

Demo. But say, whom fly'st thou from ?

Timan. From men and Gods !
From you and from myself—

Dir. And whither go'st thou ?

Timan. Where the sun never shines, where no-
thing lives,
Where my remembrance may be lost for ever !

Demo. Think on thy father.

Adraf. On thy son—

Dir.

Dir. Thy wife——

Timan. O speak not thus ! Wife, father, son and
brother,

Are names endearing to a mind at peace ;

To me they are sounds of horror.

Creu. Say the cause.

Timan. Seek not to know it—drown me in
oblivion.

Dir. By those dear moments when I pleas'd
thee first——

Timan. Dirce, forbear——

Dir. By all those solemn ties——

Timan. O hold, in pity hold !

Dir. If thou no more

Regard'st thy wife, at least thy son may move thee :

Look on him—'tis the same that oft has touch'd

Thy breast with tenderness : look on him still ;

'Tis thy own blood——

Timan. Would Heaven he were not so !

Dirce. What crime could he commit that thus
thou shunn'st him ?

Why dost thou turn away thy face—O see,

See how he reaches out his little hands,

And speaks to thee with smiles of innocence !

Timan. Ah ! couldst thou now be sensible of
that

Which, hapless boy ! thou must hereafter know,

Thou wouldst not thus with fondness hover round
me !

Ill-fated child ! thou canst not feel
Thy future grief and shame :
May never tongue thy birth reveal,
Or tell thy father's name !

Ye Gods ! what sudden change I find !
How soon my peace is fled !
What late with rapture fill'd my mind,
Is now my greatest dread ! [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

DEMOPHOON, CREUSA, DIRCE, ADRASTUS,
OLINTHUS.

Demo. Adraustus, follow him—[Exit Adraustus,
Olinthus is led off by an attendant.] Who can
inform me,

Amidst you all, what my Timanthes means,
If frenzy or despair possess his mind ?
But wherefore do ye gaze with wonder on me,
Yet speechless stand ! O could I but discover
What evil threatens, that my soul might stand
Prepar'd to meet the worst. Almighty powers !
Give me at least to know this secret danger.

Distressful sounds invade my ear,
I see thick smoke obscure the skies,
Around the crackling ruins hear,
Yet find not whence the flames arise.

My terror makes my doubts the more,
Amid my doubts my fears increase :
Distracted thus, I lose the power
To fly, if flight could save my peace. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IX.

CREUSA, DIRCE.

Creu. Say, Dirce, wherefore seem'st thou thus
unmov'd,
When, with thy husband, thou art made the theme
Of every tongue?—Go—seek him, learn the
cause—
Thou hear'st me not—Why are thy languid eyes
Cast down to earth?—Shake off this lethargy.
'Tis madness to reject a friendly counsel :
If more thou canst not—give thy sorrows vent,
At least lament aloud and break this silence.

Dirce. How shall I speak to thee again,
And in what words reply ?
I seek to oppose my fate in vain,
I would, but cannot fly.

My

My senses numb'd with sudden dread,
No longer can complain ;
No tears, alas ! have I to shed,
No voice to tell my pain. [Exit,

S C E N E X,

CREUSA *alone.*

What unblest'd region's this ! why am I come
To share in others' griefs ? How many evils
Has one unhappy day produc'd ? Contention
Between a son and father ! Human victims,
Polluted temples, and ill-omen'd nuptials !
There wanted but the fear of unknown ills
To make these woes complete. The wrath of Fate
Is sure too mighty to continue long ;
It must relent : in such distressful fortune,
Hope oft again revives from mere despair.

Misfortunes cannot long remain,
When once they've reach'd their full increase ;
And hope begins to dawn again,
When terror rises to excess.

All things must change beneath the sun ;
And since we're thus depress'd by Fate,
We never can be more undone,
But any change must mend our state. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

*An apartment in the Palace, magnificently decorated
for the nuptials of CREUSA.*

TIMANTHES, CHERINTHUS.

Timan. And whither, cruel, would'st thou lead
me now ?

These splendid shows of pomp and joy augment
The pangs of one abandon'd to despair.

Cher. Methinks no longer I discern my brother :
What means this weakness so unworthy of thee ?
If thou hast err'd, thou knew'st it not : 'tis true
Thou art unhappy, but not criminal.
All, all misfortunes may be lightly borne,
When the soul feels not guilt.

Timan. By deeds alone
The world directs its censure ; and when deeds
Condemn us, reason tries in vain to absolve.
But I'm too guilty ; or if ignorance
Extenuates my offence, I'm criminal
In daring still to live ; and yet I never
Can banish Dirce hence ; I feel I love her,
I know I ought not : but, alas ! so soon
How can I hope to break the tender ties,
Cast off the lover, husband and the father ?
Dissolve an union, dearer by misfortune ;
Forget our faith, obliterate the remembrance

Of pleasures long enjoy'd? O Heaven! Cherin-
thus,
Leave me, in pity leave me; let me die,
Ere yet a greater guilt——

S C E N E XII.

Enter ADRASTUS.

Adraf. The king, Timanthes,
Seeks thee in every part; but now I saw him
With old Mathusius quit the household temple.
A pleasure seems to brighten either's looks;
For thee alone they ask.

Timan. O! let me fly!
Too much I dread to meet a father's fight!

S C E N E XIII.

Enter MATHUSIUS.

Mat. My son! my dearest son!

[*embracing Timanthes.*

Timan. To me that name!
Ha! wherefore! say?

Mat. Because thou art my son,
And I——I am thy father!

Timan. Sure thou dream'st!

SCENE

S C E N E XIV.

Enter DIRCE leading OLINTHUS.

Timan. O ! Heaven ! Is Dirce here ?

Dir. Fly not, my lord,
Nor fear in me a sister.

Timan. You deceive me,
To calm the tumult of my wounded thoughts !

S C E N E XV.

Enter DEMOPHOON attended.

Demo. Thou art not deceiv'd, Timanthes ; all
is true.

Timan. O to betray me now were cruelty !

Demo. Yet be compos'd ; for know thou art
not my son.

Thou, when an infant, wert exchange'd for Dirce :
I am her father, and Mathufius thine.

My consort begg'd thee of Mathufius' wife ;
For then she deem'd the public weal concern'd
In this exchange : but when Cherinthus next
Was born, too late she saw the rash design
Had of succession robb'd her rightful son.
To me she durst not tell the mighty secret,

She

She found already thou had'st gain'd too much
On my affection : but at length, reduc'd
To life's extremest verge, she left the story
Reveal'd in two mysterious papers ; one
She gave her friend, and that Mathusius shew'd
thee ;

The other she conceal'd, and that thou here
Beholdest.

Timan. Wherefore did she not in one
Disclose the mystery ?

Demo. Because she meant
The first should only prove the birth of Dirce.
It there suffic'd to swear she was her daughter.
The secret of thy fate was kept for me ;
That I might act as best the time requir'd,
Or to divulge, or keep it still unknown.
For this the second paper she dispos'd,
Where I alone could ever have access.

Timan. Such strange events still hold my mind
in doubt.

Demo. Too certain are the proofs : behold the
writing
Where all I have declar'd is told at full.

Timan. O Fortune ! do not once again deceive
me ! [*takes the paper and reads.*]

SCENE

SCENE LAST.

Enter CREUSA.

Creu. May I, my lord ! believe the joyful tid-
ings
That echo through the palace ?

Demo. Princess, yes :
See there thy husband. I have pledg'd my faith
To wed thee to my son, and kingdom's heir ;
And in Cherinthus now receive them both.

Cher. The change may prove ungrateful to
Creusa.

Creu. In vain we hope to avoid what Heaven
decrees.

Cher. And wilt thou not confess thou lov'st
Cherinthus ?

Creu. My deeds shall speak my thoughts.

Timan. And was it me
The oracle declar'd ? Was I the unknown,
The innocent usurper ?

Demo. Yes, thou wert.
The clouds are now dispell'd ; the kingdom stands
Deliver'd from the annual sacrifice ;
And to the rightful heir the crown returns.
I shall preserve, without the means of rigour,
My

My faith unbroken to the Phrygian king :
Cherinthus shall possess his lov'd Creusa :
She shall a sceptre gain ; and thou may'st now
Securely clasp thy Dirce. Not a cause
For grief remains, and all this wondrous maze
Of mystic Fate, these papers have reveal'd.

Timan. O ! happy papers ! fortunate Timanthes !

Ye powers ! from what a dreadful weight I feel
My soul disburden'd ! O my son ! my wife !
Come to my bosom : now I can embrace you
Without the fear of guilt !

Dir. Transporting hour ! [*kneels,*

Creu. What moving tenderness !

Timan. Most just of kings !

Once more behold me at your feet : forgive
The wild excesses of despairing love ;
Believe me, when I swear it, you shall find me
More dutious as your subject than your son.

Demo. Rise, thou art still my son, still call me
father ;

Such, while I live, thou'lt find me : till this hour
Our love was duty, henceforth be it choice.
A stronger tie shall our affections bind
Than Nature's ties, the instinctive work of Fate.

CHORUS,

CHORUS.

Good fortune most delights mankind,
That steals upon us, when the mind
Can scarce its griefs sustain.
What mortal bliss can prove sincere,
Since, to be great, our pleasures here
Must have their source in pain !

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ADRIAN



ADRIAN IN SYRIA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ADRIAN, Emperor of Rome, in love with **EMIRENA**, but betrothed to **SABINA**.

OSRHOES, King of the Parthians, captive to **ADRIAN**, father of **EMIRENA**.

SABINA, in love with, and betrothed to **ADRIAN**.

PHARNASPES, a Parthian prince, captive to **ADRIAN**, friend and tributary to **OSRHOES**, betrothed to **EMIRENA**.

EMIRENA, captive to **ADRIAN**, in love with **PHARNASPES**.

AQUILIUS, a tribune, confidant of **ADRIAN**, secretly in love with **SABINA**.

SCENE, ANTIOCH.

ADRIAN IN SYRIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A square in the city of Antioch, magnificently decorated with military trophies, consisting of arms, ensigns, and other spoils of the conquered barbarous nations. An imperial throne on one side. A bridge over the river Orontes, that divides the city.

On the near side of the river appears ADRIAN borne in triumph on the shields of the Roman soldiers. AQUILIUS, guards and people. On the further side of the river PHARNASPES and OSRHOES, with a train of Parthians bringing various wild beasts and other gifts as presents to ADRIAN.

CHORUS of ROMAN SOLDIERS.

Live, live for us, for empire live !
On fam'd Orontes' banks receive
That laurel which the conquer'd give,
Great Cæsar ! thus to grace thy brows.
Hail ! father of a happy land !
Hail ! leader of a martial band !
The world confess thy saving hand :
In thee our dearest hopes repose.

What wreaths for thee shall Ganges frame,
What nations shall extend thy fame
From clime to clime, 'till Cæsar's name

The earth's remotest region knows !

*[while the chorus is singing Adrian descends, and
the soldiers, who bore him on their shields, fall
into their ranks with the rest.]*

Aquil. The Parthian prince Pharnaspes, mighty
Cæsar,

Requests an audience of thee.

Adr. Let him come,

He shall be heard.

*[Aquilus goes out, and Adrian having ascended
the steps of the throne addresses the soldiers
standing.]*

My friends and fellow-soldiers,
You offer me an empire with your blood
No less than mine sustain'd. I know not well
The right of Adrian to receive alone
The fruits of general toil : but if your love
Brook no refusal, each of you shall find,
(Whate'er my title) Adrian still the same.
Nor deem yourselves my subjects : no, together
We still, as wont, will serve one common cause,
To guard the glories of imperial Rome,
Your private honours and the public weal. *[he sits.]*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Live, live for us, for empire live !
 On fam'd Orontes' banks receive
 That laurel which the conquer'd give,
 Great Cæsar, thus to grace thy brows.

*[while the chorus is singing Pharnaspes and
 Osrhoes pass the river with all their train,
 preceded by Aquilius. Pharnaspes and Osrhoes
 advance: Pharnaspes addresses himself to Cæsar.]*

Phar. On this decisive day, when Rome adores
 In thee her Cæsar ; from that eye, Augustus,
 On which depends the fate of many a realm,
 Vouchsafe to cast one look on prince Pharnaspes.
 But late thy foe ; he now at Cæsar's feet
 Lays down his enmity, and swears to prove
 His loyalty and truth.

Osr. [aside to Phar.] There needed not
 Such abject, tame submission.

Adr. Rome is ever
 Each nation's common mother, and receives
 Within her bosom all that would become
 Incorporate with herself : her friends she honours,
 The vanquish'd she forgives ; with godlike virtue
 The oppress'd she raises, and she sinks the proud.

Osr. [aside.] O ! insolence of power !

Phar. I come to ask
 No unexampled act of Roman virtue

The royal daughter of the Parthian king
Is now a prisoner in your chains.

Adr. Proceed.

Phar. Release her from her bonds.

Adr. [*aside.*] O! Heaven!

Phar. Dry up
Her country's tears; to me restore the maid,
And take these gifts for ransom.

Adr. Here in Asia
I wage a generous war: I come not, prince,
To barter gold for conquest: think not Adrian,
As is the style of barbarous nations, sells
The liberty of others.

Phar. Let it then
Be Adrian's gift.

Ofr. [*aside.*] What now will Adrian say?

Adr. First let her father come and claim this
gift:
For him I have reserv'd it.

Phar. Since the day,
The fatal day, when all the Gods combin'd
Fought in the cause of Rome, our monarch's fate
Has still remain'd unknown: in other lands
He wanders now conceal'd, or lives no more.

Adr. Till Ofrhoes' certain destiny be heard,
His daughter be our care.

Phar. Then since Augustus

Appears so jealous of his fame, resign
That office to her husband.

Adr. Ha ! her husband ?
Is Emirena then espous'd ?

Phar. No more
Is wanting but the solemn rite.

Adr. [*aside.*] O ! Heavens !
[*to him.*] Where is that husband ?

Phar. I, my lord, am he.

Adr. And does she love thee too

Phar. We lov'd each other
Before we knew 'twas love : we learn'd together
To live and feed our passion : with our years
And ripening sense the flame increas'd : our souls
Became but one. I sigh'd for Emirena,
She for her faithful prince ; but then, Augustus,
When blissful Hymen should have made us one ;
Relentless Fate ! then was she ravish'd from me.

Adr. [*aside.*] What do I suffer ?

Phar. You appear disturb'd.
Perchance my weakness may offend : I know
The sons of Rome are heroes from their birth :
I know that every passion glory breeds not,
With you is deem'd a crime ; but vainly, Cæsar,
You seek to find such virtues in Pharnaspes :
I am a Parthian, not a Roman born.

Adr.

Adr. [*aside.*] O ! harsh rebuke ! But let us
now begin

To exercise dominion o'er ourselves.

[*to Phar.*] Hear, prince ; the lovely captive shall
henceforth

Be mistress of her fate : I'll lead thee to her,
And if, as thou believ'st, she loves thee still,
Then—hold my heart !—then take her and depart.

On those fair lips that love inspire,
That kindled first thy bosom's fire,
On them depends thy fate alone——
And, ah ! no less depends my own. [*aside.*]

In thy distress I bear a part,
With thee at Fate repine ;
And every grief that swells thy heart,
Is grief no less to mine.

[*Exit, followed by Aquil. and the Roman soldiers.*]

S C E N E II.

OSRHONES, PHARNASPES.

Of. Pharnaspes, didst thou comprehend the
meaning

Of Cæsar's words ? To me they speak a passion
For Emirena, jealousy of thee,
And confidence in her.—Should this be true ;
Should she consent to love my deadliest foe,

This

This vengeful sword before thy fight—but no,
I'll not believe it—she is still my daughter.

Phar. What says my sovereign? Cæsar is too
just,

And she is true—what doubts perplex your peace?

Qfr. Who doubts of ill but rarely is deceiv'd.

Phar. I fly to seek her—you shall see—

Ofr. Then go—

But tell her not that here I lurk conceal'd
Among thy followers.

Phar. From your daughter too
Would you be hid?

Ofr. I would, when next we meet,
Thou shalt know all my purpose.

Phar. Yes, my king,
With her I shall return to glad your sight.

Already are my sufferings o'er,
My foul exulting mourns no more;
But all dissolv'd in tender sighs,
Impatient to her presence flies.
In vain my lips would words supply,
My words in broken accents die;
My panting heart, no more depress'd,
Now bounds and struggles in my breast.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

OSRHOES *alone.*

First let me from the insulting foe redeem
The precious pledge, that only makes me fear,
Then give my fury way—Yes, haughty Roman !
Tremble at Osrhoes' vengeance. I am conquer'd,
But not depress'd ; for know, to thy confusion,
My soul, unchang'd, shall ever war with Adrian.

A sturdy oak, which nature forms
To brave a hundred winters' storms,
While round its head the whirlwinds blow,
Remains with root infix'd below.
When fell'd to earth a ship it fails
Through dashing waves and driving gales ;
And now at sea, again defies
The threatening clouds and howling skies.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

*An apartment destined for EMIRENA in the imperial
palace.*

AQUILIUS *alone.*

Unless invention frame some artifice
To work on Emirena, I am lost.

Yes,

Yes, generous Cæsar gives her to Pharnaspes.
If he, a lover, can expunge a passion
Which I, with care fomented, he'll return
To love Sabina; she, whose image ever
Dwells in my heart. Ah! where is Emirena?
Behold she comes—Now to my wiles.

S C E N E V.

Enter EMIRENA.

Emir. Aquilius.

Aqu. Ah! princess, had you seen the rage of
Cæsar:

Pharnaspes has requir'd from him your freedom;
Confess'd he lov'd you, and was lov'd again;
And thus has kindled in the emperor's bosom
A thousand jealous pangs. He raves to madness,
And vows, unless you quit your former love,
He to the capitol will drag you, bound
In servile fetters, at his chariot wheels.

Emir. Is this the hero of your Tiber? This
The boasted idol of imperial Rome?
I have his word I should not be expos'd
A spectacle of triumph. Is it then
With you no shame for heroes to be false?

Aquil. When love obscures the sense and blinds
the reason,
Even heroes, Emirena, change their nature.

Emir.

Emir. Shall Emirena then be led in triumph?
O! never, never—Asia too has those
Who dare to die.

Aquil. No—better means there are
In Emirena's power. Know, Cæsar comes
To offer you Pharnaspes, hoping thus
To read your secret thoughts: beware, nor trust
His seeming friendship: art elude with art.
Receive your prince belov'd with feign'd indiffer-
ence;
Reject his proffer'd hand: guard every word,
And dress your looks with well-dissembled cold-
ness,
As if your breast no longer own'd the lover.

Emir. And what of me will poor Pharnaspes say?
Alas! thou know'st not how his heart is form'd;
At such unkindness I shall see him fall
A victim at my feet.

Aquil. Farewell—reflect—
And, if you can, embrace some better counsel.

Emir. Hear me: at least prevent the prince—

Aquil. He's here.

Emir. O! Heavens!

Aquil. Now summon all your fortitude;
I've trac'd your path to shun the threatening evil.
[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter ADRIAN and PHARNASPES.

Emir. [aside.] O! Emirena, what a cruel trial
Thy love must here endure.

Adr. [entering.] Say, prince, is that
The beauty you adore?

Phar. O! Heavens! 'tis she
Whose charms are ever lovelier in my sight.

Emir. [aside.] How my heart throbs!

Adr. See, beauteous Emirena,
With whom I am return'd; and well I know
My presence never was more grateful to thee.
Speak, undisguis'd.

Emir. What stranger, sir, is this?

Phar. What stranger!

Adr. Know'st thou not those features?

Emir. Heaven! *[aside.]*
I know them not. *[to Adr.]*

Adr. And hast thou, Emirena,
Ne'er view'd their likeness?

Emir. No—I fear to speak;
If I betray my love we both are lost. *[aside.]*

Adr. [to Phar.] Is this the maid who learn'd
with thee to love?

Phar. I'm all amazement! Am I then Pharnaspes?

Alas! where am I?

Emir. [*aside.*] How I sympathize
With all he feels.

Adr. [*to Emir.*] If fear, or doubt of me
Restrain thee, Emirena, know that Adrian
Is not a tyrant o'er another's heart.
Behold thy lover—I restore him to thee;
As well befits his eldership of passion.

Emir. [*aside.*] Be constant still——[*to Adr.*] I
here refuse the gift.

Phar. My princess, say, what has Pharnaspes
done?

What crime unknown to raise thine anger thus?
Dost thou distrust my truth?

Emir. No more—no more—

Phar. Am I not he——

Emir. [*to Phar.*] In pity, O! forbear—
For well my state deserves it.

Phar. Yet remember—

Emir. [*to Phar.*] Remembrance now is lost—I
cannot speak—

My adverse fate engrosses every thought:
Unless thou mean'st to see me sink before thee—
Leave me in peace—away.

Phar. Leave thee in peace?

Inhuman!

Inhuman!—yes—I will obey—but look,
Look once upon this face, there read the heart
Of him—no, cruel, do not look upon me,
If thou would'st with Pharnaspes to obey thee.

If once, ingrate! thy looks I meet,
I never can depart;
Alas! too soon I shall forget
Thy faithless changing heart.

With blushes then thy face may glow,
But ah! my love will claim
Less anguish for the wrongs I know
Than pity for thy shame. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

ADRIAN, EMIRENA.

Adr. But whither go'st thou now?
[to Emir. going.]

Emir. To weep alone
My wretched fortune—tears at least are free,
Though all be lost.

Adr. O! nothing hast thou lost:
I in those beauteous eyes have lost my peace.

Emir. I hop'd for more respect—a royal mind,
Though stript of empire, still remains unchang'd:
My crown is Fortune's gift: but from itself
My

My heart derives its greatness.

Adr. [*afide.*] Lovely pride !

[*to Emir.*] And what offence has now thy virtue
suffer'd

From Adrian's love ? From Adrian, who can give
If thou consent, his hand and empire ?

Emir. No,
They're plighted to Sabina.

Adr. True ; I've lov'd her
These twice five years : but must our passions then
Endure for ever ? Surely in Sabina
Such constancy resides not : different far
Is Adrian's fortune since. I had not then
Beheld thee, Emirena ; I was then
A private man in Rome, and ever near her.
But now I sigh a captive in your chains,
And wear the imperial laurel on my brows ;
Sabina distant treads the banks of Tiber,
And I Orontes' shores.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter AQUILIUS.

Aquil. My lord.

Adr. What would'st thou ?

Aquil. Sir, from the Latian city is arriv'd—

Adr. Say, who ?

Aquil. Sabina.

Adr.

Adr. Mighty Gods !

Emir. [*aside.*] Blest chance
For my relief.

Adr. What means her progress hither
Without my summons ? Art thou not deceiv'd ?

Aquil. No, hear the tumult of the following
people,
Whose shouts proclaim her empress.

Adr. Heavens !—Aquilus,
Go hence, conduct her to a different part ;
Let her not thus surprise me : I would ask
A moment to compose my troubled looks—
Use every artifice——

Aquil. My lord, she comes.

Adr. I'm all confus'd !

SCENE IX.

Enter SABINA, attended by matrons and Roman knights.

Sab. Cæsar, my lord, my husband !
Behold the hour that I have wish'd so long
At last is come, and I once more am near you :
Permit me now to view you crown'd with laurel ;
With that victorious laurel, which has cost
My love such frequent sighs.

Adr. [*aside.*] What shall I say ?

Sab.

Sab. You answer not——

Adr. I could not hope, Sabina—
Might I—but thy fatigue must now require
A needful rest—Who waits?—Conduct Sabina
To some apartment that befits her rank,
And honour her as me.

Sab. Must I then leave you?
With you I came to seek repose.

Adr. Forgive me,
Some weighty cares demand me hence.

Sab. The time
Has been, Sabina was your first of cares.

Adr. 'Tis true; but empire now must claim
from Adrian
A sovereign's duty. [Exit.

S C E N E X.

SABINA, EMIRENA, AQUILIUS.

Sab. Say, what means Augustus?
Aquilus, speak.

Aquil. The secret lies not deep
To searching eyes. Augustus is a lover,
And yonder stands your rival.

Emir. Gracious empress,
So Heaven preserve you long for Cæsar, hear
And

And succour the distress'd—my crown, my husband,
band,

My country and my father, all are lost.

Sab. [*aside.*] The haughty fair derides me.

Emir. On this hand,
This royal hand permit me thus——

Sab. Away:

I am not yet become the wife of Cæsar,
Nor art thou wretched as thy words imply;
Since Fortune, leaving still thy wonted beauty,
Has little taken from thee. At thy choice
Thou may'st acquire even more than thou hast lost,
And I perhaps from thee, some future time,
May ask that grace which now thou seek'st of me.

Emir. My shameful bonds——

Sab. No more—I would be private.

Emir. O! Heaven! what sorrows must this
breast endure.

Against a helpless maid distress'd

No more such rigour show:

Ah! wrong not thus your noble breast,
To scorn a captive's woe.

Trust not too far a prosperous state,

I near the throne was born:

Thou too may'st know a prisoner's fate,

In servile chains to mourn. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XI.

SABINA, AQUILIUS.

Aquil. [*aside.*] Now let us prove our fortune.

Sab. Say, Aquilius,
Does not Sabina's fate excite thy pity?

Aquil. Yes, I confess Augustus most unjust :
He thinks not that revenge is in your power.
Beauty and virtue both alike are yours,
What heart so cold but these must surely warm :
Before his eyes you should——

Sab. [*haughtily.*] What should Sabina?

Aquil. Pursue him still with unabated passion,
And make him blush at his inconstancy.
[*aside.*] The tempest threatens, let us regain the
shore. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XII.

SABINA *alone.*

And do I weep? Ah! no—at least my weak-
ness

Shall be conceal'd.—But such a cruel stroke
Bears down my best resolves. To Asia's clime
I came to find my love, and find him false :
I find him with my rival ; see him troubled

At

At my approach. He scarcely deigns to hear me;
He flies my sight—and yet I must not weep:
Alas! a rock would weep at woes like mine.

Ye powers! if justice mark your reign,
To me his heart restore;
Nor let these flowing tears in vain
A loss like him deplore.

You know he's mine, (ah! faithless spouse!)
You heard his last farewell,
When from his lips, with mingled vows,
The parting accents fell. [Exit.

S C E N E XIII.

A view of the imperial palace on fire; the flames breaking out from several parts of the building: some part in ruins. Time, night.

OSRHOES comes from the palace, with a lighted torch in his right hand and a sword drawn in his left. A train of Parthians with lighted torches.

Ofr. Intrepid Parthians! Heaven propitious smiles

Upon our bold attempt: turn yet a moment
And view the ruins of yon hostile palace.
Amidst our loss this shadow of revenge
Is some relief—Behold the bursting fires!

What wreaths of smoke and flame ascend the sky !
O ! would to all the Gods, yon walls that now
The Parthian rage destroys, within them held
The senators, the capitol, and Rome !

S C E N E XIV.

Enter PHARNASPES.

Phar. Ofrhoes, my king.

Ofr. Pharnaspes, look—behold
The work of Ofrhoes' hand !

[pointing to the flames.]

Phar. Immortal powers !
Where is thy daughter ?

Ofr. Who can tell ?—Even now,
There, with her lover, wrapt perchance in flames,
She suffers for the wrongs she heap'd on thee.

Phar. *[going.]* O ! Emirena ! O ! my life !

Ofr. Yet hear me——
What would'st thou seek ?

Phar. To save my love or perish. *[going.]*

Ofr. O ! no—forget, far rather, an ingrate
That has betray'd thee.

Phar. O ! I know her false,
But still my soul adores her.

[enters amidst the flames and ruins of the palace.]

SCENE

S C E N E XV.

OSRHOES, Parthians.

Ofr. Perish then,
Unthinking youth, while we, my valiant friends,
Preserve ourselves for greater deeds. Let each
Cast down his torch to earth, and each again
Retire to his concealment. [*the Parthians go out.*
—Yet, in spite
Of all my rage I feel myself a father ;
I cannot quit this place—Still, still I turn
To yon devoted walls—Let me not listen
To this unmanly weakness.—Ah ! even now
Perhaps a dying child invokes my name :
O ! that Pharnaspes may arrive to save her !
Could I but learn their fate !—But whither would
My inconsiderate steps ? O Gods ! look there—
Ha ! who comes yonder ? See, the tumult thickens,
And all the imperial palace is in motion—
My friend—my daughter—whither shall I turn ?
I lose myself and yet preserve not them.
Since, mighty Gods ! you've taken all from Osrhoes,
Why have you left him still these feeble passions ?
[*Exit hastily.*

SCENE

S C E N E XVI.

EMIRENA *flying in terror*, PHARNASPES *enters to her in chains, guarded.*

Emir. Ah ! whither shall I fly ? Who now will
save me ?

Could I but learn—O ! Heaven ! Pharnaspes !

Phar. Princess !

Emir. And art thou here a prisoner ?

Phar. Art thou safe ?

Emir. Death comes not to the unhappy—
Could thy hand

Kindle these flames ?

Phar. No—but 'tis so believ'd.

Emir. Believ'd, and why ?

Phar. Because I am a Parthian,
Because I'm lost, abandon'd to despair,
Because amidst these walls I was surpris'd.

Emir. Say, to what purpose came Pharnaspes
hither ?

Phar. To save thee and to die.

Emir. And hadst thou died
Think'st thou that Emirena would be sav'd ?

Phar. Why dost thou mock me thus ? This
feign'd compassion

Exceeds

Exceeds thy cruelty.

Emir. My feign'd compassion !

Phar. How can I think it true ? Far other,
princes,

Thy words but late imported.

Emir. Words, alas !

Might differ—Emirena was the same.

Phar. What meant thy cold reception ?

Emir. Fear to raise
The jealousy of Adrian.

Phar. What from him
Could Emirena fear ?

Emir. That shame which waits
The vanquish'd at a haughty Roman's triumph ?

Phar. Did he not nobly offer thee this hand ?

Emir. All artifice to read my secret thoughts.

Phar. Then am I still——

Emir. My only hope, my life.

Phar. And art thou then——

Emir. Still faithful to Pharnaspes ;
And to the tomb will still remain unchang'd,
And after death, if then the dead retain
Of aught in life remembrance, shall thy image
Dwell in my constant soul.

Phar. No more, my love,
Enough ; I here detest my jealous doubts.

Forgive

Forgive me, Emirena ! Cruel stars !
In your despite Pharnaspes shall defy
The rage of tyrants and the pangs of suffering)
My prince's loves me—yes, her lips confirm it ;
And midst your frowns I shall be happy still.

Emir. Ah ! go not yet.

Phar. Alas ! necessity
Now tears me from thee.

Emir. Gracious powers ! Pharnaspes,
What fate awaits us next ?

Phar. My soul is fearless,
And death itself has only terrors for me,
As I'm forbid, alas ! to die beside thee.

If I'm denied with thee to die,
Thou soul of my desires !
Thy name shall mingle with the sigh
That on my lip expires.

Farewell, dear partner of my breast,
Weep not my fate to view :
Ah ! think Pharnaspes still is blest
If Emirena's true. *[Exit guarded.*

SCENE

S C E N E XVII.

EMIRENA alone.

If it be true, that from another's grief
We find our own reliev'd, contemplate me,
Ye wretched sufferers, and regain your peace,
In finding all your woes surpass'd by mine.

In vain I weep my hapless state,
As mourns the widow'd dove,
Who, seeking, finds her captive mate
Divided from her love.

Still hovering near his cage she flies,
Where prisoner he remains :
Like her I go, with forrowing eyes,
To see my prince in chains.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A gallery in the apartments of Adrian.

EMIRENA, AQUILIUS.

Aquil. Who sooner than yourself can save Pharnapes ?

'Tis yours, at will, to rule the heart of Cæsar ;
And every female but yourself would better
Employ a monarch's love.

Emir. Of what avail
To me, who love not Cæsar, is the power ?

Aquil. And must he be belov'd to make him
think
That he is so ?

Emir. Shall I proclaim a lie ?

Aquil. O ! no—a lie is now an artifice
Held gross and insecure : true policy
Is so to work, that whom we would deceive
Should prove his own deceiver : let a sigh,
Half check'd with art, escape you ; or a word
Of doubtful meaning ; or a glance, that seems
As taken by surprize ; a winning smile :
The smallest action : silence or a blush :
Nay, what you do not speak ; all, all alike

Shall

Shall spread the snare ; for lovers still are prone
To sooth their wishes. He will think you love
him,

And yet yourself may still retain the power,
To say your lips had ne'er confess'd a passion.

Emir. I know not where such art is to be found.

Aquil. Woman has not to seek it : with her
birth

It grew and flourish'd. From the languid eye
To drop the obedient tear ; to dress the lip
In smiles that hold no commerce with the heart :
To chace, at will, the colour from the cheek :
To flush the changing features : these are all
The sex's privilege, on you bestow'd,
Heaven's voluntary gift : to man they cost
Labour and deep design.

Emir. Thou, that art grown
Old in a court, canst ne'er have cause to envy
Talents like these. I deem thou art not found
Among the few, tenacious of the ties
Of ancient honour. When the time demands,
Thou know'st full well with open looks to allure
An unsuspecting foe ; to place before him
The precipice, and then lament his fall :
To offer all thy service, but to serve
Thyself alone : to clothe an accusation
With treacherous praise, and aggravate a fault
In seeming to defend it : from the throne

A C T II. S C E

A gallery in the apartment

revenge thy

EMIRENA.

Aquil. Who sooner see, nor complain
 naspes? more, to be sincere,

'Tis yours, at w have spoken truth.

And every fer
 Employ a r alk'd for aid,

Emir.

To me Aquilius ever thought,

That wholesome counfel gave no little aid.

Believe me, princefs—but farewell, I hear

Some one approach—'tis Adrian sure at hand.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter SABINA.

Sab. [entering.] O! Heavens! my rival here!

Emir. Ye powers! Sabina!

Sab. Thou art, indeed, most loyal in thy care,
 Beyond my utmost thought: the conflagration
 Is scarce extinguish'd, when we find thee here
 In thy lov'd Cæsar's palace.

Emir.

h! Sabina,

your injustice! Cæsar's love
but punishment. The danger
weighs upon my soul.

t brings me to these walls:

him perish thus?

myself! to him I gave

heart, and time has travell'd long

our loves began.

Sab. Speak'st thou sincere,
Or dost thou feign?

Emir. O! I should feign indeed,
If thus I did not speak.

Sab. Yet see'st thou not
That pleading in his cause but angers Cæsar?

Emir. I have no other way.

Sab. Wouldst thou attend,
A better might be found. With thy Pharnaspes,
Fly from the palace. Lentulus, the leader,
Keeps him in charge: he to my parents owes
Whate'er he has; and from his grateful heart
I well may rest assur'd of stronger proofs
Than this which now I seek.

Emir. O! might, indeed,
Your thoughts succeed.

Sab. Go then; prepare securely
For thy departure: to the greater fountain
In Cæsar's gardens, I'll conduct thy spouse.

Expect me there before the sun attains
His mid-day height.

Emir. Ah ! princess, may I hope——
I am so us'd to bear the frowns of fate.

Sab. Behold my hand ; receive this certain
pledge.

Emir. My breast can scarce contain the mighty
joy !

O ! generous princess ! happy Emirena !

By thee shall wreaths eternal grow,
To deck the Roman victor's brow,
And all the adoring world shall bow
To Heaven's sublimest gift in thee.
While this imperial hand, that deigns
To ease a lover's-anxious pains,
O'er subject realms the rule maintains,
And gives to kings their liberty. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

SABINA *alone.*

When Emirena shall be hence remov'd,
Perchance my lover may again return
To all his former kindness. Every fire,
When fuel fails, must perish ; and the stream,
Divided from the source that feeds it, dries.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter ADRIAN.

Adr. [*entering.*] My life ! my Emirena ! [*sees her.*] Heavenly Powers !

What have I said ? [*going.*]

Sab. Why do you fly me, Adrian ?

Ah ! grudge me not your presence one short moment ;

Then, if you will, return to her you love.

Adr. What says Sabina ? Does she then believe—

And who should Adrian love ?

Sab. Ah ! hide not from me

That candid blush of shame ; you know not, Adrian,

To me how grateful : conscience never dyes

The cheek of him who feels not he is guilty ;

And he who feels his guilt will soon disclaim it.

Adr. O ! Heaven !

Sab. You sigh—give me that sigh, my lord.

Immortal powers ! Who once would have believ'd

A change like this ? The glory of our Rome,

The hero's pattern, and my only hope,

Adrian inconstant ! Is it possible ?

It cannot be—Who has seduc'd your faith ?

Give me to know it all.

Adr.

Adr. What shall I say ?

How is my soul confus'd !—Ah ! cease so gently
To chide my falsehood ; call me base, betrayer ;
Give, give thine anger vent. I own, Sabina,
Thou justly may'st reproach me : thy deserts,
Our mutual interchange of love ; the vows
A thousand times repeated, all now rise
To my remembrance ; but in vain, Sabina,
I'm not myself. I know, I prize, thy virtues,
Thy every charm—and yet—a single look—
I hate myself ; I loath my own injustice.
Thy wrongs cry out for vengeance.—Dost thou
wish

The death of Adrian ? Take, O ! take his life ;
'Tis just, nor will I murmur.—Would'st thou tear
The sacred laurel from Augustus' brow,
He gives it to thy hand : the happy world
With joy will bend beneath thy virtuous sway.

Sab. I ask your heart and not your empire,
Adrian.

Adr. This heart was thine, and, witness Heaven ! I strove
To keep it all thy own. The Gods, Sabina,
Beheld my secret thoughts : all Asia's beauties
To me were nothing : long, ah ! long I deem'd
The loveliest glances cold compar'd to thine.

Sab. And yet——

Adr. And yet—I know not how, secure

In

In conscious virtue I forgot defence,
And love surpris'd me. Flush'd with victory,
My passions warm'd with all the warrior's ardour
Was Emirena first conducted to me.
The soul in tumult oft imbibes with ease
A new affection. I beheld her chain'd
Implore my pity, felt her press my hand,
And bathe it with her tears, while on my face
She fix'd her suppliant eye with such a look—
—Ah! had Sabina seen her then, the sight
Had urg'd even her to pardon Adrian's weakness.

Sab. It is too much—Not only to forsake me,
But dare avow it; to my face extol
The charms of her, my rival for thy heart!
And dost thou further hope Sabina, mov'd
To hear thy suffering, should excuse thy guilt?
Unheard-of tyranny! Have I deserv'd
A recompense like this? Barbarian! traitor!
Ungrateful Adrian! [*sinks on a seat and weeps.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter AQUILIUS behind.

Aquil. [*apart.*] Ha! Sabina here!

Adr. [*aside.*] Her tears have touch'd my soul.

[*to her.*] Ah! fair Sabina,

Take comfort, Adrian will again return
To wear thy happy chains; again be thine.

Aquil. [*apart.*] Malicious stars!

Sab. [*tenderly.*] Indeed !

Adr. I yield to pity ;
Pity, the gentle harbinger of love.

Sab. Scarce can I yet believe——

Aquil. [*apart.*] Now, policy
Once more assist me.

Sab. Should'st thou yet again
See Emirena ?

Adr. Never, never more—
Will I behold her.

Sab. Canst thou, Adrian, trust
Thy bosom's firmness ?

Adr. 'Tis resolv'd ; and all
The will determines, soon the deed confirms.

Aquil. [*coming forward.*] The lovely captive
 princess has requested
To kneel before your feet : long has she fought,
But fought you, sir, in vain.

Sab. [*aside.*] Now comes the trial.

Adr. Aquilius, no ; I must no more behold her :
At length 'tis time remembrance should recall
My faithful, kind Sabina.

Sab. [*aside.*] Joyful sounds !

Aquil. 'Tis surely just ; but little is the boon
Poor Emirena asks. Will you deny
To her alone what all obtain ? 'Tis true
She is a captive, but was born a queen.

Adr.

Adr. 'Tis fairly spoken. Surely, my Sabina,
'Twere cruel not to hear her.

Sab. [*afide.*] O! my heart!

Adr. I'll hear her in thy presence: where is then
Thy fear? Yet stay and thou shalt see——

Sab. [*rising.*] O! no,
Thou hast enough deceiv'd my easy faith.

Enough for me my love sincere,
Ingrate! is thus repaid;
But think not still I'll linger here
To see myself betray'd.

I know thy best resolves are weak
Thy passion to control:
Thine eyes, that still their object seek,
Thy sighs and restless actions speak
The feelings of thy soul. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

ADRIAN, AQUILIUS.

Aquil. I fly to bring fair Emirena. [*going.*

Adr. No,
Forbear awhile.

Aquil. Can you to her refuse
This justice, Cæsar?

Adr. I refuse her not.

But at this moment—Didst thou hear Sabina ?
Love goads me on, while reason checks the rein.
I would ! but O ! ye powers, what pain to think—

Aquil. Speak, speak, my lord ; unless I know
your grief

How shall I give you comfort ?

Adr. Speak ? alas !

Myself I know not what my thoughts intend.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

AQUILIUS alone.

Be firm, my heart : though victory be near
As yet 'tis not mature. The love of Cæsar,
The anger of Sabina, both alike
War on my side : the battle is at hand,
But let us not too rashly risk the field.

Of old the experienc'd warrior tried
To watch each motion of the foe ;
Restrain'd his warmth, each vantage spy'd,
And cautious dealt the skilful blow.

With hand and foot alike he feign'd,
By turns to advance, by turns to yield ;
Till one propitious moment gain'd
The envied laurels of the field. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

The gardens belonging to the palace.

EMIRENA *alone.*

Ah! why, my love, this long delay?
Each moment seems a tedious day.

S C E N E IX.

Enter SABINA with PHARNASPES.

Sab. [*to Phar.*] Behold your spouse.

Phar. My lovely Emirena.

Emir. Art thou indeed my prince? I scarce believe

The blifs sincere.

Phar. At length, my dearest princefs——

Sab. The time admits not now fuch fond exchange

Of mutual transports: think of speedy safety.

This unfrequented paffage, veil'd in gloom,

Is open for your flight, by Lentulus

Reveal'd to me: not diftant from the entrance

It branches in two ftraiter paths: the right

Leads to the river, and the left the palace.

Avoid the fecond. Go, my friends, fecure;

May Fortune guide and Love protect your fteps.

Emir. O! generous emprefs!

Phar.

Phar. Most exalted fair-one !
What gratitude from us——

Sab. I ask but little :
Ah ! think of me sometimes, and if amidst
Your happiness you recollect Sabina,
Afford one pitying sigh to my misfortunes.

Ye gentle pair, from realms above
Shine every star to bless your love,
Nor give your life, like mine, to prove
Misfortune's cruel frown.
I envy not your sorrows rest,
But hope to find, with grief oppress'd,
That pity in some feeling breast
Which mine to you has shown, [Exit,

S C E N E X.

PHARNASPES, EMIRENA.

Phar. And art thou mine ? Alas ! I fear, and
still
Some vision seems to mock me.

Emir. Let us fly,
Unless we mean to find our bliss a vision.
[they go towards the passage.

Phar. Stay, Emirena— [Stopping her,

Emir. Wherefore ?

Phar. Hear'st thou not

The

The clash of arms ?

Emir. I heard indeed the sound ;
But whence it came I know not.

Phar. From the path
Where lies our destin'd way.

Emir. Alas !—

Phar. My love,
Be not dismay'd—conceal thyself, while I
Explore the cause of this ill-tim'd alarm.

Emir. What can this mean ?—Kind stars, be-
tray me not. *[conceals herself.]*

SCENE XI.

*Enter OSRHOES in a Roman habit, his sword
drawn and bloody, from the passage pointed out
by SABINA.*

Ofr. *[entering.]* Now let the tyrant to the in-
fernal shades
Relate the trophies of his boasted Rome.

Phar. And whither goes my sovereign thus dis-
guis'd
With Roman vest and Roman arms ?

Ofr. My friend,
We are reveng'd—the universe is freed
From its oppressor—Lo ! the happy sword
That boasts of Adrian's death.

Phar.

Phar. What says my king?

Ofr. Know, prince, that oft our hated foe was
wont

To tread this secret path, which late to me
One of his train disclos'd. The power of gold
Could find a traitor even in Tiber's heroes.
Thus dress'd I lurk'd in ambush, till Augustus
Drew near with one attendant, when this hand
Dispatch'd the tyrant.

Phar. But deceiv'd in darkness,
Might not your erring hand have mis'd the foe
And slain his follower?

Ofr. This was well foreseen.
As he drew near, his treacherous servant feign'd
To fall as if by chance: this wile expos'd
The life of Cæsar and secur'd his own.

Emir. [*looking out.*] What is that Roman? In
his hand a weapon
Seems stain'd with blood—Could I but view at
least

His features now conceal'd——

Phar. What course remains?
Should we pursue the path you trod but now
We may encounter numbers, whom the rumour
Has gather'd hither. Every way beside
Is watch'd by guards and menials.

Ofr. Let our swords
Then hew a passage through them.

Phar.

Phar. No—reserve

Such desperate hazard for the extreme of danger :
First let me prove what means may yet be found
For safer flight.

Emir. [*listening.*] My ears attempt in vain
To catch their cautious whispers.

Phar. Midst these shades
Awhile remain conceal'd : with instant speed
I will return.

Ofr. Delay not ; if thou dost
Ofrhoes will hence and tempt his fate alone.

[*conceals himself in the grove.*]

Phar. This path will lead me—no—I am de-
ceiv'd—

'Tis surely here—What if I take the way
Prescrib'd us by Sabina ? Cæsar's fate
Perchance is yet unknown, and ere the alarm
Is spread, or guards arrive, we may escape—
—It shall be so. [*going he meets Adrian.*]

S C E N E XII.

Enter ADRIAN with a drawn sword and guards.

Adr. [*meeting Phar.*] Stay, traitor.

Phar. Mighty Gods !
What do I see !

Adr. Ho ! guards, stop every pass
That favours flight.

Phar. I am motionless with wonder.

Emir. [*advancing to listen.*] Alas ! we are discover'd.

Adr. Dost thou gaze
To see me yet alive ? Ungrateful man !
Who hop'd but now to pierce the breast of
Adrian.

Thy barbarous insults, when the stroke was given
Reveal'd thy impious purpose.

Emir. [*listening.*] Yes, the error
Is now apparent ; he who lurks conceal'd,
He is the traitor.

Adr. Dost thou answer nothing ?
Perfidious ! wherefore cam'st thou ? What design
Urg'd thee to this ? Who loos'd thy fetters ? Speak.

Phar. I cannot speak.

Adr. Not speak !—Let him be dragg'd
By force to prison—hence.

Emir. [*discovering herself.*] Hold ! hold ! and
hear me——

O ! he is innocent.

Phar. Alas !

Emir. Look there :
That grove conceals the traitor.

[*goes towards Osrhoes.*]

Phar. Heavens! forbear. [to Emir.

Emir. Behold him, Cæsar.

[pointing to Osrhoes, who comes forward.

Osr. Yes—behold in me
The man you seek.

Emir. [motionless.] My father!

Adr. Parthia's king
Cloth'd in a Roman garb! Are all alike
In treason leagu'd against me?

Osr. I alone
Thirst for thy blood: 'tis true my sword has err'd,
But, if thou giv'st me life, this hand shall yet
Retrieve its first mistake.

Adr. To assault me thus
With treacherous rage in darkness? Then to seize
The moment when I fell.

Osr. Malicious fortune!
'Twas this deceiv'd me. Thy attendant's art
Had plann'd a fall with purpose to betray thee;
But by thy casual fall I miss'd the signal,
And slaughter'd him for thee.

Adr. Is this, barbarian,
Is this my recompense? Depress'd and vanquish'd
I bade thee welcome to imperial Rome,
And offer'd thee her friendship—

Osr. Impious Romans!
Such is your name indeed for tyranny:

Your

Your friends are slaves, and over these you reign.

Adr. We are but faithful guardians of the laws :
Who seek to league with us are not subjected
To us, but justice ; though with you I know
Justice is tyranny.

Ofr. And who, proud Romans,
Made you her guardians and interpreters ?
Do you partake with Gods their heavenly councils ?
Or are you Gods yourselves ?

Adr. Though far, O ! far
From us the name of Gods, at least their virtues
We seek to imitate ; and he, whose mind
Is fram'd like theirs, to others is a God.

Ofr. Are these your marks of deity, to thirst
For plunder'd wealth ? To desolate a kingdom ?
To give a loose to lawless love ? To oppress
A guiltless rival ? To betray a woman—

Adr. Thou dost too much abuse my clemency.
Ho ! guards, to separate dungeons bear these traitors
To await their punishment.

Phar. And Emirena ?

Adr. The ingrate shall suffer.

Phar. O ! unjust and cruel !
What crime in her can merit Cæsar's vengeance ?

Adr.

Adr. You know on each my wrath should fall,
Since all are foes, with insults all
Against my peace combine.
Here jealous Rage and stern Disdain,
Remorse and Love unfeeling reign,
Here all their torments join.

[*points to his breast.*

The Furies on the dreary shore,
Where black Cocytus' waters roar,
Can add no pangs to mine. [Exit.

S C E N E XIII.

OSRHOES, PHARNASPES, EMIRENA, *guards.*

Emir. My father! shall I dare to call thee father?

Have I not murder'd thee?—If yet thy love—

Ofr. Away—nor shake my constancy.

Emir. Alas!

Well may'st thou drive me from thee—O! forgive
Your Emirena—See me here, my father,
Low at your feet.

Ofr. Leave, leave me, O! my daughter;
I've no resentment kindled against thee:
In this embrace receive my love and pardon.
Farewell the dearest part of Osrhoes' being!

Emir.

Emir. O ! fatal, last adieu !

Phar. O ! cruel parting !

Emir. That kind embrace, that tender sigh,
That pardon given, that speaking eye,
But add to all my former pain,
And deeper dye the guilty stain !
What I have prov'd, what thou hast been
My conscious heart with anguish keen
Too late laments, and heavier mourns
The crime that thus thy love returns. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XIV.

OSRHOES, PHARNASPES.

Phar. O ! would to Heaven my blood could
yet suffice

To free my king and save my Emirena !

Ofr. Enough, my friend, I was before un-
mann'd,

Why wilt thou too conspire against my virtue ?

No ; let the foe, to his confusion, see me

Superior to his threats ; behold me fall

Unconquer'd still, and dread me even in death.

The

The lion, late resistless found,
That sinks beneath a mortal wound,
And sees his blood distain the ground,
Will unsubdu'd appear.

Not death his fierceness can assuage;
The hunter, that could once engage
The lordly beast, his dying rage
Now strikes with panic fear.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E XV.

PHARNASPES *alone.*

How is my soul still bound with mortal ties
To this unhappy frame! thus, thus to bear
Such load of wretchedness! Unpitied stars!
O! take me hence and let me rest for ever.

'Tis false that mortals' vital breath
With sorrow must decay;
That every ill, which brings not death,
Will lightly pass away.

No thought that soothes man's suffering kind,
To me can comfort give:
My woes would shake the firmest mind,
And yet, alas! I live.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

A hall with seats.

SABINA, AQUILIUS.

Sab. Must I depart, and is he then so blind,
So lost to justice? Say, what guilt is mine
That Adrian seeks to punish?

Aquil. Adrian found
That you were privy to, and first advis'd
The flight of Emirena and Pharnaspes.
He thinks his guard seduc'd by you; and knows
So well to aggravate your fault, that all
Who hear the sentence praise his clemency.

Sab. I thought but to secure for me his heart
By studying only to advance his glory,
And make a rival happy; not impell'd
By hate or anger, but by love and pity.
In this I could not err, or if I err'd,
Such error sure was venial.

Aquil. Yes, Sabina,
I know it well; and Cæsar too perhaps
Knows it not less; but gladly thus admits
A fair pretence.

Sab. 'Tis well; then let him see me,
And blush at his own sentence.

Aquil. 'Tis his charge

That

That I forbid you now to appear before him.

Sab. O Heaven ! but must I then depart unheard ?

Aquil. It must be so.

Sab. And when ?

Aquil. The ships are now
Prepar'd for your reception.

Sab. Such command
It ill befits Sabina to obey.

Aquil. Ah ! yet submit, or you are lost—depart.
Trust to my faithful care. You shall subdue
By yielding to him. I will watch the moment,
And urge him to recall you.

Sab. Yet, at least
Tell him, Aquilius——

Aquil. Go : there needs no more ;
I understand whate'er your lips would utter.

Sab. Tell him he's faithless and unjust,
He breaks with me a lover's trust—
Yet, ah ! refrain, and rather say
That parting I his will obey,
And say how much I love.
Should you perceive a stifled sigh,
Or tear just starting from his eye,
Ah ! bid him for a moment turn ;
And ere I seek the silent urn,
His pity let me prove.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

AQUILIUS alone.

I first have plann'd to send Sabina hence,
And fondly then repine at her departure.
Think better, O! my heart, residing here
To thee she's lost; her presence in Augustus
Revives his dying virtue. Ill, Aquilius,
Thou bear'st thy lov'd-one's absence; but re-
member
Short sufferance now ensures thee years of bliss.

The shooting vine more fertile springs
Beneath the planter's knife;
Her ripen'd clusters larger brings,
And blooms with fresher life.

In warm Arabia's climate found
The odorous balsam trills;
But from the bark's inflicted wound
Alone the juice distills.

S C E N E III.

Enter ADRIAN.

Adr. What hast thou gain'd, Aquilius?

Aquil. Nothing gain'd:

Sabina, sir, is constant to depart.

Adr.

Adr. She has indeed too just a cause for anger.

Aquil. But yet so gentle her complaints, it seems
As if some other must have touch'd her heart ;
And much I doubt she makes a specious plea
Of your inconstancy to veil her own.

Adr. I like it not : this temper in a woman
Excites suspicion. Let us seek Sabina.

Aquil. My lord, you have forgot the Parthian
king.

My counsel you approv'd, and meant to appease
him :

I've sent for Osrhoes, and he waits your summons.
When all is ready to complete your purpose
You still remain confus'd and unresolv'd.

Adr. Alas ! thou know'st not what a war of
thought

Now agitates my bosom. Rome, the senate,
Sabina, Emirena, love and glory,

All, all are present to me, while in vain

I seek to reconcile my jarring passions.

On every side I fear some threatening rock :

I choose, repent, and long perplex'd in doubt,

I know not good from ill, till driven at last

To sudden choice, I choose from all, the worst.

Aquil. Ah ! cease, my sovereign, to torment
yourself :

You have within your arms the fair for whom

You fight, and fear to clasp her to your bosom.

I cannot bear your griefs : permit me, sir,
To introduce the king.

Adr. Yet stay—if still—

Aquil. No more of doubts, my lord.

Adr. Act as thou wilt. [*Exit Aquilius.*

S C E N E IV.

ADRIAN alone.

What will the world then say ? To cherish life
Is nature's law ; and thus oppress'd with anguish,
I cannot live depriv'd of Emirena.

S C E N E V.

Enter OSRHOES and AQUILIUS.

Ofr. Why am I summon'd here ?

Adr. Let Parthia's king
Be seated and attend ; and though his anger
Rejects the peace, he may vouchsafe a truce. [*sits.*

Ofr. My nature cannot brook a long forbear-
ance. [*sits.*

Aquil. Aquilius, now thy fate determines.
[*aside.*

Adr. Osrhoes,
All things on earth must change, and shall we find
Our

Our enmity alone endure for ever ?
Peace is become as useful to the victor
As needful to the vanquish'd : food for strife
Is wanting now between us : adverse fate
So much from thee has taken : bounteous Heaven
Has given so much to Adrian, that no more
Is left for thee to lose, or me to conquer.

Ofr. O ! yet—my hatred yet remains unshaken ;
That still is mine, and shall suffice for Ofrhoes.

Aquil. Barbarian ! savage ! *[aside.]*

Adr. Boast not that as good,
Which, when possess'd, torments its own possessor :
Thou hast a better way to sooth thy pride.
Know, thou art the arbiter of my repose,
As Adrian of thy life. So Heaven directs
The events of human kind, that each to each
By turns is needful ; and the happiest man,
From him that is most wretched, often finds
Something to hope or fear. Speak thou the word,
And Emirena's mine : if I but will it,
Ofrhoes is free, and once again a king.
Let us, my friend, make use of either's power
To both our good. I ask from thee in gift
Thy daughter's hand, and offer thee a throne.

Aquil. *[aside.]* I tremble for his answer.

Adr. Speak : what say'st thou ?
Thou smil'st, but dost not speak.

Ofr. And shall I think

Adrian

Adrian so weak ?

Adr. Alas ! too surely, Osrhoes.

What boots it to dissemble ? If I see not
Fair Emirena knit with me in marriage,
Nor peace, nor happiness, nor life is mine.

Osr. Since then so little serves to make thee
happy,
I am content—Go, call my daughter hither.

Adr. Thou dost accept my offer ?

Osr. Who would e'er
Refuse such offer ?

Adr. Thou hast given me back
My lost repose. Aquilius, see the princess
Conducted hither.

Aquil. Cæsar, I obey.

[*aside.*] Sabina is my own.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

ADRIAN, OSRHOES.

Adr. I now begin
To live once more. Guards, from the Parthian
king

Take off his chains. [*guards enter.*

Osr. Yet stay—I will not, Adrian,
Enjoy thy gifts ere thou hast tasted mine.

Adr.

Adr. Vain scruple ! Execute my will.

Ofr. Forbear :

Depart my friends. [*guards go out.*]

Adr. Fain would I see thee eas'd
Of that injurious load.

Ofr. I am so happy
Contemplating the future, that my limbs
Feel not their shackles.

Adr. Yet the princess comes not. [*looking out.*]

Ofr. No less is my impatience than thy own.

Adr. I go to hasten her.

Ofr. Behold, she's here.

S C E N E VII.

Enter EMIRENA.

Adr. Most lovely Emirena— [*meeting her.*]

Ofr. Better first
It fits for me to unfold our purpose to her.

Adr. 'Tis true.

Emir. [*aside.*] What mean their looks and glad
deportment ?

Ofr. Amidst our sufferings, still, my dearest
daughter,
We may rejoice. Would'st thou believe it ? Yes,
I, in thy beauty, find a recompense

For

For all my losses past.

Emir. What means my father?

Adr. [*to Emir.*] The flame sincere——

Ofr. First, Adrian, let me speak.

Adr. Even as thou wilt.

Ofr. [*to Emir.*] Such virtue in thine eyes
Indulgent Heaven has lavish'd, that our victor
Becomes our slave : he sighs for thee, and offers
All for thy sake ; forgets our enmity,
And stoops to be a suppliant : he abhors
His life without thee, and in thee adores
His tutelary goddess.

Adr. [*to Emir.*] Yours the power——

Ofr. [*to him.*] I have not finish'd yet.

Adr. [*aside.*] He tortures me
With this delay.

Ofr. [*to Emir.*] Now, hear a father's voice,
And in the deep recesses of thy heart
Engrave his last command : let me at least
In dying leave thee my avenger—hate
The tyrant with a hatred great as mine,
Which unextinguish'd here for ever flames,
And this be thy inheritance.

Adr. Ha ! Ofrhoes !

Ofr. Let neither fear nor hope unite thee to him ;
View him henceforth in every pang of suffering,
With frenzy burn and rage with hopeless love.

Adr.

Adr. Just Gods ! insulted thus !

Ofr. Now, Cæsar, speak :

Osrhoes has finish'd.

Adr. Rash, unhappy man !

Dost thou not know thou call'st the thunder down
That soon may crush thee ?

Ofr. Rave, thou haughty tyrant,
Thy anguish is my triumph.

Adr. Gods ! what fury !

Can man resemble thus the savage kind ?

I gaze, and all my anger's lost in wonder.

Barbarian ! whether rage may burn,
Or madness seize thy brain,
With horror from that face I turn,
Where all the furies reign.

The wounded boar, the trodden snake,
The lion in the wild ;
The tigers, when her young they take,
Compar'd with thee are mild. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

OSRHOES, EMIRENA.

Ofr. My daughter, if thou lov'st me, lo ! the
time

To give it proof : assist thy wretched father,
Who

Who begs compassion from thee.

Emir. If my blood
Can give you peace, 'tis yours—it flows for you.

Ofr. O! snatch me from the Roman tyrant's
power;
—But, ha! I see thee free from chains.

Emir. Augustus,
Who found us innocent of all attempts
Against his life, to me and to Pharnaspes
Gave instant freedom. But what aid for you
Can I bestow?

Ofr. A sword! a dagger! poison!
Death, death in any shape.

Emir. What says my father?
Must these be proofs of love? A daughter's hand
Supply the cruel means! The thought alone
Chills me with horror!—'Tis in vain you ask it—
My heart abhors the task, and though my heart
Inhuman should consent, my conscious hand
Would tremble and refuse its dreadful office.

Ofr. Away. I deem'd thee worthier of thy race.
And dost thou startle at the name of death?
Infirm of purpose! know that Osrhoes' daughter
Should learn to view it with a steadier eye.

A noble

A noble soul no tumult knows,
When life draws near its fated close :
The trembling coward only knows
The fear that gives to death its pain.
'Tis false to name the dying hour,
The worst of ills mankind deplore :
Which bids the afflicted soul no more
The galling load of life sustain. [Exit:

S C E N E IX.

Enter PHARNASPES.

Emir. Unhappy Emirena ! O ! for counsel
In this extreme of woe !

Phar. [*entering.*] Haste, Emirena.

Emir. Haste, whither ?

Phar. To Augustus.

Emir. To Augustus ?

Phar. Implore him to reverse his late decree
Against thy father.

Emir. What decree, Pharnaspes ?

Phar. He wills that, laden with the weight of
chains,
Ofrhoes be led——

Emir. To death ?

Phar.

Phar. No ; worfe than death.

Emir. Whither ?

Phar. To Rome.

Emir. And what can I to affift him ?

Phar. Go—weep—entreat—to Adrian offer now
Thy hand in marriage—O ! forget all ties,
All thoughts of love and hope—O ! give up all
To fave the king.

Emir. He charg'd me but even now
To bear for Cæfar everlasting hatred.

Phar. Alas ! you muft not think to obey com-
mands

In anger given ; a momentary madnefs.
No, 'tis our duty, deareft Emirena,
Spite of himfelf to fave him.

Emir. Shall I then
Refig'n this perfon to another's arms ?
Is this indeed thy counfel ? Can Pharnafpes
So fteel his conftancy ?

Phar. Alas ! my princefs,
Thou little read'ft my heart : thou little know'ft
What pangs this conflict costs me. While I fpeak
I feel each fibre in my bofom tremble :
Each drop of blood runs curdling through my
veins.

I know in thee I lofe my only good,
Whate'er can folace life : I know without thee
I drag

I drag a wretched and despairing being ;
A burthen hateful to myself and others.
But what must Asia say should Osrhoes fall,
When we have power to save him ? Let us then
To this great duty sacrifice our peace.
Go, go, my love, and consort of Augustus,
Enjoy the highest rank of earthly greatness.
To me at least one comfort will remain
Amidst my wretchedness, to say, that she
Who rul'd Pharnaspes' heart, now rules the world.

Emir. If thou would'st have me e'er consent to
lose thee
Make not thyself so worthy of my love.

Phar. No, Emirena, no, thou shalt not lose me,
While life informs this breast I'll still be thine,
Thine, as my virtue and thy fame permit.
I swear by all the Gods ; by those dear eyes,
Those eyes that cheer my soul ; and thou—but
whither

Does passion thus transport me ? Time admits not
Of mutual sorrow ; while we meditate
To save him, Osrhoes may, alas ! be lost.

Emir. Farewell. *[going.]*

Phar. Yet hear me.

Emir. What would now Pharnaspes ?

Phar. Go then—yet pause awhile—Almighty
Gods !

I wish thee hence, yet fain would keep thee still.

Emir.

Emir. O ! Heaven ! in leaving thee I love
I feel my powers decay ;
Lefs cruel fure the ftroke will prove
That takes my life away.

Our fortune (thus afunder torn)
How ill didft thou forefee ;
That I, my love, for thee was born,
And thou wert born for me. [Exit.

S C E N E X.

PHARNASPES alone.

The fubject's loyalty, the lover's truth
Maintain a doubtful conflict in my breaft ;
By turns are victors and by turns fubdued.
But while with various fortune each contends,
And neither triumphs, I myfelf am loft.

The sorrows that my foul deprefs
To cruel ftars I owe ;
Yet, midft my sorrows, hear me blefs
The caufe of all my woe.

Light are thofe ills that meet mankind
Without the fufferer's blame,
And leave no motives in the mind
For penitence or fhame. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

*A magnificent apartment of the imperial palace.
Steps descending to the banks of the river Orontes.*

SABINA, attended by matrons and Roman knights.

AQUILIUS.

Sab. Hold, insolent, no more—though Adrian
drives

Sabina from his sight, 'tis criminal
In thee to aspire to such a heart as mine.

Aquil. Ne'er till this hour——

Sab. And be this hour the last
To insult me with thy love. [*going to embark.*

S C E N E XII.

Enter ADRIAN.

Adr. Sabina, hear me.

Aquil. [*aside.*] O! cruel fortune!

Sab. [*returning.*] Ha! what would Augustus?

Adr. And am I then so hateful to Sabina
That she would leave me thus? Depart unseen?

Sab. O! mock me not again: you send me
hence;

Forbid me ever more to appear before you.

Adr. I fend thee hence ? Ah ! when ?—Aquil-
lius, speak :

Did not Sabina ask to leave me ?

Sab. Heavens !

[*to Aquil.*] And was it not the mandate of Au-
gustus,

That I should part from him, and part unseen ?

Aquil. [*aside.*] Silence or speech must both
alike betray me.

Sab. [*to Aquil.*] Perfidious man !

Adr. [*to Aquil.*] Thou dost not answer.

Sab. [*to Aquil.*] Now

I understand thy plots, and Adrian too

Shall know——

Aquil. [*to Adr.*] Cæsar, 'tis true, I love Sabina,
And fear'd her presence might awake thy virtue,
Hence far remov'd I hop'd——

Adr. Enough, thou traitor !

Base, undermining slave, thou Cæsar's rival !

Ho ! guards, secure him. [*he is disarmed.*]

Aquil. [*aside.*] Unpropitious fate !

Adr. No longer think, my spouse, of thy de-
parture.

Sab. Thy spouse, Augustus ?

Adr. Yes, I find my soul

Recovering now apace her wonted calm :

My duty, and the scorn of Emirena ;
Her father's hatred——

S C E N E L A S T.

Enter EMIRENA and PHARNASPE\$.

Emir. Pardon, Cæsar, pardon.

Phar. O ! pardon, fir.

Emir. Restore to me a father.

Phar. Preserve for me a king.

Emir. Restore him to me ;

And, if thou wilt, behold me then thy own.

Adr. What do I hear ?

Phar. Augustus, yes, to thee

I here resign my empire o'er her heart.

Adr. What says Pharnaspes ?

Emir. Yes, thou shalt be, Cæsar,

My guardian God : by that celestial ray

Majestic beaming from thy sacred brow ;

By that victorious laurel, earn'd with toil ;

By this unconquer'd hand, the world's support ;

Which by this kiss——

[*kneels.*

Adr. Ah ! rise—no more—So weeps

A nymph or Goddess when she melts the heart.

[*aside.*

Sab. [*aside.*] Alas ! what conflict now in yonder
breast

Of love and honour.

Adr. [*aside.*] If I yield to justice,
I lose my Emirena ; if to love,
I kill my best Sabina—O ! my heart !
How cruel is thy trial !

Sab. [*aside.*] Though unfaithful,
He yet excites my pity,

Emir. Cæsar, say :
Art thou not yet resolv'd ?

Sab. [*to Adr.*] Augustus, hear ;
At length——

Adr. In pity torture me no further ;
I know what thou would'st say, alas ! Sabina,
I know it all.

Sab. Thou little know'st Sabina :
Then hear—So fatal are our mutual wounds,
That one of us must fall. Sabina dies
In losing thee, and, Adrian, thou must die
In losing Emirena. Heaven forbid,
That to preserve a woman's worthless days,
A hero thus should perish. Live, my Adrian,
Live for thy fame, thy country, and the world ;
If not for me : I freely here release thee
From every tie ; forgive thee all my wrongs,
And with these lips will ever plead thy cause.

Adr.

Adr. Is't possible !

Sab. Cæsar, farewell.

[*going.*

Adr. O ! stay :

O ! noble mind ! exalted dame ! whose merits
Might claim a thousand empires. Must you all
Bring on my cheek the glow of conscious shame ?
[*to Phar.*] The loyal subject yields to me his mis-
trefs

In ransom for his king : [*to Emir.*] The pious
daughter

Does, for her father, sacrifice herself.

[*to Sab.*] And thou, forsaken, injur'd as thou art,
Transcendent fair ! think'st only of my peace !

And I, shall I alone, with such examples,

Be feeble as a girl, nor hide this face

From every living eye ; yet press the throne,

And give to earth its laws ? O ! no—let all

Be happy. To the Parthian king I give

His crown and liberty ; to thee, Pharnaspes,

Resign fair Emirena : I absolve

Aquilius of his guilt ; to thee, Sabina,

More worthy of thy love, myself restore.

Phar. Joy unexpected !

Sab. This indeed is Adrian ;

Now he appears himself.

Emir. O ! whilst I breathe,

This breast, Augustus, grateful for thy goodness—

Adr. If thou wilt shew thy gratitude to Cæsar,

Leave, leave his heart in peace ; scarce now in
safety

When thou art near him. Let me then entreat
thee

To quit me, Emirena. See thy spouse
Securely thine : thy father shalt thou find
In freedom to thy wish. Live and be happy,
And all in deep oblivion drown the memory
Of Adrian's errors.

Emir. Yet, permit me, Cæsar——

[*attempts to kiss his hand.*]

Adr. O ! Emirena——'tis enough—farewell.

[*preventing her.*]

CHORUS.

Augustus, while thy sacred praise
Ascends the starry way,
Our hands a snow-white stone shall raise
To mark this blissful day.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

DIDO.

D I D O.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DIDO, Queen of CARTHAGE.

ÆNEAS.

IARBAS, King of the Moors, under the name of
ARBACES.

SELENE, Sister to DIDO.

ARASPES, confidant of IARBAS.

OSMIDAS, confidant of DIDO.

SCENE, CARTHAGE.

D I D O.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A magnificent hall of audience, with a throne on one side. A prospect of the city of Carthage.

ÆNEAS, SELENE, OSMIDAS.

Æn. No princess, friend, believe not fear or hatred

Unmoors the Phrygian fleet and drives me hence :
I know that Dido loves me (ah ! too well
I've prov'd that truth), nor doubt her constant
faith.

I love and I adore her : gratitude
Warms every thought for all her kindness shewn
To me, to mine. But destiny commands
Once more to expose my life on Neptune's waves.
Such is the will of Heaven ! Ah me unhappy !
The crime of Fate must thus appear my own.

Sel. If after wandering long thou seek'st a rest
And settled home ; 'tis offer'd on this shore :
My sister gives, thy merits and our friendship
Confirm the wish'd asylum.

Æn.

Æn. Such asylum
Heaven grants not yet.

Sel. And wherefore?

Ofm. By what signs
Have the just Gods to you reveal'd their will?

Æn. Osmidas, sleep has never clos'd these eyes,
In sweet oblivion, but he brings to view
My father's angry shade? "O son! (he cries,
"I hear his well-known voice) ungrateful son!
"Are these the Italian realms, whose conquest oft
"To thee have Phœbus and myself enjoin'd?
"Ill-fated Asia from thy valour hopes
"In other climes renew'd another Troy.
"This didst thou promise, this, in life's last mo-
ments
"I heard thee swear, when kneeling, on this hand
"Thy filial kiss confirm'd the solemn compact.
"And now, ungrateful to thyself, thy country,
"Thy father, here thou dwell'st in sloth and love—
"Rise, cut the cords that hold thy tardy vessels,
"And loose thy spreading sails."—Such warning
given

He darts an angry glance and disappears.

Sel. I freeze with horror.

Ofm. If Æneas leave us
I lose in him a rival to the throne. [aside.]

Sel. [to Æn.] If you forsake us, hapless Dido
dies,——

And

And ah ! Selene never can survive. [*aside.*

Ofm. The queen approaches.

Æn. Whither shall I turn ?

Sel. I dare not speak my pains. [*aside.*

Æn. Be firm my heart,
Thy trial comes ! [*aside.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Dido attended.

Did. Æneas, Asia's glory,
The care of Venus and of Dido ; see
How proud, exulting in thy presence here,
Our infant Carthage lifts her towering head.
Those arches, temples, walls, are all the fruit
Of Dido's toils ; but thou, Æneas, thou
Art their first boast and noblest ornament.
Thou dost not answer—shunn'st me—Is it thus
Æneas meets me with repulsive silence ?
Perchance some other passion from thy heart
Has driven my once-lov'd form.

Æn. The Gods can witness
Dido is ever present to my mind :
Nor time, nor distance e'er shall shed oblivion
(Those Gods alike can witness) o'er my passion.

Did. Wherefore these protestations ! Dido seeks
No vows to bind thy faith—a look, a sigh,
Ensures from me belief.

Ofm.

Ofm. She trusts too far.

[*aside.*

Sel. I dare not yet complain.

[*aside.*

Æn. If thou regard'st
Thy own repose, think of thyself, thy greatness,
And think of me no more.

Did. Not think of thee !
I that but live for thee ! I that enjoy
No moment's peace when thou art absent from me ?

Æn. O Heaven ! what hast thou said ? Is this
a time
For such effusive tenderness ? Alas !
Too generous for ingratitude like mine !

Did. Ingratitude, *Æneas* ! Is my love
Then hateful to thee ?

Æn. Never has my soul
Confess'd a purer flame——but——

Did. Speak——

Æn. My country——
Heaven's high command——

Did. Go on.

Æn. I cannot speak it.

A thousand warring thoughts in vain
My labouring bosom swell :

Do thou that fatal cause explain [to *Ofm.*
My lips refuse to tell. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

DIDO, SELENE, OSMIDAS, *attendants*.

Did. And does Æneas fly me thus ? What means
Such cruel silence ! how have I offended !

Sel. His purpose is to leave thee—Love and
Glory

With doubtful empire struggle in his heart.

Did. And does he find it glory to forsake me ?

Osm. Now policy assist me ! [*aside.*]—Mighty
queen !

Selene little reads Æneas' thoughts :
Arbaces from the Moorish court is sent
Ambassador to Carthage.

Did. Well, what follows ?

Osm. The haughty king demands your hand in
marriage.

Æneas fears that you, by force compell'd,
Will yield to his demand ; and therefore flies
To shun the grief to see you wed another.

Did. It may be so—go, dearest sister, chace
From my Æneas such unkind suspicions,
And tell him death alone shall tear me from him.

Sel. This I must suffer too ! relentless fate !

[*aside.*

To

To him thy fister, void of art,
Shall make thy purpose known,
And sooth to peace thy love-sick heart; [*to Did.*
But rend with grief her own. [*afide.*

To him my faithful lips address'd,
Shall all thy thoughts reveal: [*to Did.*
But how, the pangs that rend my breast,
Shall I, ye powers! conceal! [*afide.*] *Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

DIDO, OSMIDAS, *attendants.*

Did. Now let Arbaces come; whate'er his purpose,

A suppliant or a foe, he comes in vain:
Before his fight, ere yet the day declines
To western skies, the sun shall see this hand
Given to Æneas—he and he alone
Is worthy to possess the heart of Dido:
This shall Arbaces know.

Osm. Arbaces comes.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter IARBAS, under the name of ARBACES, with ARASPES. A train of Moors; various attendants bringing tigers, lions, and other presents to the Queen. DIDO ascends the throne, OSMIDAS on her right hand: two Carthaginians bring the cushions for the African Ambassador and place them at a distance fronting the throne.

Araf. Behold, my king—[*aside to him, entering.*

Iar. Be silent—while I wear [*aside to Araf.*
A subject's semblance, call me still Arbaces,
And be the king forgot—Dido, to thee,
The sovereign of the Moors deposes Arbaces,
His faithful nunciate. At thy choice I bring
Thy kingdom's safety or thy kingdom's ruin.
The presents here display'd, gems, treasure, cap-
tives,

And savage beasts, the wealth of subject Afric,
He sends, O queen, as pledges of his greatness:
Then learn the giver from the gift.

Did. Should Dido
Accept his gift, the giver's well rewarded;
But let him heed, or what he means a gift
May prove a tribute—Insolence like this
The soul of Dido scorns.—[*aside.*] Sit then and
speak.

Araf. What thinks my sovereign? [*aside to Iar.*

Iar. Lovely in her pride ! [to him—*sits.*
Remember, Dido, what thou cam'st from Tyre,
What desperate fortune drove thee to these shores ;
'Twas Afric only gave thee rest and safety
From thy inhuman brother's impious thirst
Of wealth and blood : this ample space, where now
Aspiring Carthage rises, was the gift
Of my great master's hand : Iarbas—

Did. Hold !
Thou dost confound a purchase with a gift.

Iar. First let me speak and then reply.

Did. What boldness ! [to *Ofm.*

Ofm. Let him proceed. [to *Did.*

Iar. My courteous king, Iarbas,
Sought thee in marriage, and refus'd, endur'd
The unworthy flight, because thy widow's vows
Were then devoted to Sichæus' ashes.
All Afric now has heard that from the ruins
Of Asia's kingdom here Æneas found
From thee a welcome, that thy heart is given
To him ; nor will the sovereign of the Moors
Permit a wandering exile, 'scap'd from Troy,
To rival him in love.

Did. His love and hate
To me are equal.

Iar. Let me first conclude,
Then may'st thou answer. Know my generous king
Instead of war has sent to offer peace.

Act

Act as thou wilt—forgetful of the past,
He seeks thy love, demands to share thy nuptials,
And asks with these Æneas' forfeit head.

Did. Hast thou yet finish'd ?

Iar. I have finish'd.

Did. Know

To Lybian sands I came from regal Tyre
For freedom not for bondage. Carthage stands
My treasure's purchase, not thy monarch's gift.
When to Iarbas I refus'd my hand,
And widow'd heart, I meant to keep my faith
To dead Sichæus—Dido now is chang'd—
Far other thoughts—

Iar. Since Dido now has chang'd—

Did. First let me answer, then Arbaces, speak.
Yes, Dido now is chang'd—'tis wisdom oft
To vary thoughts with time—Æneas' worth
Has touch'd my heart ; his valour shall support
My rising throne, and marriage make us one.

Iar. But first his head—

Did. His head will prove a conquest
Not lightly gain'd—this exile scap'd from Troy
May give the sovereign of the Moors such toil,
He yet but little fears.

Iar. Should'st thou provoke
My king's resentment, soon expect to see
Against thee Afric pour her numerous sons,

From

From Garamantia and Getulia's plains,
And hot Numidia's confines.

Did. Let Æneas

But own my cause, and Afric pour her sons
From Garamantia and Getulia's plains,
From hot Numidia's clime, and all the world
Conspire against my empire.

Iar. Shall I then
Report this answer?

Did. Thou mayst say that Dido
Heeds not the soothing of Iarbas' love,
Nor fears his indignation.

Iar. Still reflect——
Think better, Dido.

Did. I have thought enough. [both rise.

A queen and lover Dido reigns,
And in her heart and throne maintains
A right, all rights above.
In vain he seeks her soul to awe,
Who to her will would give the law,
In glory or in love. [Exit attended.

S C E N E VI.

IARBAS, ARASPES, OSMIDAS.

Iar. Araspes, vengeance.—— [going.

Arasf. Where thou lead'st I follow.

Osm.

Ofm. Arbaces, stay.

Iar. What can he seek with me? [to Araf.

Ofm. May I at will confer with thee?

Iar. Speak on.

Ofm. If thou wilt make me partner of thy coun-
fels,

Receive my profferr'd aid. The queen intrusts me;
Æneas ranks me for his friend; the troops
Wait on my nod, and ample power is mine
To forward thy designs.

Iar. And who art thou?

Ofm. A follower of the Tyrian queen, Ofmidas,
In Cyprus was I born, and boast a mind
Above my humble fortune.

Iar. I accept

Thy profferr'd aid, and if I find thee faithful,
Whate'er thou wishest, be thy bright reward.

Ofm. Let Dido be thy sovereign's, and to me
Be yielded then the government of Carthage.

Iar. I plight my faith it shall be thine.

Ofm. But will

Thy sovereign's power confirm the mighty grant?

Iar. The king bestows it when Arbaces gives.

Ofm. Then——

Iar. Every little act may breed suspicion:
Reserve thy counsels for some fitter place

Retir'd from notice—On my faith rely,
Whene'er Iarbas weds, Osmidas reigns.

Osm. Disclose each plan thy foul revolves,
My zeal shall second thy resolves,
Thy hopes, thy vengeance aid :
So murmuring through the verdant meads,
A stream its gentle current leads,
With genial power a sapling feeds,
Whose branches deck the glade. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

IARBAS, ARASPES.

Iar. Vain, easy fool ! to hope such promise given
Would find from me performance.

Araf. Yet, my sovereign,
Your sacred word is past.

Iar. Who keeps not faith
To others, merits not himself to find it.
Go, lov'd Arafpes, all delay is torture
To rage like mine—go, let one blow from thee
Secure my vengeance—let Æneas die.

Araf. I go—and fate shall soon in open combat
Decide between our valour. [going.

Iar. Stay, Arafpes,
Let not thy fame, my hatred and my vengeance,
Be

Be left to chance like this—fraud shall assist us ;
Assail him unprovided.

Araf. Fraud ! my sovereign ?
A subject was I born, but never yet
Have earn'd the name of traitor—Bid me run,
Naked through flames, expose to hostile arms
This fenceless breast,—I'll fearless dare them all,
Thou art the master of my life—*Araspes*
Shrinks from no trial to defend his king ;
But, Oh ! exact not from this sword a deed
That bears the stamp of treason.

Iar. Fond delusion
Of vulgar minds—I shall not want an arm
More faithful found than thine.

Araf. How ! mighty Gods !
Thy virtue sure—

Iar. What virtue ? In the world
Virtue is but a name, or that alone
Is virtue, which secures our weal or pleasure.

Amidst a throne's resplendent blaze
Each action stands approv'd ;
Deceit itself may claim our praise,
And guilty deeds be lov'd.

To shun by guile some threaten'd ill,
Let dastard spirits dread,
Who born in fetters, cherish still
The fears in bondage bred.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

ARASPES alone.

O impious doctrine ! canst thou then, unhappy,
 Be stranger to the feelings of remorse,
 Remorse that follows even successful guilt ;
 Nor know the peace that virtue gives misfortune ?
 O ! thou the world's support ! the glorious boast
 Of men and Gods, fair Virtue, lead me still.

If thou direct not through the deep
 (Bright star of Heaven !) my tossing ship,
 No calm this restless bosom knows.
 On thee in danger I confide,
 In adverse fate thy counsels guide,
 From thee alone I find repose. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

A court-yard.

SELENE, ÆNEAS.

Æn. Already have I told you, fair Selene,
 That ill Osmidas has explain'd my thoughts.
 Ah ! would to Heaven that Dido were unfaithful,
 Or that I could one moment, self-deceiv'd,
 Believe her faithless to me !—But to know
 That still she loves Æneas, that compell'd

I yet

I yet must leave her—this, indeed, is torture !

Sel. Whatever cause constrains you to depart
At least defer the parting : bend your steps
To Neptune's hallow'd fane, my sister there
Demands a moment's audience.

Æn. Dreadful pause !

Sel. First hear her, then depart.

Æn. And shall I take
A last farewell of all my soul adores !

Sel. Can I be silent still and live ? *[aside.*

Æn. Selene,
You weep.

Sel. Ah ! can I hear you, yet restrain
The sympathizing tear ?

Æn. Forbear your sighs,
'Tis Dido should alone lament my going.

Sel. One heart, alas ! myself and Dido bear.

Æn. Do you so nearly feel a sister's sorrow ?

Sel. She lives in me, and I so live in her,
That all the afflictions she endures, are mine.

Æn. Most generous maid ! I pity your distress,
And in your sorrows, half forget my own.

Sel. O ! could you read my heart, you truly then
Might feel for poor Selene.

SCENE

S C E N E X.

Enter IARBAS and ARASPES.

Iar. I have search'd
The palace round, nor yet can find Æneas.

Araf. Perchance he sails from Carthage.

Iar. Would yon warrior [sees Æn.]
Were him I seek.—He seems not by his garb
Of Afric's sons—What art thou, stranger? Say.
[to him.]

Araf. O how her beauty strikes my ravish'd
eyes! [looking at Sel.]

Æn. Lovely Selene— [looking at Sel.]

Iar. Sure, thou hear'st me not. [to Æn.]

Æn. O! too, too feeling for another's woes!
[to Sel.]

Sel. What arrogant deportment! [looking at Iar.]

Araf. Heavens! how fair! [looking at Sel.]

Iar. Declare thy name, or now— [to Æn.]

Æn. What right hast thou
To make this proud demand, or what to thee
Imports my name or birth?

Iar. To me, my will
Is all the right I seek.

Æn. It is not here
Our wont to answer madmen.

[going.]
Iar.

Iar. Answer then
This trusty weapon. [*about to draw.*]

Sel. In Selene's fight !
In Dido's palace such presumptuous bearing !

Iar. And does an envoy from Iarbas claim
No more respect ?

Sel. The queen shall learn this outrage.

Iar. This let her learn, and in her own despite
Behold me lop yon traitor's daring head,
And join'd with that of her Æneas, cast it
Before the feet of my offended king.

Æn. The deed may prove more arduous than
thy fond
O'erweening hopes presage.

Iar. Wilt thou oppose it ?
Or that Æneas, who, for glories won,
Recounts his past defeats ?

Æn. Yet know, proud man,
Thy boasted victories, in glory's scale,
May yield to his defeats.

Iar. And who art thou,
That dar'st for him provoke me ?

Æn. I am one,
Let this suffice, who holds thy wrath in scorn.

When

When thou my hidden name shalt hear

Thy haughty soul may learn to fear,

Thy tongue each boast forget.

The passenger, whose headstrong will

Against his pilot's better skill,

Insensate quits the peaceful shore,

Will soon, when angry tempests roar,

The safer land regret, [Exit.

S C E N E XI.

IARBAS, SELENE, ARASPES.

Iar. Thou shalt not 'scape me thus— [going.

Sel. What would'st thou? Say. [detaining him.

Iar. Give me his name.

Sel. Be calm——

And learn it then from me.

Iar. I ask no more.

Sel. Know'st thou that stranger, whom thy rage
insulted,

Is him thou seek'st—Æneas?

Iar. Thou hast robb'd me
Of great revenge, forbid this hand to reap
Those honours which indulgent Heaven prepar'd.

Sel. Whence all this anger? How has he, Ar-
baces,

Offended

Offended thee ?

Iar. He with my sovereign dares
Contend for Dido's love, and canst thou ask
In what I am offended ?

Sel. Think'st thou then
That every lover can elect at will
The heart's dear object ? Ah ! thou little know'st,
Arbaces yet, the wayward school of love. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XII.

IARBAS, ARASPES.

Iar. Iarbas shall no longer lurk conceal'd,
Araspes, I've already borne too much.

Araf. What would you then ?

Iar. I'll fummon all my warriors
At my arrival in the wood conceal'd,
And lead them to the palace ; hurl destruction
On hated Carthage ; tear my rival's heart
From his detested breast——

S C E N E XIII.

Enter OSMIDAS in haste.

Osm. My lord, already
The queen prepares to visit Neptune's temple ;
If you delay, even now, before your fight,

She

She to the haughty Trojan gives her hand.

Iar. Presumptuous daring !

Ofm. 'Tis no longer time
For vain complaints.

Iar. What counsel now remains ?

Ofm. The speediest is the best——myself will
lead—

Be bold—in every enterprize Ofmidas

Will be your buckler and support. [Exit.

S C E N E XIV.

IARBAS, ARASPES.

Araf. My lord, [to *Iar.* going.
Ah ! whither would you run ?

Iar. To slay my rival.

Araf. Alas ! what means ? Your warriors know
not yet
Their leader's will.

Iar. If force should fail, deceit
Shall lend its aid.

Araf. And would you purchase vengeance
With treachery's impious stain ?

Iar. My love, Araspes,
Emboldens thee too far ; I rather wish thee
More prompt to vigorous act, and slow to counsel :
Think what Iarbas is, and what Araspes.

A flood am I, that, swell'd with rains,
With snows and waters, o'er the plains
Bears woods and herds and cots and swains,
While nothing can oppose its course.
If narrow banks the torrent bind,
It bursts the bed, and unconfin'd,
Resistless roars with double force.

[*Exit with Araf.*]

S C E N E XV.

The temple of Neptune, with an image of the God.

ÆNEAS and OSMIDAS.

Osm. Then from your lips shall wretched Dido
learn

Your purpose to forsake her? O! for pity
Refrain, and spare her heart such rending sorrow.

Æn. 'Tis cruelty to speak, but to conceal it
Were more than treason.

Osm. Constant to your purpose,
Yet at her tears I trust it soon will change.

Æn. My grief may end my life, but cannot
make me
Deaf to my country's call, my father's honour.

Osm. Exalted prince! the first of heroes he,
Whose virtue can subdue himself.

Æn.

Æn. Alas !
How dear is such a conquest !

S C E N E XVI.

Enter IARBAS and ARASPES.

Iar. [to *Araf.*] See my rival,
And unaccompanied.

Araf. Think what you are.

Iar. [to *Araf.*] Follow me and be silent—
Thus my wrongs——

[*going to strike Æneas, is prevented by Araspes ; the dagger drops from his hand and is taken up by Araspes.*]

Araf. O ! hold——

Iar. [to *Araf.*] Ah ! traitor ! thus to aid my foe !

Æn. What would thy impious fury ?

[*to Araf. seeing the dagger in his hand.*]

Ofm. All is lost !

S C E N E XVII.

Enter DIDO, attended.

Ofm. O queen ! we are betray'd, and if Arbaces
Had here delay'd his succour, great Æneas
This day had fallen beneath a barbarous hand.

Did.

Did. Where is the base assassins?

Ofm. See him there,
The murderous weapon in his grasp.

[*pointing to Araf.*

Did. What fury
Enflam'd thy bosom to the treacherous deed?

Araf. My sovereign's glory and my own renown.

Did. How! did Arbaces disavow——

Araf. I know it——
He reprobates the deed—I fear his anger,
But never can my conscious soul repent
What is not guilt.

Did. And feel'st thou no remorse
For such a sacrilege?

Araf. A thousand times
Would I repeat the daring.

Did. I'll prevent thee—
Guards, take him hence— [*Exit Araf. guarded.*

Æn. [*to Iar.*] O! generous foe! I knew not
In thee such virtue dwelt—come to my breast.

Iar. Æneas, hold—Araspes sav'd thy life—
I fought thy blood—in me behold Iarbas!

Did. Iarbas, thou!

Æn. Thou sovereign of the Moors!

Did. A kingly bosom harbours not such baseness:

Thou dost belie thy prince—Disarm the traitor.

Iar. None dare approach me. [*draws.*] Death
is in this weapon.

Ofm. [*aside to Iar.*] Seem but to yield awhile,
till time permit

To call our friends in aid—In me confide.

Iar. Can I submit so tamely. [*aside to Ofm.*

Æn. Hold, my friends,
’Tis mine to punish him.

Did. [*to Æn.*] Reserve thy valour
For nobler deeds——

[*to Iar.*] What canst thou hope? Or yield,
Or fall a bloody victim at my feet.

Ofm. Reserve thee for a future noble vengeance.
[*aside to Iar.*

Iar. There—take my sword.

[*throws down his sword, which is taken up by
the guards.—Exit Iarbas guarded, followed
by Ofmidas and Araspes.*

S C E N E XVIII.

DIDO, ÆNEAS.

Did. Æneas, thou art safe :
The Gods for me preserve a life so precious.

Æn. O Heaven! my queen—

Did. Again dost thou retain

A doubt

A doubt of Dido's truth ?

Æn. O no !—my fate
Is far more wretched—I must leave thee, Dido.

Did. Leave me ! what fatal cause ?

Æn. The will of Jove,
My father's shade, my country, Heaven's command,
My faith, my duty, honour, empire, all
Now summon me to tread the Italian shores :
My long delay too much offends the Gods.

Did. And hast thou then, perfidious ! till this
hour
Conceal'd thy cruel purpose ?

Æn. O ! 'twas pity.

Did. Pity ! thy lips had sworn me endless truth
When thy false heart prepar'd to part for ever !
Whom shall I trust again ?—A wretched outcast
Of winds and waves, receiv'd upon my coast,—
I gave him welcome from the seas ; refitted
His scatter'd fleet and arms ; with him I shar'd
My heart and throne—and ah ! as this were little,
For him I have provok'd a hundred kings,
That proffer'd me their love—Lo ! such reward
Has faith like mine—Ah ! whom, unhappy Dido,
Whom shalt thou trust again ?

Æn. O ! while I live
Thy name shall be the solace of my thoughts :
O ! never, Dido, would I quit these shores

Had

Had not the will of Heaven decreed my toils,
To raise another realm in Latian climes.

Did. The Gods indeed have then no other care
Than great Æneas' fate.

Æn. And would'st thou then
Æneas should, by still remaining here,
Incur the guilt of perjury?

Did. O no :
Thus would thy offspring lose in future times
The world's great empire.—Go, pursue thy fortune ;
Go—seek the Italian realms—to winds and waves
Intrust thy hopes—but know that righteous
Heaven
Shall make those waves my ministers of vengeance.
Then shalt thou late repent thy fond belief
In raging elements—then shalt thou call,
But call in vain on Dido.

Æn. Could'st thou read
My secret thoughts——

Did. Away and leave me, traitor !

Æn. At least, with gentler aspect, from my lips
Receive the last farewell.

Did. Leave me, ingrate !

Æn. And yet my wretched fate, alas ! deserves
not
From Dido such reproaches.

Did. Hence, thou false-one !

Have

Have I not cause to accuse my fate ?
To mourn a heart by thee, ingrate !

With every grief oppress ?
Perfidious man ! for love so true,
'Thou know'st if such reward was due :

Ye souls ! like me unblest !
Ah ! say, what pangs can mortals know,
If what I feel bespeaks not woe
That deepest rends the breast.

[*Exit attended.*]

S C E N E XIX.

ÆNEAS alone.

And shall I make thee then such base return,
For truth like thine ? Such love, such gifts unequalld ?

No—ere my heart consents to leave thee thus,
First perish Italy and all the world !
Let blank oblivion hide my fame for ever,
And Troy once more be sunk in smouldering ashes !
—Alas ! what have I said !—O mighty father !
Forgive the ravings of a lover's folly—
'Twas not Æneas spoke—O death to glory !—
Haste, let us go—Must then the insulting Moor
Infold her beauties in his arms ?—O ! never !—
But shall the son meantime forgetting all
His filial ties be perjur'd to his sire ?

O ! give me counsel, Gods ! In this extreme,
Love, jealousy, a father's angry shade,
And Heaven's high mandates rend my warring
foul.

Whether my ships are moor'd at land,
Or sails are stretch'd in air,
Cruel and false on either hand,
A like reproach I bear.

Meanwhile with dreadful doubts oppress'd,
That harrow deep my labouring breast,
I still my flight delay.
I dare not quit, nor keep the shore,
But, ah ! with equal pangs deplore
My parting or my stay !

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A royal apartment, a table and seats.

SELENE, ARASPES.

Sel. What hand has loos'd the rude barbarian's chains?

Araf. I know not, fair Selene; I behold
Myself a prisoner, guilty; then again
In freedom and absolv'd; in one short moment
Araspes freed, his sovereign lord in bonds:
Through all the palace anxious now I seek him,
And find Selene.

Sel. Ah! some secret treason
Is fram'd against Æneas—O! Araspes,
Preserve the hero's life.

Araf. He is my foe:
But if you ask Araspes to defend him
From hidden fraud, thus far I plight my faith;
My honour here will prove his firmest guard:
Thus much must yet suffice.

Sel. It shall suffice. [going.]

Araf. Ah! take not from my eyes so soon the
joy
To view Selene's charms.

Sel. What means Araspes?

Araf. Alas ! I know I should conceal my passion ;
But if I err, Selene, to yourself
Impute the crime of love.

Sel. I own, Araspes,
Thy valour, virtue, all that claims regard
From woman's sex—but, ah ! another flame
Has warm'd Selene's heart.

Araf. Ah me, unhappy !

Sel. Yet more, Araspes—if these feeble charms
Have touch'd thy breast, at least disclose thy pains,
I'll hear and pity them—but ah ! Selene
Cannot conceal, yet dares not own her secret.

Araf. Yet let me here devote my constant faith.

Sel. Thus much I grant, but ne'er expect re-
turn :

If thou canst love me on this hard condition,
I take thy love—but ne'er aspire to more.

Araf. My heart, on this condition, plights its
truth.

Sel. For me thy faithful love retain,
Thy bosom bear the shaft in vain ;
But ne'er to me henceforth complain
Of unrewarded love.

My constant heart and thine must share
An equal portion of despair :
No hope must ever sooth thy care,
Nor I compassion prove.

[*Exit.*

ARASPES

ARASPES *alone.*

Thou bid'st me never hope, but bid'st in vain ;
Hope is the gleam that cheers the parting soul.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

DIDO *with a paper*, OSMIDAS.

Did. I know that under feign'd Arbaces' name
The sovereign of the Moors here lurks conceal'd :
But be it as it may, he injures Didó,
And king or subject he shall pay the forfeit.
He dies without reprieve.

Osm. Whate'er thy will,
Behold in me your faithful minister.

Did. Thy loyalty shall find its due reward.

Osm. And what reward, O queen ? In vain my
valour
And loyalty are yours, while in your heart
Æneas rules alone the sovereign lord.

Did. No more—nor call to mind that hated
name,
Perfidious and ingrate ! A soul that knows
No law nor compact—I detest myself
For loving him so long.

Osm. Should you again
Behold him, he would sooth each angry thought.

Did.

Did. Again behold him? Think not this deceiver,
While Dido lives, shall ever see me more.

S C E N E III.

Enter SELENE.

Sel. Æneas sue for audience, if my queen
Vouchsafe to admit him.

Did. Heavens! Æneas! where,
Where, my Selene?

Sel. He attends at hand,
And sighs impatient to behold his queen.

Did. Rash man!—but let him enter——thou,
Ofmidas,
Awhile retire. [*Exit Sel.*

Ofm. Did I not well foresee it?
Æneas rules at will the heart of Dido.

Did. Distract me not in vain—Ofmidas, leave
me. [*Exit Ofm.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Did. Not yet departed? Does the great Æneas
Still deign to honour Lybia's barbarous shores?
I thought, already crost the furthest waves,
He now, a victor in Italian climes,

Had

Had dragg'd in triumph, at his chariot wheels,
Whole nations bound in chains and captive kings.

Æn. Such harsh reproaches, O! too lovely
queen,

But ill befits your gentleness—I come
Anxious to guard your honour and my own.
I know you mean to punish with his death
The Moor's presumptuous pride.

Did. Behold his sentence. [*Shews the paper.*]

Æn. Glory permits not I should thus revenge
My private wrongs—if you for me condemn him.

Did. For thee condemn him? Thou art too
much deceiv'd:

Past is that time, *Æneas*, when on thee
Was Dido's every thought—that flame is quench'd;
Those chains are broken; scarce remembrance now
Recalls thy name.

Æn. Reflect—the seeming envoy
Is sovereign of the Moors.

Did. Whate'er he be,
I know him not—to me he is *Arbaces*.

Æn. O! Heaven! his death against your state
would raise

All *Afric's* powers in arms.

Did. I ask not counsel:
Guard thou thy kingdom, Dido guards her own
Without thy arm. I gave my *Carthage* laws,
And

And saw, without thy help, her rising towers.
 Bless'd had I been if thou, ungrateful man,
 Hadst never reach'd these shores.

Æn. If Dido's foul
 Despise the peril, grant his life to me;
 Let me entreat his pardon.

Did. Dido fure
 Must owe her kingdom and herself, her all
 To thy transcendent merits—To a lover
 Loyal as thee; a hero so renown'd
 For filial piety; to prayers so just,
 To such a pleader what shall be denied?

[goes to the table.]

Inhuman! tyrant! on this day, the last
 We e'er perhaps may meet, thou now art come
 To speak but of Arbaces; Dido claims
 No more thy care.—O! had I seen thine eyes
 But moisten'd with a tear!—Do I not merit
 A look, a sigh, some little mark of pity?
 And yet thou dar'st to plead another's pardon!
 Shall I reward thee for thy cruelty?
 Since thou would'st have him live he surely dies.

[signs the paper.]

Æn. My soul's best treasure still! for such thou
 art,

In spite of rigorous fate. Ah! what avails
 With mutual tenderness to wake anew
 Your slumbering grief—if yet your heart retain

Some little thought for this forlorn of men,
Appease your anger, and revoke the sentence.
Æneas begs it—he whom Dido once
Pronounc'd her chiefest good, and whom, till now,
She priz'd beyond her life and regal throne ;
And he whom once——

Did. Enough—thou hast subdu'd me—
Receive this paper—See, ungrateful man,
[*gives him the paper.*]

How Dido still adores thee ; with one look
Thou hast difarm'd her—all defence is lost ;
And wilt thou yet betray me—yet forsake me ?

Ah ! hear me yet, in pity hear,
Nor wretched Dido leave :
Where shall she meet with truth sincere,
If you her truth deceive ?

Of you my last farewell to take,
To tear you from my breast,
I fear my wretched heart must break,
With countless woes oppress'd. [Exit,

ÆNEAS *alone.*

I feel my constancy begin to fail
Before such wondrous truth ; and while I seek
To save another I myself am lost.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter IARBAS.

Iar. What means the great Æneas? Still I see
His face impress'd with marks of recent fear.

Æn. Iarbas loos'd from bonds! Who set thee
free?

Iar. Osmidas gave me leave to range at large
The palace walls; but, to secure thy safety,
Without my trusty sword.

Æn. Does thus Osmidas
Betray his sovereign's charge?

Iar. What fears Æneas?
Left I should steal in secret from these walls?
O no! I rather shall remain too long
For thy security.

Æn. Thy present fortune
Excites Æneas' pity, not his fear.

Iar. Indeed—thy mighty heart may spare its
pity:

Go—to my ruin, o'er a queen and lover
Exert thy power; inflame her angry soul
To rage: such arms as these alone are us'd
By Phrygian heroes to revenge their wrongs.

Æn. Read there—in that the royal dame has
sign'd,

With

With her own hand, the mandate for thy death.
And were Æneas one of Afric's sons,
Iarbas were no more—take this and learn
Discourteous, rude barbarian! how Æneas
Revenge injuries by him receiv'd.

[tears the paper and gives it to Iar. Exit.

S C E N E VI.

IARBAS *alone.*

Unheard of, strange adventure! from my foe
I meet with pity, from my subject falsehood!
Ah! both perhaps conspire against my peace—
But be it as it may—my haughty rival
May feign compassion, or my friend be false,
Iarbas' soul shall never harbour fear.

Let clouds obscure the light of day,
Or Sol redeem his flashing ray,
My constant heart feels no dismay,
But still unchang'd remains.
Even from my birth inur'd to dare,
No fortune claims Iarbas' care,
Who every foe disdains.

[Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

*A hall.**ÆNEAS alone.*

*Twixt love and duty in my doubtful breast
My heart still fluctuates, while, alas ! my virtue
Submits too far to beauty's sovereign sway.
Rouse, rouse thyself and let the hero now
Subdue the lover.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter ARASPES.

Araf. Till this hour in vain
I have sought thee through the palace.

Æn. Let me now
Embrace my friend——

Araf. Away—behold in me
Thy foe, Æneas ; draw thy sword this instant ;
I seek not friendship with thee, but the exchange
Of enmity, with arms oppos'd to arms.

Æn. Thou first hast fav'd me from Iarbas' fury ;
Thou call'st me now to meet in mortal strife,
And spurn'st my proffer'd friendship.

Araf. Thou art deceiv'd.
I but defended then my monarch's glory,

And

And not Æneas' life—prepare thee now
With nobler death to give that just revenge
Which late my arm denied him.

Æn. Shall Æneas
Against his brave preserver draw the sword?

Araf. Ha! wherefore dost thou pause?

Æn. My life is thine:
Take, if thou wilt, the gift thyself bestow'd;
But hope not, generous warrior, e'er to see
My weapon rais'd against thee.

Araf. If thy hand
Refuse to draw, expect to hear each insult
That brands the vile and coward——

Æn. 'Tis too much——
Æneas never can submit to bear
Such threats as ill beseem a warrior's ear;
Thou shalt be satisfied. Behold my sword
Brandish'd against thee—but let Gods and men
Be witnesses first to what my tongue declares:
I am Arafes' friend, and to his gift
I owe my life; that now reluctant, urg'd
Beyond my heart's best feelings, and debas'd
With infamous reproach, I dare the combat;
And sacrifice my gratitude to honour. [*fight.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter SELENE.

Sel. Such boldness in the palace ? hold, Araspes,
Thus to Selene wilt thou keep thy faith ?
And thus, O traitor, guard Æneas' life ?

Æn. No, princeſs, never yet Araspes' boſom
Could harbour treaſon.

Sel. He, who ſerves Iarbas,
Can never ſure be faithful.

Araſ. Fair Selene,
You only dare accuſe me.

Sel. Peace, and leave me.

Araſ. With ſilent awe I bend to thee,
But, ah ! thou wrong'ſt my truth, on me
To fix a traitor's ſtain.
Far, far, be hence my ſteps addreſs'd,
Yet ſoon, I truſt, thy gentle breaſt,
Will mourn its paſt diſdain.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E X.

ÆNEAS, SELENE.

Æn. When late Araspes dar'd me to the fight
He fought his monarch's cauſe ; and if Selene
Would

Would now condemn him, she condemns unjustly
A noble heart.

Sel. Whate'er Araspes be,
I waste not time on him—Dido requires
A converse with thee.

Æn. But even now I left
The queen's apartment ; if she hope again
To stay my steps on these forbidden shores,
She will but torture both with fruitless pain.

Sel. How canst thou, O thou dear one ! thus
forsake
A wretched queen that loves thee ?

Æn. How Selene !
To me ?

Sel. 'Tis Dido, not Selene speaks.

Æn. If pity for a sister thus afflict you,
Think not of me—to her once more return :
O ! bid the beauteous mourner yet have comfort,
Submit to fate and banish fruitless sorrow,

Sel. Ah ! no—yet change thy purpose, yet re-
lent,
—My life's best treasure !

Æn. Ha ! Is this Selene ?

Sel. 'Tis Dido, not Selene speaks—consent
To hear her yet—'tis all she now implores.

Æn. 'Tis thus that lovers still deceive themselves,
And seeking comfort, find but new despair.

Of every pang the bosom bears,
Most wretched lovers find
The moment that asunder tears
Two hearts in one intwin'd.

What souls, by love's soft passion mov'd,
Can bear this stroke of woe?
This, if Selene ne'er has prov'd,
Ah! may she never know. [Exit.

S C E N E XI.

SELENE *alone.*

O fond Selene! O unhappy maid!
For whom dost thou indulge a hopeless flame?
My peace is lost!—But who, alas! compels me
To fight in vain?—Then choose some other heart
More grateful to thy vows, some other lover
Worthy thy love—O Heaven! it is not ours
To fix the choice—nor is it grace, nor beauty,
Nor inbred worth, nor valour that awakes
The seeds of love—ah! no—we find the worthless
Too often priz'd, while, partial to its choice,
The blindfold passion forms ideal charms.

Each

Each lover thinks that secret charms
 Must give him first the soft alarms,
 That merit only points the arms
 That pierce the lover's heart.
 But oft no charms or merits fire;
 'Tis but some start of wild desire,
 That thus the bosom can inspire,
 Which blindly hugs the dart.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XII.

*A closet with seats.*DIDO *alone.*

I'll live no longer doubtful of my fate :
 'Tis now the last important time, once more
 To prove Æneas.—Since my prayers, my suffer-
 ings
 Have fail'd to move his pity, jealousy
 May search the deep recesses of his heart,
 And from its ashes wake the smother'd flame.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æn. I come, O queen ! to hear your last re-
 proaches :
 I know you mean to call me false, perfidious,
 VOL. II. T Ingrate,

Ingrate, unworthy, perjur'd—every name
That anger dictates—I deserve them all.

Did. O ! no—no longer I'm incens'd—no more
I call thee perjur'd, false—nor seek I now
To bring our past endearments to remembrance.
I ask Æneas' counsel not his love :
Be seated and attend. [*they sit.*]

Æn. [*aside.*] What would the queen ?

Did. Thou seest, Æneas, how unnumber'd foes
Begirt my growing empire ; till this hour
I scorn'd their threats and fury—but Iarbas
By me provok'd, when I shall lose thy succour,
Will take, for his revenge, my life and throne.
In such distressful state all help is vain—
What then remains ? I must encounter death,
Or give this hand to appease the haughty Moor.
Fatal alternative ! I know not where
To fix my choice—alone—a feeble woman—
Far from my native soil—Alas ! I feel
My spirits sink, unequal to the trial :
Then wonder not, Æneas, that my soul
Still unresolv'd requests thy friendly counsel.

Æn. And is there then no other way but death,
Or this detested Hymen ?

Did. Ah ! too sure
One other way remains—

Æn. Say—

Did. Had Æneas

Disdain'd

Disdain'd not to receive my plighted faith,
Then had I seen, from furthest Araby
To Atlas' waves, all Afric bend the knee
To adore their queen in Carthage—then renew'd,
Might Troy and Tyre united—but I rave !
And feign impossibilities——then say,
What course befits me ?—With a mind unshaken
Shall Dido now Iarbas choose or death ?

Æn. Iarbas choose or death ! and mine the task
To counsel thee ! her, whom my soul adores,
To see her in a hated rival's arms,
Her whom——

Did. No more—since thus my nuptials pain thee,
I here disclaim them—but to save her fame,
Herself from insult, Dido must not live.
Draw, draw thy sword, and pierce this constant
bosom ;

Such cruelty were mercy——

Æn. Shall Æneas
Then murder Dido ! first let angry Heaven
Rain all its vengeance—rather may the Gods
Take from my days of life and add to thine !

Did. Then let me wed Iarbas.

Æn. Yet reflect——
Too much, O Heaven, thou heed'st Æneas' peace.

Did. Then take my life.

Æn. No—let us yield to fate—
Give to Iarbas—give thy royal hand——

Do thou but live and let Æneas never
Know peace or comfort more.

Did. Since thou canst wish
To see me wed another, thou shalt find
Thy wish completed—call Iarbas hither.
Thou seest thy power o'er Dido.

*[an attendant enters, and having received the
order departs.]*

Æn. O ! farewell. *[going.]*

Did. Say, whither goest thou ? Stay—thou must
remain

A witness of these happy nuptial rites— *[to Æn.]*
He cannot long resist— *[aside.]*

Æn. Be firm, my heart !

S C E N E XIV.

Enter IARBAS.

Iar. Why am I summon'd hither ? thinkst thou,
Dido,
Thy threats or wrath can make Iarbas bend ?
O ! no—thou art deceiv'd—his heart remains
Unchang'd, inflexible.

Æn. Presumptuous man ! *[aside.]*

Did. O king ! be now appear'd—thy rank and
name
From me conceal'd, thou hast expos'd thy honour
To

To ill-beseeming perils—while myself—

But fit and calmly hear me now reveal

My secret thoughts. [fits.

Iar. Speak on—I am attentive. [fits.

Æn. At least permit me now— [going.

Did. Forbear—be seated ;

A moment yet with patience hear our converse—

—He cannot long resist— [aside.

Æn. Be firm my heart. [aside.

Iar. Let him depart, for since Iarbas stays
With thee, O queen ! it fits not that Æneas
Should share our privacy.

Æn. O yet be patient— [aside.

Did. In him thou seest no rival but a friend,
[to Iar.

For thee he still has pleaded—by his counsel

I yield thee love ; but if Iarbas think

My lips deceive him, thou, Æneas, speak,

Confirm the words of Dido.

Æn. All is true.

Iar. Has then the Moorish king no higher praise
Than great Æneas' favour ?

Did. No, Iarbas,

I lov'd in thee the kingly pride that beams

From every look ; I love thy dauntless heart

That scoffs at peril, and despises death ;

And if Heaven e'er decree that, join'd with thee,

Thy

Thy partner and thy spouse——

Æn. O ! queen, farewell.

Let this suffice, *Æneas* has till now

Fulfill'd your bidding. [*going.*

Did. Yet awhile remain——

One moment more——his constancy is shaken. [*aside.*

Æn. O death to suffer ! [*sits again.*

Iar. Thou delay'st too long,

O *Dido* ! think what now thy duty claims ;

Yet for thy beauty's sake, transcendent fair,

I pardon all my wrongs.

Æn. O heavenly powers ! [*aside.*

Iar. In pledge of faith vouchsafe me now thy
hand.

Did. Receive it here——and never favouring love
Could knit my future life in happier bands,

Æn. I can endure no more——

[*rises greatly agitated.*

Did. What means *Æneas* ?

Æn. What would you ? Is it not enough to
prove

My constancy with trials so severe ?

Did. Ah ! yet, be silent——

Æn. Silent ! I have borne

Enough in silence—to my rival, princefs,

You give yourself, and bid my lips confirm it.

All have I done for you——what would you more ?

Shall

hold you in his happier arms?

my death, but bid me not be silent.

—thou much hast wrong'd me to

obey thee—

[*rises.*

myself a traitor,

that Dido's constant faith

forfeit life and regal sway :

like this I can behold no longer. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XV.

DIDO, IARBAS.

Did. Æneas, stay—

Iar. Permit him to depart.

[*rises.*

Did. Fain would I calm his transports,

Iar. What's thy fear?

Give but to me thy hand, the care be mine
To vindicate thy fame.

Did. It is not now
A time for nuptials.

Iar. Wherefore?

Did. Seek no further.

Iar. Give me to know the cause.

Did. Then learn it now :

I never

I never lov'd thee, never did my eyes
With pleasure view thee—no, thou hast been ever
To Dido hateful, and far less I prize
Iarbas constant than Æneas false.

Iar. Perfidious! am I then an abject mark
For scorn to point at? Dost thou know Iarbas?
And know the man thou dar'st insult?

Did. I know thee
A rude barbarian and despise thy power.

Iar. Call me whate'er thy rage may name,
A day may sink thy pride;
When thou shalt seek, insulting dame,
The grace by me denied.

This rude barbarian, now thy scorn,
No more shall prize thy smiles;
This rude barbarian then in turn
Shall mock thy sex's wiles.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XVI.

DIDO alone.

Amidst these warring thoughts methinks I find
My heart more light: I little fear the threats
Of proud Iarbas; but Æneas still
Even in resentment charms; in him I prize
His very wrath, the welcome proof of love.

Ah!

Ah ! could I hope—Ye pitying Powers ! remem-
ber

Like me you once were lovers—Hear, O ! hear,
And let your heavenly bosoms feel for mine.

Ah ! me, too oft the flatterer Love
Would sooth my easy heart,
And cries—“Thou soon wilt happier prove :”
Still rankles here the dart.

Sometime with comfort's short relief,
Awhile my tortures cease ;
But soon my breast with lasting grief
Repays a moment's peace. [Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A sea-port: ships ready for the embarkation of
Æneas.*

ÆNEAS, Trojans.

Æn. Unconquer'd friends, with me inur'd to
bear

The rage of seas and skies, resume once more
Your wonted ardour. Lo! the destin'd hour
To stretch our sails, and plough the faithless
waves.

Haste, brave companions, let the winds and storms
Invade the Trojan fleet. Our future perils
Shall raise our name to glory: think, the time,
The happy time will come to number o'er
In glad remembrance all our labours past.

SCENE II.

Enter IARBAS attended.

Iar. And whither does this wandering hero now
Direct his arms and vessels? Does he bear
The war elsewhere? Or would he seek by flight
To escape Iarbas?

Æn. Fate again prepares
New obstacles to stay me,

*[aside.
Iar,*

Iar. For a moment
Thy barks may yet remain at anchor here ;
If thou hast courage, meet my arm—behold
I dare thee to the combat.

Æn. I accept
Thy proffer'd challenge—Hold, my friends, I seek
No sword but mine to tame yon haughty boaster.
[*to his followers.*
I am prepar'd—what now employs thy thoughts ?
[*to Iar.*

Iar. I think thy death but little will suffice
To satiate my revenge.

Æn. Far rather own
To stay me now demands thy noblest effort—
——To arms !

Iar. To arms !

[*fight : while they are engaged and Iarbas begins to give ground, the Moors come to his assistance and attack Æneas.*]

Æn. Come, all thy realm united !

Iar. Defend thee, if thou canst——

Æn. I fear thee not,
Barbarian !——

[*the companions of Æneas come to his assistance and attack the Moors : a skirmish ensues, the Moors are driven off : Iarbas falls.*]

——Thou art fallen beneath my arm,
Yield, or this weapon drinks thy blood.

Iar. In vain
Thou seek'st to bend me——

Æn. If thou wilt not ask
Life from thy victor——

Iar. Never—use thy fortune.

Æn. Die then—but hold awhile—it shall be so.
No—take thy life, nor deem thy empty pride,
Shall change the tenour of my constant soul. [*Exit.*

Iar. I am conquer'd, not subdu'd—at least
Iarbas
Shall never prove alone the cruel mark
Of fickle Fortune's rage : a monarch's fall
Shall drag a kingdom down to share his ruin.
[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

A bower between the city and the port.

OSMIDAS *alone.*

The Moors already, to defend Iarbas,
Have reach'd these walls : behold the hour at hand
That must confirm my greatness. To betray
A thankless woman little I repent ;
I punish her injustice thus, who never
Vouchsaf'd a recompense to faith like mine.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter IARBAS attended.

Iar. Follow me, friends ! now haste we to the
palace. *[not seeing Osm.*

Osm. Hear me, great king, your warriors are
prepar'd,

The time at length is come to avenge your wrongs.

Iar. Away, my friends, Iarbas' fury now
Admits of no delay—— *[going, not hearing Osm.*

Osm. Yet stay——

Iar. What would'st thou ?

Osm. Forget not, king, that to Osmidas' truth
You owe some recompense for love reveng'd.

Iar. O ! 'tis most true—and mark, thou shalt
receive

Thy recompense ere I my wish'd revenge.

Osm. Most generous monarch !

Iar. Seize, disarm and bind him,
Then let him die. *[going.*

Osm. This sentence on Osmidas !
What rage unjust ?—

Iar. Such is the due reward
A traitor merits.

*[Exit with a part of his followers ; some remain
to execute his orders on Osm.]*

S C E N E V.

Enter ÆNEAS with Trojans.

Æn. We at length are met ;
Not one is wanting of our scatter'd friends.
No more delay—the skies serenely smile,
The winds, the waves invite us—haste, my friends,
Haste to the ships and seas.

*[at the appearance of Æneas, the Moors fly
and leave Osmidas bound to a tree.]*

Osmd. Unconquer'd hero.

Æn. What means Osmidas thus—

Osmd. Such is the state
Iarbas, cruel king—

Æn. There needs no more.
Friends, set Osmidas free—he yet shall find
(Unworthy as he is) assistance where
He least could hope to find it ; and may learn
New virtue from remorse.

[the Trojans unbind Osmidas.]

Osmd. O yet permit me
In gratitude for mercy thus bestow'd,
Most gracious hero !—

[kneels.]

Æn. Rise, and quit this place.

Osmd. To such exalted virtue—

Æn. If thou seek'st

To

To shew thy gratitude ; henceforth, Osmidas,
Learn better to preserve thy faith unstain'd.

Osm. Whene'er the streams in mountains bred,
Through verdant meadows backward led,
Shall seek again their ancient bed,

I'll cease thy praise to own.
The night shall shine with Phœbus' ray,
When I, O chief, no longer pay
My thanks for life, this venturous day,
Preserv'd by thee alone. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Enter SELENE.

Æn. Say, princess, whither dost thou haste ?

Sel. To thee,
O ! hear me yet !

Æn. If thou wouldst hope once more
To call back former love—those hopes are vain,

Sel. What then remains for Dido ?

Æn. My departure
Will banish all her perils : while I stay,
My presence but incites her foes' resentment.
Iarbas woos her to partake his throne :
To him let Dido yield her hand, and peace
May once again be hers. [going.

Sel. Yet stay, Æneas——

If

If thus thou goest, not only Dido dies,
But, ah ! Selene never can survive.

Æn. What means Selene ?

Sel. From the day I first
Beheld *Æneas*, in my breast I smother'd
The growing passion, fearful to betray
A sister's trust ; but now in death, I sue
To thee, O prince ! if not for love, yet hear,
For pity hear, a wretched maid.

Æn. Selene,
No more discourse to me of love, nor tell me
Of Dido's flame or thine. I am not now
The man I was ; the lover's name is lost,
And all the warrior kindles in my soul :
My former self revives, and each that seeks
To oppose my glory is *Æneas'* foe.

I burn a victor's fame to win,
To act the hero's part ;
And now already I begin
To triumph o'er my heart.

I fly to reach the embattled plain,
'Midst arms, and death and foes ;
And from the sanguine conflict gain
New wreaths to bind my brows. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

SELENE *alone.*

To scorn my flame ! deny me every hope,
This may be constancy for thee to boast ;
But if thou canst forbid a gentle heart
To ease her torments with complaining love,
Ah ! call not then such constancy thy virtue :
He knows no virtue who has lost compassion.

O ! Heaven, I faint, I die with love,
Yet nothing can my tyrant move,
Forbid in welcome death to prove
The wretch's last relief.

Ah ! wherefore, cruel man ! deny
To hear my plaints, and ere I die
To yield at least one tender sigh

In pity to my grief.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

The palace, with a view of the city of Carthage.

DIDO *alone.*

Farewell to every gleam of peace !
I feel, I feel my pangs increase.
What means, ye righteous powers ! the flame
That shoots through all my vital frame ?

S C E N E IX.

Enter OSMIDAS.

Ofm. Have pity—mighty queen !

Did. What wouldst thou, friend ?

Ofm. Alas ! that name but ill befits a traitor,
A foe to thee, Æneas, and thy love.

Did. Ha ! say'st thou ?

Ofm. With the hope to reign in Carthage,
I offerr'd to Iarbas treacherous aid,
Which he accepting till this hour employ'd ;
And now, for my reward, the tyrant fought
To take my life, which great Æneas fav'd,

Did. And hast thou, stain'd with crimes like
these, presum'd
To come in Dido's presence ?

Ofm. See, O queen ! [*kneels.*
A wretch, who neither hopes nor sues for pardon ;
All, all I ask is instant judgment.

Did. Rife :
To what art thou reduc'd, unhappy Dido !
What planet rul'd my birth ! the faith of those
Whom most I trusted——

SCENE

S C E N E X.

Enter SELENE.

Sel. O! my dearest sister!
At length Æneas——

Did. Has he fled from Carthage?

Sel. No—but expect to see his sails ere long
Spread wide their canvas to forsake the shore.
Even now I saw him to the ready ships
With eager speed conduct his following friends.

Did. Ungrateful! perjur'd!——Heaven's! a
wretched exile,
A wandering mendicant!—What heart but his
Could ever boast such cruelty!—And thou,
Unkind Selene! to behold his flight,
Yet want the power to stay him——

Sel. Every care
Of mine was fruitless.

Did. Haste, Osmidas, haste,
One moment yet detain him.

Osm. Let me fly
To execute your will.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XI.

DIDO, SELENE.

Sel. Trust not too far——
Thou know'st not yet Osmidas.

Did. Ah ! too well.
Such is my cruel fate, I stand condemn'd
To seek his help whose treason has betray'd me.

Sel. Thy hopes must centre in thyself alone.
Go—seek him—beg—implore——who knows th'
event ?

Thou may'st subdue him yet.

Did. Shall Dido then
Descend to prayers and tears ? Dido, whose cou-
rage

Forfook Sidonia's shores, to date the rage
Of seas and storms, in search of other climes
And kingdoms yet unknown ?—I still am she
That with new cities grac'd the Lybian coast ;
That kept her state amidst surrounding snares,
Amidst alarms and perils—Think'st thou now
Her soul can yield to such ignoble stooping ?

Sel. Alas ! forget your rank, or banish hope,
For love but ill agrees with majesty.

SCENE

S C E N E XII.

Enter ARASPES.

Did. Araspes in these walls ?

*[the flames begin to appear at a distance
amongst the buildings.]*

Araf. I come, in pity
Of your endanger'd state—the furious king
Destroys and burns the lofty domes of Carthage.
Behold, O queen ! behold the flames afar
Driven by the raging wind—if you delay
A moment now to appease his vengeful anger,
One fatal day must end your life and empire.

Did. Has Fortune then more evils yet in store
To add to what I feel ?

Sel. O ! fatal day !

S C E N E XIII.

Enter OSMIDAS.

Did. Osmidas.

Osm. All around the flames prevail.

Did. I know it well—I ask thee of Æneas,
What hast thou gain'd ?

Osm. Æneas is departed.
Already now, at distance from the land,

He

He cuts the waves—I scarce arriv'd in time
To view his flying sails.

Did. O ! senseless Dido !

'Tis thou, thou art the accomplice of his flight,
Thou should'st have seiz'd him first——Return,
Osmidas,

Fly swift to yonder shore, collect my fleets,
My arms, my warriors—O ! pursue the traitor,
Burn, sink his vessels—bring him bound in chains,
Alive or dead, before me.

Osm. Think'st thou now
Of vengeance when the threatening flames in-
crease ?

Did. Then let us haste—O no—Osmidas, stay.
I know not where—my soul is all distraction.
Still art thou here ?

Osm. I fly to obey your will. [Exit.

S C E N E XIV.

DIDO, SELENE, ARASPES.

Araf. Think on your danger, Dido.

Sel. Think, O ! think
What means may yet preserve thee.

Did. Do I still
Bear all these woes and live ?—Go, dear Selene,
Thou, in my stead, provide, assist in all ;

And,

And, if thou lov'st, forsake not wretched Dido.

Sel. Alas ! my bosom's woes transcend thy own.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XV.

DIDO, ARASPES.

Arasf. Still do you here remain untterrified
To view the advancing flames ?

Did. All hope is lost !
And fear I know not—hope and fear in man
Are born together and together die.

Arasf. Fain would I save you yet—believe me,
queen,
I shudder at your perils. .

Did. O ! for pity
Leave me, Araspes, leave me to myself.
[*Exit Arasf.*

Did. My wretched fate shall one day prove the
theme
Of fabling verse ; my sufferings shall become
The mournful subject of the tragic scene.

S C E N E XVI.

Enter OSMIDAS.

Osm. All, all is lost !

Did. So soon return'd ?

Osm.

Ofm. In vain
I from thy palace fought to reach the strand ;
The threatening squadrons of the faithless Moor
Swarm in the streets of Carthage : midst the cries
And shouts of soldiers, to their impious rage
The virgins are expos'd, the fanes deserted ;
No pity shewn to infancy or age.

Did. And is there then no way for Dido left
To escape impending ruin ?

[the flames begin to appear in the palace.]

SCENE XVII.

Enter SELENE.

Sel. Fly, O queen !
Your guards are vanquish'd—no defence remains.
See, from the burning town the flames have reach'd
Your inmost palace—all the air is fill'd
With smoke and fiery sparkles——

Did. Let us hence,
And seek elsewhere for succour.

Ofm. Ah ! what succour ?

Sel. Where can it now be found ?

Did. O ! coward souls !
Come, follow Dido—if your courage fails,
Then learn from me to die.

SCENE

S C E N E XVIII.

Enter IARBAS with guards.

Iar. Stay.

Did. Heavenly powers !
What do I see !

Iar. Where goest thou thus dismay'd ?
Perhaps to take the faithful Trojan's hand ?
Go, haste thee then—behold the torches burn
To light thee to the nuptial bed.

[points to the flames.

Did. I know it——
This is the moment of revenge for thee :
Let loose thy rage, since Heaven has now de-
priv'd me
Of all support.

Iar. O no !—Æneas still
Defends his queen—with him thou art secure.

Did. 'Tis well—thou shalt be satisfied—to
please thee
Shall I be wretched ?—See me then alone,
Betray'd, forsaken, no Æneas here,
No friends, no kingdom !—Would'st thou have
me stript
Of boasted power ? See Dido then at length
Reduc'd to feeble tears—Does this suffice thee ?
Or must I turn a suppliant ? Be it so——
I beg Iarbas to relieve my sufferings,

And

And from Iarbas hope my welcome death.

Iar. My rage is soften'd. [aside.

Sel. Mercy ! righteous powers !

Ofm. O Gods ! assist us yet.

Iar. I am not, Dido,
The savage thou hast deem'd me—no, I feel
Compassion for thy fortunes—come—Iarbas
Forgives thee every past offence, and leads thee
His spouse, to share with him his bed and throne.

Did. Shall I become the spouse of thee, thou
tyrant !

Of thee, whose impious, cruel, treacherous heart
No faith regards, nor knows the social duties
That bless mankind, nor owns the laws of honour?
Were I so abject, just were all my sufferings :
My fortune has not sunk me yet so low.

Iar. In such a state dar'st thou insult me thus ?
—What ho ! my faithful friends, go, spread the
fires ;

Be Carthage in one moment crush'd to ruins,
And not a trace remain of all the thousands
That trod so late her desolated streets.

[two guards go out.

Sel. Have pity yet, and save us. [to Dido.

Iar. Now indeed,
Now may'st thou justly rave and call me tyrant.

Soon

Soon shall thy towering city lie
In smoking dust ; no stranger's eye
Shall o'er the wasted land descry
Where boasted Carthage rose.
Since thou my mercy dar'st refuse,
And death itself wilt sooner choose,
Thou well deserv'st, ingrate ! to lose
That life my grace bestows.

[*Exit, attended.*]

S C E N E XIX.

DIDO, OSMIDAS, SELENE.

Osm. Yield, Dido, to Iarbas.

Sel. With thy own
Preserve our lives.

Did. Even yet I would consent
To breathe the vital air, could I repay
My wrongs on false Æneas—first the cause
Of all I suffer—May the raging winds
And angry Gods at least complete my vengeance !
May lightning, thunder, storms and whirlwinds
make

The seas his grave—or let him wander far
Forlorn and friendless—such his wretched fate,
That he, in bitterest pangs, shall envy mine !

Sel. Ah ! calm thy angry soul : I love him too,
Yet

Yet bear my griefs in silence.

Did. Love Æneas?

Sel. Alas! too true—but for thy sake—

Did. Thou traitrefs!

The rival of my love?

Sel. But though thy rival,
Thou hast no cause—

Did. Fly hence!—avoid my sight,
Nor add new pangs to madness and despair.

Sel. Unhappy queen! to what has fate reserv'd
thee! [Exit.

S C E N E XX.

DIDO, OSMIDAS.

Ofm. The flames increase and yet thou dost not
fly.

Did. Were other foes yet wanting to my ruin?
Left by Æneas, by Selene wrong'd;
Insulted by Iarbas, by Osmidas
Betray'd—What have I done, ye cruel Gods!
I never with unhallow'd victims stain'd
Your sacred altars; never fill'd the air
With hateful incense to provoke your wrath:
Why then should Heaven and Hell conspire against
me?

Ofm. Ah! yet reflect, nor irritate the Gods.

Did.

Did. What Gods?—Mere empty names! the
dreams of madmen!

There are no Gods, or these are most unjust.

Ofm. Her impious raving freezes all my soul;
I leave her to her fate. [Exit.

*[some of the buildings fall in, and the flames
are seen to increase more and more in the
palace.*

S C E N E L A S T.

DIDO alone.

What hast thou said,
Unhappy Dido?—To what rash extreme
Thy fury drives thee!—Heavens! increasing
 horrors
Surround me still—where'er I turn I see
Terror and death before me!—Hark! it cracks!
The palace shakes and threatens a speedy fall!
Selene and Osmidas—all, alas!
Forfake me—shun me now—and not a friend,
A single friend to give me aid or death!
And shall the breast of Dido then confess
Such abject fear?—No: let me bravely perish,
And in my death may false Æneas find
A fatal omen for his future flight.
Fall Carthage from her deep foundation! burn

The regal dome, and may its ashes prove
The tomb of Dido and her wretched love !

*[in speaking these last words Dido furiously
throws herself amidst the burning ruins of
the palace, and is immediately snatched from
sight amidst the flames and thick smoke that
break out upon her fall.]*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ÆTIUS.

Æ T I U S.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

VALENTINIAN III. Emperor, in love with **FULVIA**.

FULVIA, Daughter of **MAXIMUS**, a Roman Patrician, in love with, and promised to **ÆTIUS**.

ÆTIUS, General of Cæsar's armies, in love with **FULVIA**.

HONORIA, Sister to **VALENTINIAN**, secretly in love with **ÆTIUS**.

MAXIMUS, a Roman Patrician, Father of **FULVIA**, confidant, and secretly an enemy to **VALENTINIAN**.

VARUS, Præfect of the Prætorians, friend to **ÆTIUS**.

SCENE, ROME.

Æ T I U S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Part of the Roman forum, with an imperial throne on one side. View of Rome illuminated by night : triumphal arches, and other preparations for the celebration of the decennial feasts, and in honour of the return of ÆTIUS from his victory over ATTILA.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, VARUS, *Prætors and people.*

Max. No, sacred fir, the offspring of Quirinus
Did never celebrate with greater pomp
The last great day of our decennial rites.
The blaze of torches and the people's shouts
Disturb the shade and silence of the night,
And Rome no longer envies former times
Augustus' happy reign.

Val. Well pleas'd I hear
My faithful people's vows ascend the sky :
I see the pomp and wait the victor's presence ;
All, all is cause of joy—but chief the thought,
That with this proffer'd hand I can bestow
A gift more worthy of thy daughter's love,

A throne enrich'd with laurels.

Max. From her father
Fulvia has learn'd, with true humility,
Not to desire, nor to despise dominion :
Let Cæsar bid, my daughter shall obey.

Val. In Fulvia more the lover would I find,
And less the subject.

Max. Cæsar ne'er can fear
She will not love those virtues which in him
The world admire—But thirst of vengeance only
Inspires the restless soul of Maximus. [*aside.*]

Varus. Ætius approaches—I behold already
His foremost ensigns.

Val. Let us hear the victor,
And, Maximus, be thou partaker still
In every good that Fortune heaps upon me.

[*he ascends the throne : Varus takes his place
next him.*]

Max. [*aside.*] Think not for this my injuries
are forgot.

S C E N E II.

*Enter ÆTIUS in triumph, preceded by martial
music ; slaves and other ensigns of the van-
quished, followed by soldiers and people.*

Æt. Sir, we have conquer'd—to the inclement
realms

Of

Of the bleak north, the terror of mankind
Returns a fugitive. Yes, Ætius, first
Of Roman chiefs, can boast that he has seen
Fear seize on Attila. The sun ne'er view'd
A more extensive slaughter; scarce the field
Suffic'd to bear the ghastly piles of slain:
The blood in torrents flow'd; confus'd were heard
Threats and laments, and midst the mingled tumults

Of rage and dread, were blended undistinguish'd,
The brave, the base, the victor and the vanquish'd.
Not long suspended was the victory:
Terror and desperation seiz'd the tyrant;
He fled, and left (that nothing might retard
His hasty flight) to us the full possession
Of all his ill-got spoils. If you demand
A proof of this, behold yon captive bands,
Behold those conquer'd arms and streaming ensigns.

Val. Ætius, 'tis not o'er Attila alone
Thou now hast triumph'd; in subduing him,
Thou triumph'st o'er the hopes of Valentinian.
Thou fixest on his brows the doubtful wreath;
Thou, once again, to Tiber hast restor'd
His martial honours. To thy fortitude
And valiant arm all Italy must owe
Her liberty and peace.

Æt. All Italy
Owes not her peace to me. There are who hold it
x 2 From

From their own worth alone. A race of heroes
 Meet in the bosom of the Adriatic,
 And change to seats of rest the unstable seas.
 With many a bridge they join the scatter'd isles,
 And with huge works repel the ocean's tide,
 While from afar the wondering traveller
 Sees mighty walls and marble domes arise,
 Where vessels once have sail'd.

Val. Who has not heard
 Of fam'd Antenor's race? To us 'tis known,
 That when the flames of war were kindled first
 By Attila, they left their fields and towns,
 And in the bosom of the seas maintain'd
 Their threaten'd liberty: full well we know
 What wide extent their rising city forms;
 In future times what may we hope to view it,
 Since thus its infant state?

Æt. Cæsar, I trace
 The seeds of mighty actions yet to come:
 The subject seas shall fear this people's nod;
 The rage of powerful kings they shall resist;
 Shall bear to distant realms their spreading sails,
 And Asia's purple tyrants strike with fear.

Val. The happy omens Heaven succeed!——
 Meanwhile [*descends from his throne.*]
 My guardian thou, my falling empire's safety,
 Within these arms receive a pledge of love.
 What gifts have I to recompense thy worth,
 Since

Since all I have thy virtue has bestow'd,
And still must guard them mine? But know,
 'midst all
My power, thou, Ætius, art my noblest treasure.

Do thou direct his towering flight,
Still on the steep Tarpeian height,
Returning shall my eagle light
 Victorious from the plain.
Where'er the sun emits his ray,
The regal bird shall steer his way;
While with the God that rules the day
 I hold divided reign.

[Exit with Varus and Prætors.]

S C E N E I I I .

ÆTIUS, MAXIMUS.

Max. Ætius, enough is given to fame and duty,
Some moments give to friendship: let me press
That conquering hand in mine.

Æt. Yes, friend, it joys me
To see thee once again. I prize thy love
Dear as this glorious pomp. But where is Fulvia?
What does she? Where is she conceal'd? While
 each
Hastes with impatience to behold my triumph,
Thy daughter comes not.

Max. See my daughter here.

S C E N E IV.

Enter FULVIA.

Æt. My Fulvia, worthier of thyself, thy husband

Again returns, and to thy beauty owes
His greatest trophies. Midst alarms and death,
Glory and love alike inflam'd my ardour;
Nor would this hand have conquer'd for the pride
Of laurel wreaths alone to crown my toils—
But ha! what mean'st thou? At the tender names
Of lover and of husband, from thy cheek
The colour fades—and dost thou meet me thus
After our cruel parting? This my welcome!

Fulv. O! torture to endure! [*aside.*—I come,
my lord—

Æt. Does Fulvia treat me then with cold respect?

Why am not I thy faithful husband still?
Alas! thou'rt her no more whom once I knew—

Fulv. O Heaven! I'm still the same—but
speak, my father.

Æt. What means she, Maximus?

Max. I have till now
Been silent, that our sorrows might not poison
The joy this day should bring thee—yes, my
friend,

We

We live beneath a hard imperious yoke :
Our very thoughts must be enslav'd : thy conquest
Has freed us, Ætius, from a foreign foe,
But added strength to our domestic troubles.
Fear was a curb on Cæsar, that remov'd,
Now thou hast conquer'd, soon the groaning land
Shall find him haughtier still, and more the tyrant.

Æt. I cannot think him thus—at least from me
His tyranny has ever been conceal'd :
What would he seek ? What would he claim ?

Max. Thy wife.

Æt. Ha ! claim my wife ! my Fulvia ! Maximus ?

And have you both consented to betray me ?

Fulv. Alas !

Max. What subterfuge could I employ ?
Or would'st thou have me, by refusing her
To share his throne, expose her to the will
Of an offended tyrant ? Rather would'st thou
I should revive the tale of old Virginus,
And slay my daughter to preserve her chaste ?
O no ! 'tis thou alone canst break our chains,
And canst avenge thy wrongs. Thine are the
people ;

The army all is thine. Thou ow'st revenge
To Rome oppress'd, and to thy love betray'd.
Thou know'st no victim can be slain which Heaven
Accepts more gladly than an impious king.

Æt.

Æt. What hast thou said ?—But passion blinds
thy virtue,
And grief is ever found a partial judge.
Monarchs are delegates of Heaven on earth,
And Heaven must punish them—Be every means
Employ'd, but let us guard our faith untainted.

Max. Exalted hero ! equal to thy courage,
[embraces him.] With wonder Maximus surveys
thy truth,
That rises still superior to thy wrongs.—
—Yes we must change our speech, dissimulation
Assist me now. [aside.

Fulv. Can Ætius then so tamely
Reign his Fulvia to another's arms ?

Æt. Thou yet art free from every tye. To
Cæsar
I'll plead my cause, and all shall yet be well.

Fulv. O Heaven ! and should'st thou speak, I
tremble for thee !

Æt. As yet the emperor knows not of my love.

Max. From him, with caution, I conceal'd your
passion.

Æt. Hence springs the error. Cæsar's not to
blame :
No, had he heard, his prudence had suppress'd
His growing love ; he knows how much he owes
me,

And

And knows it ~~were~~ not wisdom to provoke me.

Fulv. Trust not too far—Ætius, a thousand
fears

Distract my soul : Cæsar's too much a lover,
And thou art too unguarded in thy warmth.
O Heaven ! reflect awhile—my heart forebodes
Some fatal mischief : I was born unhappy,
And must not hope my fate will ever change.

Æt. With conquest I'm return'd ; thou know'st
that Ætius

Adores thee ever, yet my Fulvia weeps.

Still in thy dear, thy faithful breast
Thy thoughts to me confine :
Lull each intruding fear to rest,
And all thy cares be mine.

Thou by thy sorrows seem'st to mourn,
That Ætius leaves thee thus forlorn,
Forgetful of his love :
Think not so base a mind I bear,
Nor think to me that Cæsar e'er
Will so ungrateful prove. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Fulv. 'Tis time, my father, that respect at length
Should give me leave to speak. You promis'd
first

My

My hand to Ætius' vows, then gave me charge
To hear and to encourage Cæsar's passion,
Assuring me I never should be his.
I your commands obey'd, believ'd your promise ;
Yet, when I hope to take the hand of Ætius,
I hear you tell me that my hopes are vain.

Max. I ne'er, my daughter, purpos'd to deceive
thee.

Then mark me ; 'tis not sure the worst of fortune
To share Augustus' bed.

Fulv. And can you suffer,
That he, who dar'd insult your consort's virtue,
Should wed your daughter ? Can you thus forget
The affront you once receiv'd ? Is Maximus
So dazzled with the splendor of a throne ?

Max. Come to my breast, thy father's dearest
part !

This just resentment merits I should tell thee
What else I would conceal. Know then, with art
I seem forgetful of my wounded honour.
Hatred too soon discover'd loses oft
The means of vengeance : now the time's at hand,
And we must seize it. Wedded to the tyrant,
Thou may'st with ease destroy him, or prepare
The way for me to pierce his impious breast.

Fulv. What do I hear ! And can I then, my
father,
Present this hand to Cæsar to betray him ?

O ! in

O ! in my looks he'd read my foul design :
Fear is companion still to crimes like these :
The soul, for ever brooding o'er her guilt,
Shrinks from herself : the criminal sometimes
Is fortunate, but never is secure :
The people will revenge their sovereign's death,

Max. That fear is vain ; since all alike detest
him.

Fulv. No, you're deceiv'd—the giddy crowd
adore
The tyrant dead, whom living they abhorr'd.

Max. You, Fulvia, first reviv'd my sleeping
hatred,
Then shew that coldness you condemn'd in me.

Fulv. Forgive me, sir, if I with freedom speak :
When I of late condemn'd your tardy vengeance,
I counsell'd not deceit.

Max. I thought thee wiser,
And less subjected to the servile ties
Of virtue and of conscience ; only useful
To abject souls, but by the noble scorn'd.

Fulv. Are these the virtuous seeds which, till
this hour,
You planted in me from my earliest age ?
Either you then deceiv'd, or now deceive me.

Max. Each different age requires its different
maxims :
Those suit with childhood, these with riper years :
I then

I then deceiv'd thee.

Fulv. You deceive me now ;
For with ourselves is born the hate of guilt,
And love of virtue : from its infant state
The soul an impulse feels of good and evil.
Oft have you told me this ; I now confess it,
And all confirms it. You, even you, my father,
While thus you seek to steel my heart to treason,
Must own compunction. If you hold me dear,
Think of your glory ; think that now you go—

Max. No more, rash girl ! I have endur'd enough.
Counsel not me, or if thou needs must counsel,
Go, counsel with thy equals ; but remember
That I am still a parent, thou a child.

Fulv. O ! bid me not recall to mind,
That from your source my life I drew ;
For in your words no more I find
The father now whom once I knew.

From me awhile vouchsafe to learn
The reverence due to sovereign sway ;
In me a daughter's love discern,
And, ah ! your own remorse obey. [*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

MAXIMUS *alone.*

How adverse is my fate ! Though all the earth
Abounds with villainy, when Maximus
Would seek a villain, each assumes the hero,
And baffles his designs. Affronted love
Has prov'd too weak to fire the rage of Ætius :
My daughter disobeys me—be it so—
I must no longer dally with my purpose,
But hasten on the blow—too much already
Have I disclos'd, and ere the dawn appears
Cæsar shall die : Emilius for the deed
Will lend his faithful arm. What then may follow ?
Or Valentinian falls, and crowns my vengeance ;
Or, grant he should survive, 'tis mine to cast
The guilt on Ætius : 'tis an easy task :
Cæsar, the rival of his fame and love,
Without my arts will deem him criminal.
Or should aught else betide, I from th' event
Can form resolves anew : in greatest dangers
That wisdom oft is best which trusts to chance.

The sailor, fearing rocks and wind,
Who runs in thought each peril o'er,
Must live in humble state confin'd,
A simple fisher on the shore.

'Tis

'Tis oft with prudence we confide
To Fortune's hand our weal or woe;
Her hand has oft that aid supplied
Which wisdom never could bestow. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

A royal apartment with pictures.

HONORIA, VARUS.

Hon. I ask thee of the victor not his conquests:
Of these I've heard enough—How does he bear
The crowd's applauses? Do his looks preserve
The sternness of the warrior? Has his triumph
Given him new pride, or soften'd him to gentleness?

This, Varus, tell me, not his deeds of arms.

Varus. Honoria, pardon me, if I believ'd
That Cæsar's sister rather wish'd to hear
The deeds of Ætius, than to ask of aught
Pertaining to himself. These strict enquiries
Resemble more the lover than the sovereign.

Hon. Hard is the slavery of our wretched sex!
Scarce can our lips but twice repeat a name,
And we are titled lovers. While so many
Dwell on his valour and exalt his praise;
While wondering throngs hail Ætius' glad return,
Honorina still alone remains behind;

Clos'd in these walls she seeks not to behold him
Yet this reserve escapes not censuring tongues.

Varus. Too much reserve is oft a sign of love.

Hon. Yes, Varus, to thy long-tried faith and
service

Such freedom is indulg'd. But sure the distance
'Twixt Ætius and Honoria, from thy mind
Should banish such suspicion.

Varus. All admire

The fortitude of Ætius : Rome adores him ;
The universe is fill'd with his renown :
His foes with reverence name him : 'twere injustice
Here to refuse that love his worth demands.

Hon. Since you appear so far the friend of
Ætius,

You should not thus extol his rising power :
Augustus, in his nature, is too prone
To admit suspicion : while you to my brother
Exalt your friend, you serve his cause but ill.
The time may come—you understand me, Varus.

Varus. I that am Ætius' friend, with greater
caution

Will speak his praise : but, princess, if you love
him

Be less ingenious to torment yourself.

If gentle love thy soul inspire,
Why should'st thou blush to own the fire ?
Why scorn the shaft that rives thy breast ?
Ætius, whose deeds so glorious shine,
Has rais'd his state to equal thine,
By Fortune's hand in vain depress'd.
[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

HONORIA *alone.*

Detested grandeur ! tyrant of the mind !
Why wilt thou thus distract us ? Why forbid
To indulge the freedom of unequal passion,
Yet prove too weak to guard our yielding heart ?

Harmless nymphs on rural plains,
Happy is the lot you prove,
Whom in love no law restrains,
Save the gentle laws of love.

How blest ! could I my suffering tell
To him whose virtues cause my smart,
And unconstrain'd, like you, reveal
The flame that preys upon my heart.

[Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS.

Val. Let Ætius know that I expect him here.*[to an attendant.]*

Yes, friend, his glory now begins to cast
A shade o'er Valentinian : every one
Dwells in my presence on th' exploits of Ætius :
Rome stiles him her deliverer : he himself
Knows his own power too well : I must, to ensure
His faith, exalt him to Honoria's bed ;
So shall the marriage-bond be his reward,
And my security.

Max. Indeed the people
Have idoliz'd him to excess : they seem
As if unmindful of their sovereign's name,
And may if he command—but I have done—
Ætius I think is true, and doubts are vain ;
But were he not, methinks to exalt him thus
Would ill secure his faith.

Val. A gift so mighty
Must quench ambition in the soul.

Max. Will rather
Excite it : when the conflagration rises,
The stream but adds new fuel to the flame.

Val. How shall I better hope to bind him to me ?
Wouldst thou I should pursue a tyrant's steps,
And grow the mark of universal hatred ?

Max. The earliest art of reigning is to bear
The hatred of mankind : a monarch still
Must exercise dominion o'er offenders ;
And hatred more secures the throne than love.

Val. No, Maximus, the man who makes himself
Too much the object of another's fear,
Thence adds to his own terrors : all extremes
Together meet ; and on some future day,
The headstrong vulgar, from excess of fear,
May gather boldness.

Max. You, my lord, best know
The arts of reigning ; monarchs have a light
Unknown to subjects : zeal for your repose
Urg'd me thus far. I meant but to remind you
That it becomes us with preventive care,
While danger threatens, to provide for safety.

When gently murmuring as it goes,
The hollow riv'let scarcely flows,
A pebble can its lapse oppose,

A slender branch the course restrain.
But when, with falling waters swell'd,
In narrow banks no longer held,
The billows rise above the shore,
And bear along, with deepening roar,

The crumbling fences to the main. [Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E X.

VALENTINIAN alone.

To those that distant view the throne, it seems
Heaven's choicest gift; to those who view it near,
It seems the worst.

S C E N E XI.

*Enter ÆTIUS.**Æt.* I come to attend your will.*Val.* Ætius, I cannot bear, though for a moment,

To seem ungrateful to thee: Tiber fav'd
From foreign arms, my peace, my dignity,
All, all I've gain'd are but the happy fruits
Of Ætius' wisdom and his conquering sword.
Should Valentinian yield to thee his throne,
He gives not, but to thee restores thy own.
Thus, midst my wealth, when I would recompense
The virtues of a friend who conquers for me,
I find, in spite of empire, still I'm poor.

Æt. When through the fight I toil'd for Rome
and thee,

The deed itself became my great reward.
What would I more? Augustus' love will ever
Suffice for me.

Val. But not for Valentinian.

The world shall learn that, while I vainly strove
To recompense thy worth, my gratitude
Left nought untried. Ætius, the blood of Cæsar
Shall be to thine united ; ne'er on thee
Can I bestow a stronger pledge of love :
To-morrow's sun shall see thee wed Honoria.

Æt. [*aside.*] What do I hear !

Val. Thou dost not answer—speak.

Æt. So vast an honour doubtless must surprise
me.

Honoria's rank demands a king and throne,
I have no crowns to boast, and Ætius, sir,
Is nothing but a subject.

Val. Such a subject
As Ætius, far excels the proudest king.
If kingdoms are not thine, thy valorous arm
Can kingdoms give to others. To possess,
Is Fortune's gift alone ; but to bestow them,
Is Virtue's task.

Æt. Thy sister owes the world,
Great sir, a race of kings ; to me united,
Will bring forth subjects only : well thou know'st
By these unequal nuptials that Honoria
To Ætius may descend, but Ætius never
Can rise to her.

Val. My sister and the world
Sustain no loss by such a glorious union :

Or

Or should they lose, yet, while I recompense
A hero's worth, my sister and the world
Can ne'er complain.

Æt. I must not, sir, consent
That Cæsar, to be grateful thus to one,
Should prove unjust to many.

Val. Let us speak
This once without concealment. Thy respect
Is but a veil to cover thy refusal.
What would'st thou more? Is then my gift so little?
Must Cæsar ever stand indebted to thee?
Remember, he who spurns at all reward
Is not less proud than he who asks too much.

Æt. Well then, your frankness shall encourage
mine :
What you have offerr'd, sir, for my reward
Would prove my punishment.

Val. I did not think
Thy sovereign's sister, join'd to thee in marriage,
Would make thee wretched.

Æt. Even this profferr'd gift
Is little to the man who loves another.

Val. Where is the beauty who so far exceeds
Honor's merits? Is she born my subject?
Are my dominions honour'd with her presence?
It shall be mine to knit these glorious ties :
Declare to me her name.

Æt. Her name is Fulvia.

Val.

Val. Fulvia ?

Æt. The same—He seems disturb'd. [*afide.*

Val. [*afide.*] O Heaven !
And knows she of thy love ?

Æt. I think she does not :
[*afide.*] Let me not raise his anger against her.

Val. First gain the maid's consent—See if her
choice
Opposes not thy suit.

Æt. That care be mine :
Meantime thy sanction, Cæsar, shall suffice.

Val. Some other lover may perchance have
gain'd
On her affection.

Æt. Never.—Where's the man
Whose rashness seeks to ravish such a prize
From him whose hand has sav'd imperial Rome ?
I know him not.

Val. But should there yet be one ?

Æt. He then should see that Ætius could no
less
Assert his rights than guard his sovereign's empire :
Yes, he should find——

Val. And what if I were he ?

Æt. That gift which costs a pang from Cæsar's
heart
Would prove more glorious to me.

Val.

Val. But a subject
Must not require, to recompense his service,
So vast a sacrifice from him who reigns.

Æt. Cæsar is sovereign, Ætius asks from him
This sacrifice ; Ætius, who, till this hour,
Has serv'd unrecompens'd : Cæsar, who knows
What gratitude exacts ; who owes to me
His peace, his dignity ; who has confess'd
That should he render up the throne to Ætius,
He gives not, but to him restores his own ;
And that each moment but augments his fear
To seem ungrateful to him.

Val. What presumption ! [*aside.*
I thought that when I call'd to mind thy merits,
And own'd each service, I in part repaid them.

Æt. I call them to thy mind, when for reward—

Val. No more—enough—I understand thee,
Ætius.

Yes, Cæsar knows thy bosom's fires,
He sees to what thy claim aspires,
'Tis his to fix thy doom.

But thou more wisely now control
Th' effusions of a fearless soul,
That well may suit the stern alarms
Of distant camps and clashing arms,
But suit not here at Rome.

[*Exit.*

Æt. Now let us see if he'll oppose my love.

SCENE

S C E N E XII.

Enter FULVIA.

Fulv. Ætius, I read thy anger in thy looks :
Hast thou to Cæsar then discours'd of me ?

Æt. I have ; but kept from him thy love a
secret :

Hence thou hast little cause to fear.

Fulv. What said he
To thy request ? What answer gave Augustus ?

Æt. He neither yielded nor oppos'd my suit ;
By certain signs I found he grew disturb'd,
But yet he durst not give his anger vent.

Fulv. You raise my apprehension. He who feels
Repentment, yet assumes an outward calm,
Must surely plan some cautious scheme of vengeance.

Æt. You fear too soon.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. Ætius, I owe you more
Than words can pay : my brother would debase
Honor's hand by joining it to yours ;
But you, more just, have now convinc'd Augustus
That Ætius is unworthy such alliance.

Æt.

Æt. Honoria, no : 'tis not for this you owe
Your thanks to me ; 'tis for a nobler service.
You know this arm, that guards Honoria's throne,
Gives her the power to treat me thus with scorn.

Hon. Indeed I stand indebted much to Ætius,
And 'tis with pain I find the stars compel me,
Spite of myself, to be the messenger
Of fatal tidings to his hapless love.
[*to Fulv.*] Fulvia, soon as the morning rises, Cæsar
Will take thee for his bride.

Fulv. What says Honoria ?

Æt. What do I hear !

Hon. He gave me now in charge
To speak his purpose. Ætius, yet have comfort,
And learn to exult that she, whom most you love,
Reigns o'er a subject world.

Æt. This is too much——
Cæsar would tempt too far the faith of Ætius.
What right has he to rule o'er my affections ?
To ravish Fulvia from me ? To condemn me ?
Perhaps he thinks I tamely will endure it ;
Or does he wish that Rome, through him, should
prove
A fatal scene of blood ?

Hon. Does Ætius threaten ?
Is this his truth, his boasted loyalty ?

Æt.

Æt. If still my sovereign would engage
My breast to act a subject's part,
Let him not then too far enrage
The passions that divide my heart.

But when with wrongs my bosom bleeds,
Untimely let him ne'er complain,
If anger then the bound exceeds,
And gives to frantic rage the rein. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XIV.

HONORIA, FULVIA.

Fulv. Honoria, keep his transports hid from
Cæsar :

Ætius is faithful still ; he speaks but thus
Through disappointed love.

Hon. Fulvia, methinks
Thou shew'st too much of fear and pity for him ;
And does not pity sometimes spring from love ?

Fulv. Princess, you wrong me much, for well
I know
To whom this bosom owes its first affections.

Hon. Be not too warm—'twas but a slight sus-
picion.

Fulv. If credit must be given to such suspicion,
Honorïa too might furnish cause for doubt :
By thy resentment I perceive how well

Thou

Thou bear'st to be rejected. I should think
Thou wert a lover, yet I'll not believe it.

Hon. And when thou dar'st insult me with sus-
picious

Injurious to my honour, I might well
Rebuke thy arrogance, yet I forbear.

Though plac'd not yet on Cæsar's throne,
Already in thy looks are shown
The pride of sovereign state.
'Tis harder far with equal mind
To bear the good by Heaven assign'd,
Than all the frowns of Fate. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XV.

FULVIA alone.

Too cruel Fortune ! persecute me still,
And raise new troubles to disturb my peace :
Incense Honoria, kindle jealousy
In Cæsar's breast, and render Ætius wretched ;
Deprive me of a father's fostering care,
But never shalt thou rob me of my love :
For spite of thee, thy rigour shall exalt
The glorious triumph of my constant heart.

While

While zephyr breathes a gentle breeze,
And calms to peace the ruffled seas,
Each vessel flies with prosperous gales,
Each happy pilot careless sails.

The proof of courage is to abide
The roaring billows' adverse force ;
To stem the rough tempestuous tide,
Nor wander from the destin'd course.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Palatine gardens in view of the imperial palace ;
flowers and fountains, water-falls, grottoes and
statues.*

MAXIMUS *alone.*

What awful silence ! All the palace now
Is wrapt in peace. See where the new-born day
Reddens in yonder east, and yet around
No voice is heard, no person seen : ere this
Æmilius must have given the wish'd-for blow—
He promis'd on the tyrant to revenge
The wrongs of Maximus—my friend is tardy.

SCENE II.

Enter FULVIA.

Fulv. Alas, my father !

Max. Speak—What says my daughter ?

Fulv. What hast thou done ?

Max. Done, Fulvia !

Fulv. O ye powers !

Cæsar has been attack'd—full well I know
By whom the deed was plann'd—'Tis thou, my
father,

That,

That, to revenge thee, urg'd the affassin's hand.

Max. But say, is Cæsar dead ?

Fulv. Think of thy safety :

Already is the apartment round beset
With arms and foldiers.

Max. Tell me if he lives,
Or lies a senseless corse.

Fulv. Alas ! I know not ;
Lost in my fears I could attend to nothing.

Max. Vain, childish terrors ! I myself will go
To learn th' event. [going, he meets Val.]

S C E N E III. Sc. II

*Enter VALENTINIAN without his mantle and laurel;
his sword drawn, attended by the Prætorian
guard.*

Val. [entering.] Let every pass be guarded ;
Stop every outlet.

Max. [aside.] Still the tyrant lives !
Malicious Fortune !

Val. Fulvia ! Maximus !
What heart could e'er conceive it !

Max. Speak, my lord,
What has befallen ?

Val. Such unexampled treason
Was never heard.

Fulv. [*aside.*] O most unhappy father !

Max. [*aside.*] He knows it all.

Val. In whom shall I confide ?

My best, my dearest friends attempt my life.

Max. Be firm my heart. [*aside.*] And is it possible

Can such a wretch be found ?

Val. Yes, Maximus,
Such has been found, nor is to thee unknown.

Max. [*disturbed.*] To me ! my lord.

Val. Yes, thee ; but Heaven defends
The lives of monarchs. Vainly hop'd Æmilius
To bury in my breast his fatal steel :
He thought to find me buried deep in sleep ;
He was deceiv'd. I heard him softly enter
My clos'd apartment ; by his silent tread,
As he drew nearer to my couch, my mind
Prefag'd some treason ; straight I rose, and snatch'd
The nearest sword : alarm'd, the villain fled ;
But as he fled I dealt amidst the shade
My strokes at random : with the noise the guard
Rush'd in, and by the sudden entering light,
I saw my weapon stain'd with fresh-drawn blood,
But fought in vain the traitor who escap'd me.

Max. Perhaps 'twas not Æmilius.

Val. Yes, I heard
His well-known voice ; for when I gave the wound
A sudden cry broke from him.

Max.

That, to revenge thee, urg'd the aff

Max. But say, is Cæsar dead? ed?

Fulv. Think of thy safety. her plann'd the
Already is the apartment ro
With arms and soldiers.

Max. Tell me if he ed fir, to trace
Or lies a senseless c

Fulv. Alas! ^{he} belongs to Varus:
Lost in my fee ^{Varus}, depart not.

Max. ^{Varus} ^{is} lost! [aside.
To learn ^{perhaps} better may than he.—

Val. My friend,
^{leave me} not thus, for O! should'st thou forsake
me,

Where shall I hope for counsel or assistance?

Max. I shall obey—I breathe again. [aside.

Fulv. [aside.] Once more
My life returns.

Max. Whom can you further, fir,
Suspect of treason?

Val. Hast thou then a doubt?
Dost thou not see in this the hand of Ætius?
O! could I once produce the proofs against him,
His life should pay the forfeit of his crime.

Fulv. [aside.] What new misfortune falls on
wretched Fulvia?

Max. I cannot think that Ætius is a traitor;

I.] e has no cause : receiv'd with honour,
 by his fovereign ; could his heart
 ?—'Tis true, that jealousy,
 and popular applause
 835. aminate the firmest loyalty.
 enholds himself belov'd of all,
 with conquest, master of the troops,
 he may perhaps forget his vow'd allegiance.

Fulv. Can you, my father, who have known
 his virtues,
 Speak of him thus ?

Max. 'Tis true, I am Ætius' friend,
 But Cæsar's subject.

Val. And does Fulvia then
 Defend a traitor ?—O ! my jealous heart
 Too truly has suspected.

Max. Can you think
 Fulvia will harbour any love but yours ?
 You are deceiv'd ; she pleads in his behalf
 For pity, not for love : the threatening view
 Of punishment and death excites her mind
 To feel compassion—Are you yet to learn
 The native weakness of the tender sex ?

S C E N E IV.

Enter VARUS.

Varus. Cæsar, in vain I've fought to find the traitor.

Val. Where can he lie conceal'd ?

Varus. Not all our care
Discovers his retreat.

Val. And must I still
Remain uncertain thus ? Whom shall I trust ?
Whom shall I fear ? When was there ever known
A state more curs'd than mine ?

Max. Compose your thoughts :
The assassin's failing in the stroke design'd,
Must baffle all the secret traitor's schemes.
I'll seek Æmilius, and with zealous care
Watch o'er your safety. Let us still remember,
The ruffian that assail'd your life is known,
And him meanwhile we may at least secure.

Val. Assist me, friend, I place my hopes in thee.

In thee a spouse and prince confide,
While fears and doubts my soul divide,
To thee I trust my life and love.
Then, friend, thy faithful aid prepare,
And thou, dear object of my care,
For ever constant prove.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Fulv. And can you, father, lay the guilt on
Ætius?

What urges you?

Max. Unthinking girl! his ruin
Is my security: this smooths the path
To my revenge; for should he fall, Augustus
Is left without defence. Thou see'st by this
How much his death imports; but Maximus
Has views too mighty for thy sex's weakness:
Leave these to him whose years are more than thine,
Whose wisdom greater.

Fulv. O! let years and wisdom
Yet teach you justice.

Max. Am I then unjust
In seeking to revenge my injur'd honour?
Or, grant I were—the fatal path is taken,
And 'tis too late to think of a retreat.

Fulv. O! never, never 'tis too late, my father,
To tread again the abandon'd steps of virtue;
For he who feels abhorrence of his crime,
Redeems his innocence.

Max. And shall I never
Persuade thee to be silent? Tell me, daughter,
z 2 What

What dost thou seek ? Would'st thou instruct thy
father

In what thy youth was taught by him ? Or would'st
thou

Make him subservient to thy feeble love ?

Fulvia, restrain the license of thy speech,
And learn in future not to incense a father.

Fulv. Must I be silent ? Must I fear to speak
When I behold my sovereign's life invaded ;
Know you are criminal, while Ætius bears
The imputed guilt ? What bosom can support it ?
Release me, sir, from every tie of duty,
Or ask some other proof of my obedience.

Max. Perfidious girl ! I see thy purpos'd victim.
Yes, thou would'st sacrifice me to thy passion :
Go then—with impious rage abuse that fondness
Which could not keep a thought conceal'd from
thee,
And for a lover's sake accuse a parent.

Go, speak whate'er thy rage design'd,
But yet, ingrate, recall to mind
Whose guilt your lips unfold.
Go then, a father's deeds betray,
But yet reflect that fatal day
You take a father's life away,
Your life from him you hold.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

FULVIA alone.

What shall I do? Alas! 'tis equal guilt
To speak or to conceal—To speak—O Heaven!
Were parricide—I tremble but to think it;
And if I still am silent, Ætius dies!
At that idea round my heart congeals
The curdling blood—What counsel now remains
For Fulvia?

S C E N E VII.

Enter ÆTIUS.

Ætius! ha! what brings thee here?
Say, whither goest thou?

Æt. To defend Augustus.
I heard but now——

Fulv. O! fly—for know, on thee
Suspicion of the treason falls.

Æt. On me!
Thou art deceiv'd—Tiber too oft has seen
My faith approv'd: the man who by his deeds
Can conquer others, still will rise superior
To every feeble blast of foul detraction,

Fulv. But what if Cæsar has himself accus'd thee?

Say that I heard him?

Æt. If Augustus said it,
He never could believe it: had he paus'd
But for a moment, every thing he saw
Would plead in my defence; all Italy,
The attesting world; his glory and his empire,
Preserv'd by me, must make him own the falsehood.

Fulv. I know thy ruin would be well aveng'd;
But who can tell me that thy friends would give
Their timely aid? Alas! the deepest vengeance
Would not console me for thy loss—O! fly,
Fly if thou lov'st me, and indulge my fears.

Æt. Thy fond affection raises fancied dangers.

Fulv. In what dost thou confide? Thy valour,
Ætius?

Heroes are mortal, and oppress'd by numbers.
Or in thy virtue? Ah! from that alone
My soul forebodes misfortune—Yes, thy virtue
Is now thy worst of foes.

Æt. My confidence
Is founded, Fulvia, on an upright heart,
A stranger to remorse; on innocence,
That brings its own applause; in this right hand,
So needful to the weal of Rome. Augustus
Is no barbarian, nor insensible

To deeds of worth : should one like me be lost,
A tyrant would himself confess such loss
Not lightly were supplied.

S C E N E VII.

II

Enter VARUS with a guard.

Fulv. Varus, what news ?

Æt. Is Cæsar's life in safety ? Can my aid
Avail for his defence ? What does he ?

Varus. Cæsar
Has sent me to you.

Æt. Let us hasten to him.

Varus. Not so—he sends me to demand your
sword.

Æt. Say'st thou ?

Fulv. This I foresaw——

Æt. What means Augustus ?
Can it be possible ?

Varus. Would it were not !
I pity you, my friend, and grieve that fate
Compels me, while my secret heart rebels,
To act a part injurious to our friendship.

Æt. There Varus—[*gives his sword.*] pity Cæ-
sar, not thy friend.

Bear

Bear him this sword that oft was seen
 To guard his throne and fame :
 Remind him what I once have been,
 And dye his cheek with shame.

Thou, if thou prizest Ætius' love, [to Fulvia.
 The tender tear restrain ;
 Since all the sufferings I can prove,
 Must spring from Fulvia's pain.
 [Exit guarded.

VII

S C E N E VIII.

FULVIA, VARUS.

Fulv. If ever thou didst feel a soft affection,
 Have pity, Varus, on our mutual passion,
 And plead the cause of an unhappy friend.

Varus. Your love discover'd adds to my affliction ;
 And fain I would assist your cause ; but Ætius
 Is his own foe, Heaven knows ! and by his speech
 Incenses Cæsar.

Fulv. Well his high demeanour
 Is known to all ; nor should it now, methinks,
 Be deem'd in him a crime ; and surely Varus
 At least must own, while Ætius' tongue proclaims
 His own deserts, truth gives his words a sanction.

Varus. Sometimes 'tis virtue to conceal the truth.
 And if I praise not now his ostentation,
 'Tis friendship makes me silent : for his sake

I'll

I'll prove my utmost power ; and grant it Heaven
The attempt may not be vain.

Fulv. O ! say not thus,
For to the wretched he denies assistance,
Who, while he gives it, doubts th' event.

Varus. His safety
Your will determines ; give your hand to Cæsar,
And every power is yours.

Fulv. O ! never, never,
Will I be other than the spouse of Ætius.

Varus. But to preserve him from his fortune,
Fulvia
Must yield a little : she alone can soften
The wrath of Valentinian ; then delay not,
And if thy bosom feel not love for Cæsar,
Yet learn to feign it.

Fulv. I'll pursue thy counsel ;
With what success, Heaven knows.—Diffimulation
Is ever criminal ; and O ! I find
My heart abhors the trial.

Varus. To dissemble
In such a cause is virtue ; and a woman
Can ne'er repine to act what suits her sex.

Fulv. With ease what numbers love can feign
That never warm'd the heart :
But generous minds must still disdain
The wretched mask of art !

My

My lips, alas ! but ill forbear
To speak my thoughts distress'd ;
Yet speech and silence both declare
The emotions of my breast. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

VARUS *alone.*

Unstable Fortune ! Thoughtless is the man
Who trusts thy fickle smiles ! Too happy Ætius ;
But now was envied by the youth of Rome,
The mark of emulation. In a moment
The scene is chang'd and he becomes the object
Of general pity ;—yes, unstable Fortune,
Thoughtless is he who trusts thy fickle smiles !

A shepherd, bred in humble shade,
With weeds of poverty array'd,
Sometimes by Fortune's favouring aid,
O'er subject realms extends his reign.
In regal purple, near the throne,
Another born ; by Fortune's frown
Is driven from kingdoms once his own,
To feed his flocks upon the plain. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE X.

IX

A gallery of statues with seats; a large seat for two persons. A balcony open, a view of Rome.

HONORIA, MAXIMUS.

Hon. Yes, Maximus, I must confess it, all
Accuses Ætius: he is Cæsar's rival,
And thinks that to his worth and name alone
The universe must bend. What then avails
To plead in his defence? I heard myself
His threats, and now behold th' effect has fol-
low'd——

And yet my heart, incredulous, can never
Believe his guilt—that Ætius is a traitor.

Max. O unexampled virtue! this, indeed,
Is clemency's excess! And who, Honoria,
Has greater cause than you have to condemn him?
He has despis'd you, and refus'd that hand
Which kings contend for.—Who but you—

Hon. Alas!

Tell me no more the wrongs I have sustain'd;
I feel them deeply here—Ingrate and proud!
To think of them distracts me, Maximus:
Not that I love him, or regret the loss
Of Ætius' hand——offended dignity,
My fame—my honour—these and these alone——

Max.

Max. I know it well ; but all, Honoria, know not
Your bosom's secret springs : I need not tell you,
We easier far believe the deeds that flow
From weakness than from virtue : clemency
In you may seem but love. One way remains,
And only one, to banish such suspicion.
Let vengeance fill your thoughts : a just revenge
You never should abhor, while clemency
To such excess but urges new offences.

Hon. My private wrongs are not my greatest
care :
Think of my brother's danger ; let us hear
What Ætius says, and seek to find the traitor.
Perhaps he yet is innocent——

Max. 'Tis true——
Who knows ?—even yet he may repent, Honoria,
And yet accept your hand.

Hon. Accept my hand !
Shall I so far forget myself !——O no,
Were this proud man the world's unbounded lord,
He never should obtain me, Maximus.

Max. And yet how easy we deceive ourselves :
He boasts your will is his, that you adore him,
That he at pleasure rules Honoria's heart,
And that a glance from him will calm your anger.

Hon. Presumptuous insolence ! he soon shall find
His folly crush'd. The first who woos my love,
(Above a subject's rank) shall be my lord,

He'll

He'll see that then I want not crowns or empires,
And if he: ule, at will, Honoria's heart. [*going.*]

S C E N E XI.

Enter VALENTINIAN.

Val. Honoria stay. Thou must, for my repose,
Bestow thy hand on one I fear to thee
But little grateful; true he has done us wrong,
Yet must we make the public weal secure.
He asks thy nuptial faith, and prudence bids
Accept the peaceful offer.

Hon. Ætius sure
Repents the past. [*aside.*] Know I this suitor's
name?

Val. Too well thou know'st it; and I fear, my
sister,
To speak, what spoken will but urge thy lips
To frame reproaches. Thou wilt say his soul
Is haughty, cruel, that he little knows
The ties of faith, that all the affronts we have
suffer'd
Are yet too recent. I confess it all——
But when I weigh the occasion, with regret
My counsel bids thee not reject the alliance.

Hon. Shall I refuse him then? [*aside.*] If my
consent
Secure your peace, this heart is yours to give.

Max.

Max. What means Augustus ? Ætius seeks his
life,
And would he thus reward him ?

Val. 'Tis not Ætius
Employs my thoughts—I speak of Attila.

Hon. O fatal error ! [*aside.*] Attila ?

Max. And whence
Such unexpected turn ?

Val. This very moment
A messenger, by letters to my hand,
Has signified his wish : hence may we see
His pride is lower'd : this offer brings no shame
To thee, my sister ; thou receiv'st a husband
Whom kings obey ;—Barbarian though he be,
His manners soften'd by thy noble love,
May take the shape of virtues.

Hon. Say, does Ætius
Know Attila's request ?

Val. Does Ætius know it ?
Must I consult with Ætius ? To what end
Appeal to him ?

Hon. To mortify his pride ;
To let him find his aid less needful here ;
To let him see Honoria's hand alone
Can save the Roman state.

Val. This shall he know :
Mean time may I to Attila return
Your full consent ?

Hon.

Hon. No—let me first behold
Your life in safety.—Find the hidden traitor :
Let Ætius speak, and then, without disguise,
Honorias will reveal her soul's dear purpose.

While thus for thee with fears oppress'd

I feel my trembling heart ;

Ah ! think, can e'er Honorias's breast

Receive love's gentle dart ?

Can the soft flame of amorous bliss

With me its influence prove,

If, when my breast is lost to peace,

I then begin to love ?

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XII. 41

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS.

Val. Conduct the prisoner hither—[*to an attendant.*] Midst my doubts,
From thee I seek for counsel. May I hope
This tie with Attila will tend in part
To my security ?

Max. It rather tends
To expose to greater dangers : he but seeks
To lull your vigilance, this well-feign'd friendship
Will draw him nearer to you ; he, with Ætius
May plan some fatal scheme. This late attempt
Makes

Makes all too clear; and well thou know'st that

Ætius

Left every passage free for Attila,

When Attila escap'd; yet duty bade him

Conduct to thee his prisoner: this he fail'd,

And yet the power was his.

Val. 'Tis all too true.

S C E N E XIII.

XII

Enter FULVIA.

Fulv. Augustus, ease my terror. Is the traitor
Discover'd yet? Say, is your life in safety?

Val. Can then my safety be so dear to Fulvia?

Fulv. And can you doubt it? I behold in Cæsar
A lover to whose fate my own must soon
Be join'd (O death to feign) [*aside.*] in Hymen's
bands.

Max. What do I hear? Does not her secret heart
Belie her lips' profession? [*aside.*]

Val. If my danger
Awaken gentle pity in thy breast,
I prize my safety less. May I then hope
Thy faith unshaken?

Fulv. Whilst I live, shall Cæsar
Still share my tenderest thoughts. O pardon,
Ætius!

[*aside.*]

Max.

Max. I'm lost in wonder.

[*aside.*

Val. Did not Ætius' treason
Claim all our thoughts, thy hand had long ere
this

Been join'd to mine ; but dear his life shall answer
This outrage to my love.

Fulv. A crime like his
Demands your just revenge : but who, meanwhile,
Shall guard you from the people's headlong rage ?
They dote on Ætius : O ! take heed, Augustus,
I shudder at the thought.

Val. 'Tis that retards
My vengeance.

Max. Now I understand thee, Fulvia. [*aside.*

Fulv. Say, he were innocent, in him you lose
Your great support : behold your life expos'd
To treason's secret aims : behold your name
Hated of all—I tremble but to think it.

Val. Grant Heaven he were not guilty ! but he
comes,
And comes by my command.

Fulv. What do I hear ! [*aside.*

Val. Now, Fulvia, from himself impartial learn,
What Ætius is.

Fulv. Permit me to depart. [*going.*
The criminal, who meets his judge alone,
More freely will confess.

Val. No, Fulvia, stay.

Max. Ætius approaches.

Fulv. Heavens !

Val. Now, Fulvia, take
Thy seat by Cæsar's side.

Fulv. By Cæsar's side !
And shall a subject then presume——

Val. Remember
The maid who holds a monarch in her chains,
No longer is a subject.

Fulv. Yet, permit me——

Val. No more—be seated—from this hour begin
To make the throne familiar.

Fulv. I obey. [sits on the right hand of Val.
O cruel trial !

S C E N E XIV. XIII

Enter ÆTIUS.

Æt. Heavens ! what do I see !

[entering he sees Fulvia, and stops.
In Fulvia such inconstancy !

Fulv. Be firm
My breaking heart ! [aside.

Val. Leader, approach.

Æt. Who now

Is judge of Ætius? Does my fate depend
On Cæsar or on Fulvia?

Val. I and Fulvia,
Are but one judge: for since by nuptial ties
I call her mine, she reigns a sovereign here.

Æt. O faithless woman! [*aside.*

Fulv. Could I but assure him
That Fulvia now dissembles! [*aside.*

Val. Ætius, hear,
And learn awhile to curb the native pride
That can no more avail thee. Secret treason
Is aim'd at me, and each in thee believes
The treason's author: all bespeaks thy guilt:
Thy proud refusal of Honoria's hand;
Thy insolence in conquest; thy permission
Of Attila's escape; thy jealousy;
Thy rash presumptuous love; thy open threats,
Of which thou know'st myself so late was witness.
Think how to clear thy fame, or merit pardon.

Max. Now, fate, betray me not. [*aside.*

Æt. Cæsar, 'tis true
The charge is specious. Where's the assassin hid,
Whose hand assail'd thee? Who accuses Ætius
As author of the treason? Cæsar, thou,
Thou art the accuser of the guilt of Ætius,
At once the judge and witness.

Fulv. Heavens! he's lost.

To owe his all to Ætius ; that he fears
In me that treason, which he knows too well
The deed, that robs me of my love, deserves.

Val. Dost thou insult me thus ! presumptuous
man !

Fulv. O ! Heavens ! [*aside.*

Val. I yet can punish thee——

Fulv. Ah ! Cæsar,
If you love Fulvia, let her now depart,
My presence but disturbs you. [*rises.*

Val. Yet remain ;
Thou see'st my just resentment. Sit, and mark
How proofs shall yet confound this stubborn traitor.

Æt. O faithless woman ! [*aside.*

Fulv. Could I but assure him
My cruelty is feign'd ! [*aside, sits again.*

Max. All yet goes well. [*aside.*

Val. Ætius, be innocent of every crime ;
And let Augustus, envious of thy glory,
Invent this calumny ; yet from thy heart
Declare without reserve, (at least in this
Be Ætius his own judge,) is not the subject,
Who dares in love contend with him who reigns,
A rebel to his prince ?

Æt. And is not he
Who dares in love invade another's right,
A tyrant to his subject ?

Val.

Val. Think'st thou then
That Fulvia loves thee ?

Fulv. O my breaking heart ! [*aside.*

Val. Relieve him, dearest Fulvia, from the vain
And fond deception : say if Valentinian
Was thy first love, and ever still remains
Sole partner of thy heart.

Fulv. What Cæsar speaks,
That Fulvia must confirm. [*to Val.*

Æt. O! perjur'd woman !
This stroke indeed has baffled all my firmness.

Val. See how thy hopes deceive thee. [*to Æt.*

Æt. Do not triumph,
Nor trust the faith of an inconstant woman ;
To her I leave my vengeance ;—yes, I feel
A secret hope, that Cæsar, for my wrongs,
Will prove the faith of Fulvia.

Fulv. Must I still
Conceal my anguish ! [*aside.*

Max. Fulvia, yet be constant. [*aside.*

Æt. Scarce Ætius knows himself ; before her
presence
My heart is rent. O! never, Maximus,
Since first I breath'd this air, my soul has felt
Such pangs of warring passion ! [*to Max.*

Fulv. 'Tis too much ;
I cannot bear the thought—— [*going, weeps.*
Val.

Val. What do'st thou, Fulvia?

Fulv. I must retire—such trial far outweighs
My sex's constancy.

Val. Yet stay, and punish
This rival's insolence.

Fulv. In pity, Cæsar,
Permit me to retire.

Val. It must not be,
Once more, for Cæsar's sake, declare thy love
Is only mine, that I am all to Fulvia,
And that she sees with joy the pangs of Ætius,

Fulv. But say 'twere false, and Ætius all my
happiness.

Val. What say'st thou?

Max. Ha!

Æt. I breathe again,

Fulv. How long
Must I dissemble? Yes, to appease your anger,
Cæsar, I veil'd my thoughts: I hop'd to save
The guiltless Ætius—'twas for him alone
I bore these struggles—know the love of Cæsar
Ne'er touch'd this faithful bosom; if my lips
Could speak to you of love, believe them not,
Augustus, they deceiv'd you.

Æt. Joyful sounds!

Val. Where am I! Did I hear thee right? In-
grate!

Prefumptuous Fulvia ?

Æt. Now, whose hopes deceive him ! [to Val.

Val. Rash man ! ungrateful Fulvia ! Guards !
remove

That traitor from my presence : plunge him deep
In some most horrid dungeon, there reserv'd
For my revenge. [rises.

Æt. Thy rage is Ætius' glory.
What blifs can equal mine ? for this I yield
The palms of every conquest : I despise
Thy boast of empire : nothing now remains
To crown my vows ; not Attila subdu'd
Gave equal transport to this hour of triumph.

With joy I now receive my chains,
With joy I meet death's sharpest pains,
Thy bosom still its truth maintains. [to Fulv.
Thy fortune yields to mine. [to Val.
Dear idol of my heart, adieu ! [to Fulv.
With pity now thy Ætius view ;
Think how my error past I rue,
That injur'd love like thine.

[Exit, guarded.]

S C E N E XV.

XIV

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Val. Ungrateful woman ! have I e'er deserv'd
From thee such recompense ? Behold, my friend,
What

What faith thy daughter guards for Valentinian.

Max. Unworthy girl! where didst thou learn
deceit?

Thus dost thou imitate thy father's truth?
Hast thou from my example——

Fulv. Cease, my father,
Ah! tempt me not too far, the reins are loose,
And if thou urgest still—these lips——

Max. Be silent:
Thy blood shall else——

Val. Hold, Maximus, my vengeance
Shall find a surer way; since she detests me,
Since I'm so hateful to her, I will wed her,
And marriage be her punishment.

Fulv. O! never——
Banish that thought.

Val. Ha! know'st thou not my power?

Fulv. I know thy power may take this hated
life,
But seeks in vain to shake my steadfast soul:
My sufferings long have banish'd every fear.

No force can move this constant breast,
When, hope, no longer here a guest,
With every fear is lost.

Such now is Fulvia's wretched state,
She scorns alike thy threats, thy hate,
And dreads thy pity most.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E XVI. XV

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS.

Max. Now to dissemble, [*aside.*] Never to my shame,

Augustus, shall she live—This hand, even now,
Shall pierce her faithless heart. [*going.*]

Val. O! hold, my friend,
If Fulvia dies, I shall not long survive:
Even yet she may repent.

Max. Thy will, great Sir,
Reluctant I obey, though justice bids me
Exact the punishment.

Val. Why, Maximus,
Why differs thus thy daughter's soul from thine?

Max. While shame in every feature glows,
Nor calm, nor peace this bosom knows;
Methinks the indignant world surveys
A daughter, who her faith betrays,
And cry, that from a father's art,
She learn'd to act the treacherous part. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

S C E N E XVII.

XVI

VALENTINIAN alone.

Val. Ah! whither would ye lead me now,
disdain,

Love, jealousy, and all the cares of empire?
At once I feel myself a foe, a lover,
Incens'd and yet irresolute—Meantime
I pardon not nor punish. Well I know
Honour should drive this Fulvia from my heart.
From her my evils spring: but ah! I dare not
Attempt the conquest, such an unknown power
Weighs down my soul, and even endears my chains!

Ah! What avails imperial sway
While, still to rebel thoughts a prey,
I feed those tyrants in my breast,
The passions that destroy my rest.

But though my hapless state I own,
I blame not Fate nor Love,
'Tis from my fault I feel alone
The cruel pangs I prove.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A hall of a prison, several passages leading to different dungeons. Guards at the entrance of the dungeons.

Enter HONORIA.

[*entering, to a guard.*] Let Ætius be conducted
hither—See

The imperial signet speaks the will of Cæsar.
—His danger gives new ardour to my passion,
And pity for his suffering fans the flame
That glows within me, till the united force
Of love and soft compassion in my breast
Is but a sole affection. See he comes!
With what a haughty mien and firm deportment!
He must be innocent, or never, never,
Can outward looks bespeak the secret heart.

S C E N E II.

*Enter ÆTIUS in chains, from one of the dungeons,
guards attending.*

Æt. [*advancing to Hon.*] These are thy brother's gifts. [*shews his chains.*]

Couldst thou, Honoria,
Have e'er believ'd what now thy eyes behold?

A few

A few short moments change the fate of Ætius :
At setting sun thou saw'st me crown'd with laurels,
And seest me, with the dawning day, in chains.

Hon. Ætius, each mortal born must feel the force
Of Fortune's sway. Thou art not leader, first
To prove her fickle change. It rests with thee
To amend her late injustice : at my suit,
Cæsar forgets his wrath ; he loves thee, Ætius,
Forgives the past, and claims thee for his friend.

Æt. Can it be possible ?

Hon. Yes : Cæsar asks
This sole return ; secure his future peace :
Disclose the secret plan of impious treason,
And thou art free. What less can Cæsar ask ?

Æt. Little indeed he seeks—He wills that Ætius
Accuse himself through fear : my innocence
Must be the sacrifice to raise his pride,
And make him seem more generous ; well he knows
My loyal truth, and blushes thus to wrong me :
Hence would he wish to find me criminal,
Or see my death.

Hon. Let not thy haughty spirit
Thus justify his anger : if thou art innocent,
With modest, calm demeanour, plead thy cause,
Take from him every power to find thee guilty,
Nor leave to Cæsar courage to condemn thee.

Æt. I have not yet, Honoria, learnt such base-
ness

To save a wretched life.

Hon. Thou runn'st on death.

Æt. Then let me die : death is not sure the
worst

Of human ills, which frees us from the converse
Of wicked men.

Hon. Thou should'st consider, *Ætius*,
Thou yet hast liv'd but little for thy country.

Æt. We must not measure life by years, but
deeds ;

The base, *Honorius*, useless to mankind,
And worthless to themselves, who never felt
The godlike flame of glory, though they drag
An age of being, cannot boast they live.
But those, who tread the paths, which I have trod,
Though short their date of life have liv'd enough.

Hon. If thy own safety cannot move thee, *Ætius*,
Think of my peace——

Æt. What say'st thou ?

Hon. Yes——I love thee——

I can no more dissemble——when I fear
The loss of *Ætius*, I forget my wrongs,
And pride of rank but little guards my weakness.

Æt. And is *Honorius* one that counsels *Ætius*
To learn humility ? By such distinction
She but inflames his pride. O ! could I bend
My soul to love, as I admire, thy virtue——
Then suffer me to die, the heart that feels

Another

Another wound, would live to thee ungrateful.

Hon. Live, though ingrate—take from me every
hope,

Despise me still, be cruel still—but live :

Or if thou hatest life, as dear to me,

Yet seek a death more worthy of thy courage,

And die a conqueror, wielding glorious arms,

Envied, not pitied by the gazing world.

Æt. In prison, or in battle, Ætius knows

To give a great example how to die :

Even here my fate shall kindle virtuous envy.

Mark if this visage guilt displays,

Then say what thoughts my death shall raise,

What breast shall feel for Ætius' pains.

A noble mind, in suffering prov'd,

Serenely firm, can bear unmov'd,

When undeserv'd, reproach and chains.

[Exit to the dungeon, guarded.]

Hon. Heavens ! what undaunted courage ! to
the last

He meets his fate with triumph ! how I tremble !

S C E N E III.

II

Enter VALENTINIAN.

Val. My sister, hast thou aught obtain'd from
Ætius ?

Does he relent ?

Hon. O no ! he's still unshaken.

Val. This I foresaw : then let him bear the
forfeit ;

'Twere now beneath my dignity to save him.

Hon. And yet I cannot think him criminal :
Such firmness argues sure a mind unspotted.

Val. It rather proves his guilt ; the traitor trusts
In popular opinion—he shall die.

Hon. Think better, Cæsar, Ætius dead may
prove
A foe more to be fear'd than Ætius living.

Val. What would'st thou counsel then ?

Hon. Seek out some way
To bend his stubborn temper ; try by mildness
To wrest his secret from him.

Val. Say, what means
Have I not prov'd ?

Hon. The only certain means.
Ætius I see in love is vulnerable :
You must assail him there : he dotes on Fulvia ;
Make him this sacrifice ; resign her to him.

Val. How easy 'tis to give to others counsel
Which pains not the adviser.

Hon. Sir, my counsel
Holds forth my own example : know I love
No less than thee : with thee I lose my all :

Thy

Thy heart is Fulvia's, and I sigh for Ætius.

Val. Dost thou love Ætius?

Hon. O! too well I love him:
Judge if I gave thee then so lightly counsel.

Val. Hard is the task my sister now enjoins.

Hon. Thy courage and thy virtue both united
Shall shame thy fortune. Let a woman teach
Augustus fortitude.

Val. O Heaven!

Hon. Be now
The victor o'er thyself, and let thy subjects
Learn hence the heart of Cæsar.

Val. 'Tis enough:
Send Fulvia hither—this shall too be tried.
O! didst thou know the struggle of my soul,
How hard the contest!

Hon. From my own too well
I feel thy sufferings: yet submit to bear them:
'Tis some relief to know, that not alone
We feel those pangs, in which another shares.

Thou sigh'st for an ungrateful maid:
Behold my love alike repaid.
We both, alas! one fortune prove,
Both find an equal foe in love.

If I was born to cureless pains,
 And if for thee no hope remains,
 Let both an equal courage show,
 As both have felt an equal woe.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

III

VALENTINIAN *alone.*

Call Varus to me straight. [*to an attendant without.*] If he refuse
 To yield to this excess of clemency,
 He shall not live a moment.

Enter VARUS.

Varus. Cæsar.

Val. Hear me;

Dispose thy trustiest soldiers near conceal'd
 In the dark dungeon's entrance; and when Ætius
 Shall quit this place, if thou behold'st him singly,
 And issue unaccompanied by Cæsar,
 Let him be slain.

Varus. I shall obey: but know'st thou
 What tumult has been rais'd by Ætius' seizure?

Val. I know it all—for this has Maximus
 Provided well.

Varus. 'Tis true—but yet I fear—

Val. No more—obey my will, and take good
 heed

The

The deed be secret, dost thou understand me ?

Varus. I understand thee well.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

VALENTINIAN *alone.*

[*to the guards at the dungeon.*] Bring once again
The prisoner hither. Hence my just resentment !
Deep in my heart be now my hatred buried,
Nor let my looks betray the war within.

With storms beneath its treacherous breast,
Oft ocean seems compos'd to rest,
While zephyr breathes in gentle gales
And universal calm prevails.

But if that fiery soul again
Reject my grace with proud disdain,
I give my just revenge the rein.

SCENE VI.

Enter MAXIMUS.

Max. All tumult is appeas'd, and Cæsar now
May hasten, at his will, the fate of Ætius :
Rome will applaud, and all thy friends expect it.

Val. What mean'st thou, Maximus ? 'twill then
be said

That Valentinian is a rude barbarian,
 Impious, unjust—it fits us now to follow
 Another bright example.

Max. Wherefore ! say——

Val. Peace : Ætius comes.

S C E N E VII. Ʒ

Enter ÆTIUS in chains.

Max. What counsel thus has mov'd him ?

[aside.

Æt. Call'd from my dungeon, here I came,
 prepar'd

To meet a punishment unmerited,
 But find a greater—I behold Augustus.

Val. *[aside.]* Unheard-of boldness !—Ætius, let
 us speak

No more of hatred.—See me now thy friend :
 My rigour I detest and come resolv'd——

Æt. I know it well—the rest I'm not to learn,
 Honoria has prevented thee : enough :
 If thou hast nothing further to impart,
 I shall regain my prison—but even now
 I commun'd with Honoria.

Val. Yet she knew not
 What Valentinian means to offer Ætius.

Æt. I heard it all : she nam'd my liberty,

The

The former friendship and the love of Cæsar,
Thy purpos'd gifts.

Val. Yet she conceal'd the greatest.

S C E N E VIII.

v

Enter FULVIA.

Behold that gift. [*pointing to Fulv.*

Æt. Fulvia!

Max. What can this mean!

My soul is chill'd. [*aside.*

Fulv. Would Cæsar aught with Fulvia?

Val. [*to her.*] Attend in silence. [*to Æt.*] Such
a profferr'd blessing

Excites thy wonder: it exceeds belief:

But all thy fears are vain: my word is given,

And thus confirm'd. Ætius, receive her hand.

Æt. What sacrifice is ask'd from me to ensure
The dear possession here?

Val. I ask but little:

Through love thou art guilty; and who lives a
lover,

With ease forgives such guilt: I ask but this;

Truth undisguis'd: reveal thy whole design;

Let me entreat thee: let not Cæsar still

Be girt with constant fears.

Æt. My love, farewell! [*to Fulvia.*

Lead

Lead once more to my prison.

Val. Shall I then
Endure such insolence ? *[aside.*

Fulv. Alas !

Val. Yet hear me—— *[to Ætius.*
And wilt thou thus, still obstinate in silence,
Forfake that Fulvia, prov'd to thee so faithful ?
Speak, Ætius !—Yet the traitor answers not.

[aside.

Max. What danger threatens ! *[aside.*

Val. Dost thou hear me, Ætius ?
Know'st thou to thee I speak ? Are words of mine
Such as a criminal like thee should scorn ?

Æt. In speaking thus, thou canst not speak to
Ætius.

Val. *[aside.]* 'Tis now resolv'd—Guards—

Fulv. *[to Val.]* Let your anger first
Be turn'd on me.

Val. *[to Fulv.]* Canst thou not yet be silent ?—
Release the prisoner. *[his chains are taken off.*

Æt. Ha !

Fulv. What do I see !

Max. O Heavens !

Val. At length I know thy innocence :
Such firmness to reject a spouse belov'd,
Dwells not with him that's guilty—I repent
My rigour, Ætius ; but succeeding gifts

Shall

Shall heal the unjust offence of past suspicion—
Go—Fulvia is thy own—and thou art free.

Fulv. O happy change !

Æt. Now, now, indeed my soul
First feels confusion—Who could e'er have hop'd
Such virtues in a rival and a monarch ?
Thus to resign the treasure of his soul,
Thus to forget——

Val. Haste then—Impatient Rome
Expects thy presence : bless her longing sight ;
Banish her fears : there will be time enough
For fair exchange of mutual love and friendship.

Æt. I blush to recollect my late demeanour—
A gift like this, Augustus——

Val. Ætius, go
And learn henceforth the heart of Valentinian.

Æt. Since Cæsar gives me life, this hand
Shall Cæsar's sway maintain
O'er gelid Scythia's freezing land,
Or Æthiop's parch'd domain.

To bid for thee fresh laurels bloom
Again my labours see :
The war's stern perils I'll resume,
To bleed or die for thee.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

VII

VALENTINIAN, FULVIA, MAXIMUS.

Val. Go then and take thy fate. [aside,

Max. My hopes are lost ! [aside.

Fulv. Most generous prince ! on thee may
righteous Heaven

Return that happiness thou giv'st to Fulvia !

Thy goodness ever shall be treasur'd here ;

Yet, ah ! permit me on this sacred hand

To seal my grateful vows,

Val. No, Fulvia—stay,

Be first my gift complete : thou know'st not yet

How far it leaves thy every vow behind,

How far exceeds thy hopes.

Max. What dost thou, Cæsar ?

This mercy now misleads thee.

Val. Thou shalt see

That mercy not misleads, nor Cæsar errs ;

All cares and fears shall end.

Max. What peace can follow

If Ætius be releas'd ?

SCENE

S C E N E X. *viii**Enter VARUS.*

Val. Varus, is now
My will obey'd?

Varus. Cæsar, thy will's obey'd,
Ætius is dead.

Fulv. What say'st thou! Ætius dead!

Varus. My faithful foldiers in the pass surpris'd
him,

Nor had he time for fear, his breast transfix'd
Receiv'd the weapon's point—he groan'd and fell!

Max. O unexpected chance! [*aside.*

Fulv. O! Heavens! I faint——

[*leans against the scene.*

Val. Haste, hide from every eye his bloody
vestments,

And let the death of Ætius be conceal'd
From each that owns his cause.

Varus. It shall be done. [*Exit.*

Val. And still is Fulvia silent? 'Tis thy time
To speak—and wherefore dost thou now forbear
To praise this generous prince?

Fulv. Inhuman tyrant!
I cannot speak—unhappy, wretched Ætius!

Max. Permit her, Cæsar, for awhile to indulge
The first impulse of grief.

SCENE

S C E N E XI. IX

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. Most gladsome tidings
I bring to Cæsar's ear.

Val. What says Honoria?
Her cheerful looks betoken happiness.

Hon. Ætius is innocent.

Val. How! innocent!

Hon. Æmilius has confess'd.—I found the
traitor
Conceal'd in my apartment, parting life
Scarce breathing on his lips.

Max. Distracting chance! [*aside.*]

Val. In thy apartment?

Hon. Yes: wounded by thee,
He there had lurk'd the live-long night conceal'd:
From him I learn'd the innocence of Ætius:
The dying, Cæsar, never can deceive us.

Val. But did he not reveal the wretch whose
guilt
Urg'd him to Cæsar's death?

Hon. He said, the guilty
Was one most dear to Cæsar, one by him
Injur'd in love.

Val.

Val. His name ?

Hon. He strove to speak it,
Collecting on his lips his fleeting soul,
But buried with a sigh the name within him.

Val. O inauspicious fate !

Max. O dangerous trial ! [*aside.*

Fulv. Now, tyrant, speak—say was my comfort
guilty ?

Or justly punish'd ? What avails to me
Thy vain regret for Ætius innocent ?
Who, cruel man, shall now restore his life ?

Hon. What say'st thou, Fulvia ? Ætius dead !

Fulv. He's dead !

Ah ! princess, fly thy barbarous brother's sight ;
A ruthless savage, that delights in blood,
In guiltless blood—let him be shunn'd by each ;
He mocks at all remorse—he knows no horror
For such a deed ; forgets his fame, his honour ;
Thy life, Honoria, is not safe.

Hon. Inhuman !

And could'st thou then——

Val. Alas ! forbear, Honoria,
Insult me not—I know, I own my crime ;
But ah ! I merit pity more than blame.
Yet counsel now my fears : all present here
Are dearest to my heart ; in which of these
Shall I explore the traitor ? When, alas !

I know

I know not which of these I e'er have wrong'd ?

Hon. Not wrong'd !—Then let thy thoughts
recall the past,

Remember Maximus his spouse : remember
Thy love that laid its snares for female honour.

Max. What means to save me now ! [aside.

Val. And must I think
That mindless of my favours since conferr'd,
His soul still broods relentless o'er a vain
And youthful transport ?

Hon. Know'st thou not the offender
Forgets the offense he gave, the offended never ?

Fulv. What danger threatens my father ! [aside.

Val. Ah ! too truly
Thou speak'st, but say, in this extreme, Honoria,
What course remains ?

Hon. Com'st thou to me for counsel ?
Since thou alone hast brought this evil on thee,
Be it thine alone, O tyrant ! now to heal it.

[Exit.

S C E N E XII.

X

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Max. Cæsar, thou ill repay'st my loyal truth,
If thou suspect'st it now.

Val. Honoria's words

Have

Have rouz'd me from my lethargy : the occasion
Calls on thee, Maximus, to clear thy honour ;
Since still the criminal remains conceal'd,
In thee I must believe him.

Max. Wherefore, Cæsar ?

What deed of mine ? Must then Honoria fix
The guilt of Maximus ?—Is this thy justice ?

Fulv. Unhappy father !

Val. Certain are my fears.

Æmilius, dying, nam'd the traitor one
Dear to my heart ; one whom I wrong'd in love ;
All this too plainly, Maximus, to thee
Refers, to thee alone—If thou art guiltless
Produce the proofs ; meanwhile my safety bids
Secure thy person——

Fulv. [*aside.*] Gracious powers ! assist me.

Val. What other bosom could have nurs'd such
treason ?

Ho, guards !

Fulv. [*to Val.*] Barbarian, hear—'tis I am guilty :
I to Æmilius gave the deathful charge ;
I am that hapless one so dear to Cæsar ;
I, cruel man, am one you wrong'd in love,
When late you profferr'd Ætius to Honoria.
Had not the stars been adverse to my wishes,
Vengeance had now been mine, my spouse had
reign'd,
The world and Rome no longer then had groan'd
Beneath

Beneath a tyrant's heart and powerless hand :
Delusive hopes and unpropitious stars !

Max. [*aside.*] O ! pious fraud !

Val. My soul is lost with wonder !

Fulv. [*aside.*] Save but my father, perish all
mankind.

Val. [*to Fulv.*] Could'st thou contrive, pursue
so black a treason,
And canst thou own it too ?

Fulv. The guiltless Ætius
Dies for my crime, and shall I suffer too
My father innocent to die for Fulvia ?

Val. Then Maximus at least is true ?

Max. Augustus,
I now am criminal—Since impious she
Has in oblivion steep'd her sacred faith,
The father's guilty in the daughter's crime.
Punish—secure thy safety with my death :
That partial love, which every bosom feels
For its own offspring, may some future day
Corrupt a father's truth.

Val. Fate, as thou wilt
Dispose me now, I yield me to thy mercy :
I'm weary of suspense : if life demand
Such anxious cares, it is not worth my keeping—
In these extremes of doubt I find new courage,
And resolution strengthens from despair.

Where'er I turn intruding fear
Would shew some unthought danger near :
This painful being let me close,
And with it end the sufferer's woes.

'Tis better sure at once to die
Than thus to drag mortality,
When hope and peace alike must end ;
My mistress lost and lost my friend. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XIII. XT

MAXIMUS, FULVIA.

Max. At length he's gone. By thee I live, my
daughter,
By thee I breathe—How did I struggle late
To hide my tender feelings ! Let me now,
O let me clasp thee to my eager bosom,
My hope, my dear support, my life's preserver !
[*would embrace her.*

Fulv. Away, inhuman father ! [*drawing back.*

Max. Why, my daughter,
Why dost thou shun me thus ?

Fulv. All, all my sufferings
I date from thee—Suffice it, that to save thee
I have accus'd myself : O ! hence, nor call
To my remembrance what for thee I've lost,
What by thy guilt I am, and what thou art.

Max.

Max. And would'st thou still forbid a grateful
 father
 To pay love's faithful tribute—come—
[would embrace her.]

Fulv. In pity
 Leave me at peace—If thou would'st prove thee
 grateful,
 Unsheathe thy sword, my father, kill me, kill me :
 With tears a daughter begs this recompense,
 Begs from a parent whom she has preserv'd.

Max. No more with causeless anguish grieve,
 Those gushing drops restrain ;
 By thee secur'd I life receive,
 And thou by me shalt reign.

For thee a tyrant's blood shall flow ;
 A kingdom shall return
 The great reward for every woe
 We unreveng'd have borne. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E XIV.

XII

FULVIA *alone.*

Wretch that I am ! Is this the air of Tiber
 That Fulvia breathes ? Or rove I through the paths
 Of Thebes and Argos ? Or from Grecian shores,
 Fertile in impious deeds, domestic furies,
 From Cadmus' or Atrides' fatal race,
 Have visited these climes ; while there a stern
 Ungrateful

Ungrateful monarch fills my soul with horror,
A barbarous father here, with treacherous guilt,
Freezes the springs of life ; and ever present
A guiltless husband skims before my sight !
O fatal images ! O dire remembrance !
Distracting thoughts, yet still I breathe and live !

In anguish while my tongue complains,
My heart is torn with racking pains,
Through every part the frenzy flies.
I call on Heaven to end my woe,
Unpitying Heaven with-holds the blow,
Nor sends the forky bolt below,
But to my prayer the bolt denies. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E XV.

XIII

The capitol. A crowd of people.

MAXIMUS *without his mantle, Conspirators.*

Tremble, O Rome ! the dread of Attila,
The unconquer'd chief, thy great deliverer falls,
And falls by whom ? The envy of Augustus
Has murder'd Ætius : such rewards as these
A tyrant's hand bestows. What hope is ours
From him whose rage oppresses worth like this ?
Romans, revenge your hero : call to mind
Your ancient glory ; from a shameful yoke

Release your country ; from impending danger
 Defend your fame, yourselves, your wives and
 children. [going.

S C E N E XVI. XIII

Enter VARUS.

Varus. Hold, Maximus, what more than rebel
 madness
 Inflames thee thus ?

Max. Cease, Varus, or consent
 To aid my purpose—All who love their country
 Unsheath the sword and follow—Lo ! the place
 [pointing to the capitol, all draw their swords.
 Shall give to Rome her freedom and dominion.
 [Exit with the rest towards the capitol.

S C E N E XVII.

VARUS alone.

O ! impious man ; he leads to death the guilt-
 less,
 Then calls on Rome to avenge his own misdeeds.
 Go then—but such designs shall fatal prove
 To him whose heart conceiv'd them—Traitor, go !
 —But hark ! what sudden tumult fills my ears.
 [trumpets and alarms.

From

From yonder capitol afar
Is heard the clashing din of war,
A thousand foldiers' shouts in air
Their mingled clamours blend.
What now remains? O! let me prove
Whate'er the generous breast can move,
Of social truth or loyal love,
The subject or the friend. [Exit:

S C E N E XVIII.

XIV

The imperial guards are seen descending from the capitol fighting with the conspirators. The skirmish over, VALENTINIAN appears without his mantle, defending himself with his drawn sword against two of the conspirators.

Enter MAXIMUS with his sword drawn.

Val. Ah! traitors!—[sees Max.] Welcome,
friend, thou com'st in time
To give thy sovereign aid. [to Max.

Max. [to his party.] Forbear—'tis mine
To take the tyrant's life.

S C E N E XIX.

*Enter FULVIA.**Fulv.* What means my father?*Max.* To punish tyranny.*Val.* Is this the faith
Of Maximus?*Max.* Enough have I dissembled:
What though Æmilius ill perform'd my bidding,
Thou by this hand shalt perish.*Val.* Impious traitor!*Fulv.* That sword shall never reach the breast
of Cæsar
Till first a father takes his daughter's life.*Max.* Augustus, perish!

S C E N E XX.

*Enter ÆTIUS, VARUS, with swords drawn,
and soldiers.**Æt.* } No, Augustus, live!
Varus. }*Fulv.* Ætius!*Val.* What do I see!*Max.* Unlook'd-for chance!*[throws away his sword.*

SCENE

S C E N E L A S T.

Enter HONORIA.

Hon. Is Cæsar safe ?

Val. Behold by whom he lives. [*points to* Æt.]

Hon. [*to* Æt.] What God, O chief, preserv'd
thy life ?

Æt. The zeal
And piety of Varus.

Val. How !

Varus. I feign'd
His death completed—I deceiv'd thee, Cæsar,
But sav'd in Ætius thy deliverer.

Fulv. O fair deceit !

Æt. Heaven justly has decreed you
To owe your days, O Cæsar, to the hand
You deem'd unfaithful—Live—for Ætius seeks
No nobler triumph, and if still your mind
Harbours the smallest doubt of Ætius' loyalty,
Behold him once again a yielded prisoner.

Val. Exalted hero ! 'tis thyself alone
Can equal worth like thine : clasp'd to my breast,
Receive this pledge of penitence and love.
Behold thy bride. Honoria shall prepare
To be the spouse of Attila : I know
She gladly will resign thy generous hand

To

To constant Fulvia.

Hon. To such matchless truth
This sacrifice is little.

Æt. Happy hour !

Fulv. Transporting pleasure !

Æt. At our prayers, Augustus,
Grant Varus pardon, Maximus his life.

Val. To such a pleader nothing is denied.

CHORUS.

In life's uncertain track 'tis given

The mind of erring man to stray,
But Innocence, the star from Heaven,
Directs through shades our doubtful way.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

THE

THE UNINHABITED ISLAND.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

CONSTANTIA, Wife to **GERNANDO**.

SYLVIA, her younger Sister.

HENRIQUES, Friend to **GERNANDO**.

GERNANDO, Husband to **CONSTANTIA**.

SCENE in a small Island.

THE UNINHABITED ISLAND.

S C E N E I.

A pleasant part of a small and uninhabited Island with a prospect of the sea : several trees of a foreign growth, rude caves and grottoes, with shrubs and flowers. On the forepart of the stage, to the right hand, is a great rock on which is an unfinished inscription in European characters.

CONSTANTIA *alone, wildly apparelled with skins, leaves and flowers, with the hilt and broken part of a sword in her hand, appears employed in finishing the Inscription.*

What task so arduous, but unwearied toil
At length effects ! Hard is this stubborn rock,
Rude is this instrument, and weak the hand
That inexperienc'd guides it : yet behold
My long laborious work how near complete.
Grant me to finish this ! then, gracious Heaven !
Release me from a life replete with sorrows.
Should Fortune e'er, in future times, transport
Some traveller to tread these shores unknown,
This rock at least shall from oblivion's power
Preserve my sufferings, and record my story.

[*reads.*] "CONSTANTIA, BY GERNANDO'S GUILLE
BETRAY'D,

"FORSAKEN HERE, ON THIS FAR-DISTANT COAST,

"CLOS'D THE SAD REMNANT OF HER WRETCHED
DAYS.

"WHOE'ER THOU ART, THAT READ'ST THESE
MOURNFUL LINES,

"IF SAVAGE FIERCENESS DWELL NOT IN THY
BREAST,

"REVENGE OR PITY——

——"my disastrous fate."

These words alone are wanting : let me then

Conclude what yet remains to crown my toil.

[*returns to her work.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter SYLVIA, in haste.

Syl. My sister, my Constantia ! [*with joy.*

Conf. What imports
Thy breathless haste, and whence my Sylvia's
transport ?

Syl. O ! my lov'd sister ! I am wild with joy !

Conf. But say the cause.

Syl. My dear, my lovely fawn,
So many days deplor'd and fought in vain,
Is now return'd.

Conf.

Conf. And hence thy mighty rapture ?

Syl. And think'st thou this so little ? Well thou
know'st

My fawn's my care, my darling and my friend :
She loves her Sylvia : when I speak, methinks
She hears me with a more than brutal sense.
She sleeps upon my bosom, courts my kisses,
And still attends me whereso'er I go.
Her had I lost, her have I found again,
And think'st thou this so small a cause of joy ?

Conf. O ! happy innocence !

[*returns to her work.*]

Syl. Shall I, my sister,
For ever hear thy sighs and see thy tears ?

Conf. And can I ever dry these weeping eyes ?
Full thirteen times has spring renew'd its course,
Since thus abandon'd, and secluded far
From human race, depriv'd of every comfort,
O Heaven ! without one glimmering hope again
To view my lost, my dear paternal shores,
Here have I dwell'd and dragg'd a dying life :
And would'st thou, Sylvia, have me yet unmov'd ?

Syl. But what have we to ask to make us happy ?
Are we not sovereigns here ? This pleasing isle
Our peaceful kingdom, and the forest herds
Our gentle subjects ? Earth and sea produce
Supplies for us : the friendly trees afford

A grate-

A grateful shelter from the burning heat ;
 And hollow caves defend us from the cold :
 Our will is uncontroll'd by force or law :
 If this suffice not, say what more remains
 To make us blest ?

Conf. Alas ! thou canst not miss
 The good thou ne'er hast known. When first we
 reach'd

These lonely shores, thy lips could scarcely utter
 Imperfect sounds, thy young ideas then
 Uniform'd and unconnected : thy remembrance
 Preserves no trace of what we once have been,
 No object knows but what this isle affords.
 I, who was then, as thou art now, remember
 (O ! cruel recollection !) what I was,
 And, with my present state, compare the past.

Syl. Oft have I heard you boast the wealth, the
 wisdom,
 The arts, the manners and delights of Europe ;
 And yet permit me to declare my thoughts,
 This peaceful life for me has greater charms.

Conf. Think not description, Sylvia, will inform
 thee
 Of what from sight thou only canst conceive.

Syl. And yet these boasted lands are fill'd with
 man—

With man, whose species is our deadly foe ;
 And have you not a thousand times declar'd—

Conf.

Conf. True, I have told thee oft; but ne'er
enough

Of that detested race. Yes, men are cruel,
Perfidious, impious, treacherous, more than savage,
Strangers to ties of soft humanity; [*weeps.*
Love, faith and pity dwell not in their breast.

Syl. Then here from them at least we live secure;
And yet—you weep—O! if you love your Sylvia,
Forbear this grief. What can I do to ease you?
Do you desire my fawn? Dry up those tears—
My fawn shall then be yours. [*takes her hand.*

Conf. Alas! my Sylvia,
Constantia has too just a cause for tears.
[*embracing her.*

If I, who by my treacherous spouse
Here banish'd from mankind remain,
If I'm forbid to weep my woes,
O Heaven! what wretch must then complain?

But who shall dare condemn my grief,
With every anguish here oppress'd,
And even denied the poor relief
Of pity from a friendly breast? [*Exit.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

A ship appears at a distance under sail.

SYLVIA *alone.*

How obstinate her complaints ! Her constant sorrow
Afflicts my tender heart : fain would I sooth her ;
But prayers, advice and chidings all are vain ;
And stranger still, whene'er I offer comfort,
Her tears increase and I'm compell'd to weep :
Yet let me still pursue her——

[going she sees the ship.

Heavens ! what means

Yon towering bulk, that rises o'er the sea ?
'Tis not a rock—a rock remains unmov'd :
And can so vast a monster cut the flood
With such a rapid motion ? See, behind
The parted waves are white ; its speedy course
Outstrips the gazing eye, while on its back
It bears huge wings, and swims at once and flies.
Constantia shall instruct me ; she can tell
If yonder form is not some wondrous being
That holds its dwelling in the faithless deep.
At least she knows——

*[Gernando and Henriques are seen to leave
the ship, descend into the boat and land.]*

Ye powers ! what do I see !

O ! who

O ! who are these that now have reach'd the shore ?
What shall I do, and whither turn for aid ?
My breast is chill'd with fear, I scarce have strength
To fly, or hide me from the approaching danger.
[hides herself.]

S C E N E IV.

GERNANDO, HENRIQUES, *in Indian habits ;*
SYLVIA *apart.*

Hen. Is this the land, Gernando, we have
fought ?

Ger. Even this, my friend : its well-known
image here,
Remains engraven by the hand of Love :
My beating heart confirms it for the same.

Syl. [*looking out.*] Might I but view their face—

Hen. Perchance, my friend,
We yet may be deceiv'd.

Ger. No, my Henriques,
This is the fatal place, I well remember
Each craggy rock. Behold the cave, where laid
In gentle sleep, with Sylvia in her arms,
I left my wife, the treasure of my soul !
I left her, never to behold her more.
'Twas there the pirate-band assail'd me first ;
I here receiv'd my wound ; there from my hand
The weapon dropp'd. O ! let us haste, my friend,

For each delay is criminal, Do thou
Yon' quarter visit, this to search be mine.
This island stretches but to small extent,
Nor can we wander far. My heart, alas !
Has scarce a hope to find Constantia here.
Yet fate at least one comfort shall afford ;
That precious earth which holds her breathless
corse,
Shall form Gernando's tomb. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

HENRIQUES, SYLVIA *apart.*

Syl. To their discourse
In vain I've listen'd.

Hen. Hapless is the fortune
Of poor Gernando ; scarce his hand receives
His lovely bride, when call'd to distant climes
He trusts himself and all he prizes most,
Amidst the faithless deep ; then landing here
To seek refreshment for his tender partner
O'er-spent and wearied by the tossing surge,
While sleep seals up her sense, by ruffian force
Is hurried hence to distant lands unknown,
Where many years he sighs a wretched captive,
And hears no tidings of the fair he mourns.

Syl. At length he turns—how pleasing is his
mien !

Hen.

Hen. Compassion pleads for him in every breast,
 And gratitude in mine. To him I owe
 Freedom, the first the noblest gift of Heaven.
 'Twere cruelty in others not to mourn
 His fate, in me 'twere base ingratitude.
 The heart that feels not for another's woe,
 Is shunn'd by all; but most the ungrateful mind
 Is justly held in universal horror.

The tender tree, though not indu'd
 With gentle sense of human woes,
 Is grateful to the parent flood
 From which its genial moisture flows.

For this he yields a kind return,
 And thick in verdant leaves array'd,
 When scorching beams of Phœbus burn,
 Defends the stream with friendly shade.

• [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

SYLVIA alone.

What have I seen? It cannot sure be man;
 Its looks would then betray its native fierceness.
 Men all are stern and treacherous, and their aspect
 Must bear some semblance of the wicked heart.
 Nor is't a woman, for the garb it wears
 Is fashion'd not like mine or my Constantia's.
 Whate'er it be, it has a pleasing form:

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D D

My

My sister shall resolve me—Ha ! my feet
 Refuse to move, O Heaven ! why do I sigh ?
 What means my beating heart ? Can it be fear ?
 No—were it fear I should not find this pleasure ;
 Far different is the passion which I feel,
 This nameless something fluttering in my breast.

New joys I find and yet complain
 Amidst a sweet and pleasing pain ;
 Those looks, alas ! but vainly please ;
 What gives me pleasure gives not ease.

I run a thousand fancies o'er,
 Delightful hopes unknown before !
 And yet I know not whence I sigh,
 Or what my distant hopes imply. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

GERNANDO *alone, appearing fatigued.*

Alas ! my mind presag'd her fate too well.
 Vain are my toils : in vain I seek and call
 Her much-lov'd name : these eyes perceive not
 yet

The smallest track of her my soul adores.
 But where's my friend ? Perhaps more fortunate—
 What ho ! Henriques !—Let me seek him—
 Heaven's

I can no further—weariness and grief

Weigh

Weigh down my strength—here on this friendly
rock

I'll rest awhile and wait for his return——

[drawing near, sees the inscription.]

What see I? European characters!

Almighty powers! behold my name inscrib'd!

Whence this inscription, from what hand unknown?

[reads.] “CONSTANTIA, BY GERNANDO'S GUILF
BETRAY'D,

“FORSAKEN HERE, ON THIS FAR-DISTANT COAST

“CLOS'D THE SAD REMNANT OF HER WRETCHED
DAYS.”

—O! Heavens! I faint——

[leans against the rock.]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter HENRIQUES.

Hen. Speak comfort, my Gernando;
Yet know'st thou aught of poor Constantia's fate?

Ger. Constantia's dead.

Hen. What says my friend?

Ger. Read there. *[points to the inscription.]*

Hen. *[reads the first part of the inscription to himself, then exclaims.]* Unhappy fate!

[reads the remainder aloud.] “ON THIS FAR-DIS-
TANT COAST

"CLOS'D THE SAD REMNANT OF HER WRETCHED
DAYS.

"WHOE'ER THOU ART, THAT READ'ST THESE
MOURNFUL LINES,

"IF SAVAGE FIERCENESS DWELL NOT IN THY
BREAST,

"REVENGE OR PITY——"

There the sentence stands
Unfinish'd.

Ger. There her vital spirits fail'd.

[falls in an agony on the rock.]

Hen. O ! tragic issue of disastrous love !
Yes, weep Gernando, for thy tears are just.
Mine too shall flow in sympathy with thine,
Even rocks shall feel thy grief. But yet, my
friend,

'Midst all thy woes one comfort still remains,
(Nor think that comfort little) no remorse
Preys on thy soul : thou hast fulfill'd each duty
Which love, or faith, or reason could require ;
But Heaven was pleas'd to render vain thy cares.
No more remains, but with a pious mind
To bend submissive to this awful stroke,
And fly, as wisdom bids, these fatal shores.

Ger. Forfake these shores ! And whither must
I turn ?

Where dost thou think I more shall find repose ?
O no !—here Heaven has fix'd my last abode :
Here on this spot——

Hen.

Hen. What means my friend ?

Ger. While life

Informs my breast, I'll breathe the vital air
Constantia breath'd : each object here shall feed
My faithful grief : each moment I'll return
And kiss this rock ; here live in lingering pain
With her dear name for ever on my lips,
And dying here, complete my cruel fate.

Hen. O ! my Gernando, what hast thou resolv'd ?
Would'st thou abjure thy country and thy friends,
Thy father worn with years——

Ger. To see me thus,
Would bow his reverend head to earth with sorrow.
Then go, my friend, give comfort to his age ;
Be thou for me a son ; and if he seek
To know my fortune, spare a parent's ear,
Soften the tale, and speak but half my sufferings.

Hen. And canst thou hope that e'er—

Ger. My friend, farewell,

Attempt not, while my sorrows flow,
With empty words to sooth my woe ;
No mortal shall my anguish share ;
I ask no partner but despair.

In these abodes, ah ! what relief
Would kind compassion yield to grief ?
A friend would but increase my pain,
And swell the grief he felt in vain. [*Exit.*

SCENE

Hen. [turning to *Syl.*] Sure I dream!
What wonder strikes my sight! Stay, beauteous
nymph.

Syl. O Heavens! art thou return'd?

[about to fly.

Hen. Why would'st thou fly?
O! hear me but a moment.

Syl. Say, what would'st thou?

[from the side of the scene.

Hen. But gaze upon thee; speak a few short
words,

No more.

Syl. Then, ere thou speak'st, give me thy pro-
mise

To come not near me.

Hen. Fear not, lovely maid,
I promise this. [retiring further off.
What graceful innocence
Through all her frame!

Syl. How gentle are its looks! [going nearer.

Hen. But what's in me to cause such mighty
terror?

I am no asp, nor savage beast of prey:
A man can surely not affright thee thus.

Syl. [disturbed.] Art thou a man?

Hen. I am.

Syl. [flying.] O! save me! save me!

Hen.

S C E N E

er have I

HENRIQUE

We must not yet op^{air-one,}
 But let his passions b^{causeless fear dis-}
 Then, should he s^{y heart whispers I may trust}
 Force must be v^{y heart whispers I may trust}
 Some seamen
 Come forth . thou art gentle, as thy form be-
 Hear and ^{speaks} thee,
 We m^{and} and where did poor Constantia die?
 Wh^{Constantia?} Constantia? Heaven be prais'd, Constantia
 Y^{lives.} lives.

Hen. She lives!—O lovely Sylvia!—Yes, this
 place,

Thy tender years, all tell me thou art Sylvia.
 Fly to Constantia, while I haste as swift
 To seek Gernando.

Syl. Hast thou then with thee
 That cruel, that ingrate?

Hen. Call him unhappy,
 But not ingrate or cruel—O! delay not,
 'Twere barbarous to defer, but for a moment,
 The tender raptures of this faithful pair.

Syl. Together let us go.

Hen. No, that would ask

A longer

time than suits our present purpose.

Constantia, bring her to this place,

and hither I'll return. [going.

While—What is thy name?

ques.

[derly.] Then hear, Henriques, tarry not too long.

Hen. What means this haste, my fair?

Syl. Alas! I know not:

I feel a sudden damp at thy departure,
And feel, at thy return, as sudden joy.

Hen. And, witness Heaven, I could for ever
hear thee,

Gaze on thy sweets, and dwell with thee for ever.

[Exit,

S C E N E XI.

SYLVIA alone.

What can this mean? He's gone, but still re-
mains

Before my eyes: he's gone, but still my thoughts
Pursue where'er he goes. Why am I thus
Disturb'd, yet know not where this passion tends?

What

What is this, alas ! I prove,
 Pain or pleasure at my heart ?
 If 'tis pain that thus can move,
 O how pleasing is the smart.

'Tis a pain that lulls to rest,
 Every other thought disarms,
 Yet awakens in my breast
 New desires and soft alarms.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E XII.

CONSTANTIA *alone.*

Time o'er me flies with pitying wings,
 But Time to me no comfort brings :
 Though trees and rocks with years decay,
 My sorrows ne'er shall pass away.

Still here I live, and mourn in vain
 A life of slow-consuming pain.
 O ! let me yield at once my breath,
 And lay me gently down in death.

[*sits herself in a melancholy posture on the
 trunk of a tree, repeating the first part of
 the air.*

While absence hence, in thoughtless innocence
 My Sylvia wanders, let this hand resume
 Its melancholy labour. [*returns to her work.*

SCENE

S C E N E XIII.

Enter GERNANDO.

Ger. [*not seeing Conf.*] While my friend
Leaves me alone to grief, here let me turn
And kiss this precious rock— [*sees Conf.*
But ha! what would
Yon female form, and whence? What can this
mean?

Conf. [*not seeing him.*] Perchance, Constantia,
all thy toil is vain,
And what thou here hast wrought shall ne'er be
known.

Ger. Constantia! O, ye powers! my wife!
[*embracing her.*

Conf. [*turning, she knows him.*] Ah! traitor!
I can no more— [*falls in a swoon upon the rock.*

Ger. My life!—She hears me not!—
O Heaven! her senses fail—Some cooling stream—
Where shall I find—Not distant hence I view'd
A crystal rivulet—but must I leave
My treasure thus alone?—Yes, one short moment
Will bring me back impatient to her sight.
[*Exit hastily.*

SCENE

S C E N E XIV.

CONSTANTIA *in a swoon.**Enter* HENRIQUES.

Hen. [*entering.*] My friend, who knows not
yet his happiness,
Conceals himself from me—Where shall I turn
To trace his steps?—But see! on yonder rock
Some nymph reposes—'Tis not Sylvia—Heavens!
'Tis then Constantia—What a mortal paleness
O'erspreads her languid face!

Conf. [*coming to herself.*] Ah me!

Hen. Constantia?

Conf. [*without looking at him.*] O! leave me—
leave me.

Hen. Banish this despair,
And live to crown thy consort's faithful love.

Conf. Hence, traitor! let me, let me die in
peace,

Hen. A traitor!—sure thou know'st me not.

Conf. [*sees him.*] Ye powers!
Where is Gernando? Art thou not the same?
Did I but dream before, or dream I now?

Hen. Thou didst not dream before, nor dream'st
thou now:

Thou hast indeed beheld thy own Gernando,
And now thou see'st his friend.

Conf. And could he then
Return again to his forsaken wife,
To whom his cruelty——

Hen. Alas ! thy husband
Forfook not thee ; but hence, by ruffian force,
Was hurried from his lov'd Constantia's arms.

Conf. Say, when was this ?

Hen. When laid in yonder grot
Thy sense was lost in sleep.

Conf. What foes unknown ?

Hen. A band of pirates, with barbarian rage,
Affail'd him here ; awhile his valour stood
Against their fury, till his hand receiv'd
A luckless wound and dropp'd the sword ; then
soon,
Oppress'd by numbers, he remain'd their prisoner.

Conf. But wherefore all this time——

Hen. 'Till now detain'd
In cruel bonds, his thoughts alone were free,
And these have never stray'd from his Constantia.

Conf. O Heavens ! how have I wrong'd thee,
my Gernando !

Hen. At length behold to liberty restor'd,
Gernando comes ; behold him all thy own :

Again.

Again he comes, a tender faithful husband,
To give thee back thy peace, to calm thy sorrows,
To live and die with thee.

Conf. Where art thou then?
Where art thou, my Gernando? [*going to the left.*

S C E N E XV.

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. Hold Constantia,
In vain thou seek'st for thy Gernando there;
For even but now, in tender care for thee,
Hastening to yonder stream, a sudden force
Affail'd him and prevented his return.

[*pointing to the right.*

Conf. Ye powers! Affail'd? By whom and
why?

Hen. Forgive me:
The fault is mine. Gernando thought thee dead,
And vow'd to dwell for ever here; and hence
I gave command to bear him off by force.

Conf. Haste, let us set him free. [*going.*

Syl. Constantia, stay;
Already have I told them all the story.

Conf. Must I still wait? Have I not waited long,
So many years endur'd of tedious sorrow?

'Tis

'Tis time at length to find a happy period
To all my woes.

*[turning to go, is received into the arms of
Gernando, who enters at the instant.]*

SCENE LAST.

GERNANDO, CONSTANTIA, HENRIQUES, SYLVIA.

Ger. Here, in these faithful arms,
Receive the bliss thou seek'st.

Conf. And can it be?

Ger. Do I not dream?

Conf. Do I then hold Gernando?

Ger. Do I embrace my wife, my dear Constantia?

Hen. These tears, caresses, and imperfect accents
Diffolve my soul in tender sympathy.

Syl. *[goes to Hen.]* Tell me, Henriques, where-
fore are you thoughtful?
Gernando sure is kinder far than you:
Mark how with gentle speech he soothes Constantia,
While you, in fullen silence seem to stand,
Without one word for Sylvia.

Hen. Could I hope
That I were dear to thee——

Syl. If dear to me?
Yes, dearer than my fawn. *[joyful and tenderly.]*

Hen. Then give me, fair one,

Thy plighted hand and be Henriques' wife.

Syl. Your wife ! O no, that were indeed a folly :
So might I, left on some far-distant isle,
Drag on my days in mournful solitude.

Conf. No, Sylvia, my Gernando left me not ;
Thou shalt know all. Men are not, as I said,
Faithless and cruel.

Syl. When I knew Henriques,
I thought not so.

Conf. Unjustly I accus'd them,
But now, convinc'd, retract my former error.

Syl. And I retract whate'er I said before.
[gives her hand to Hen.]

CHORUS.

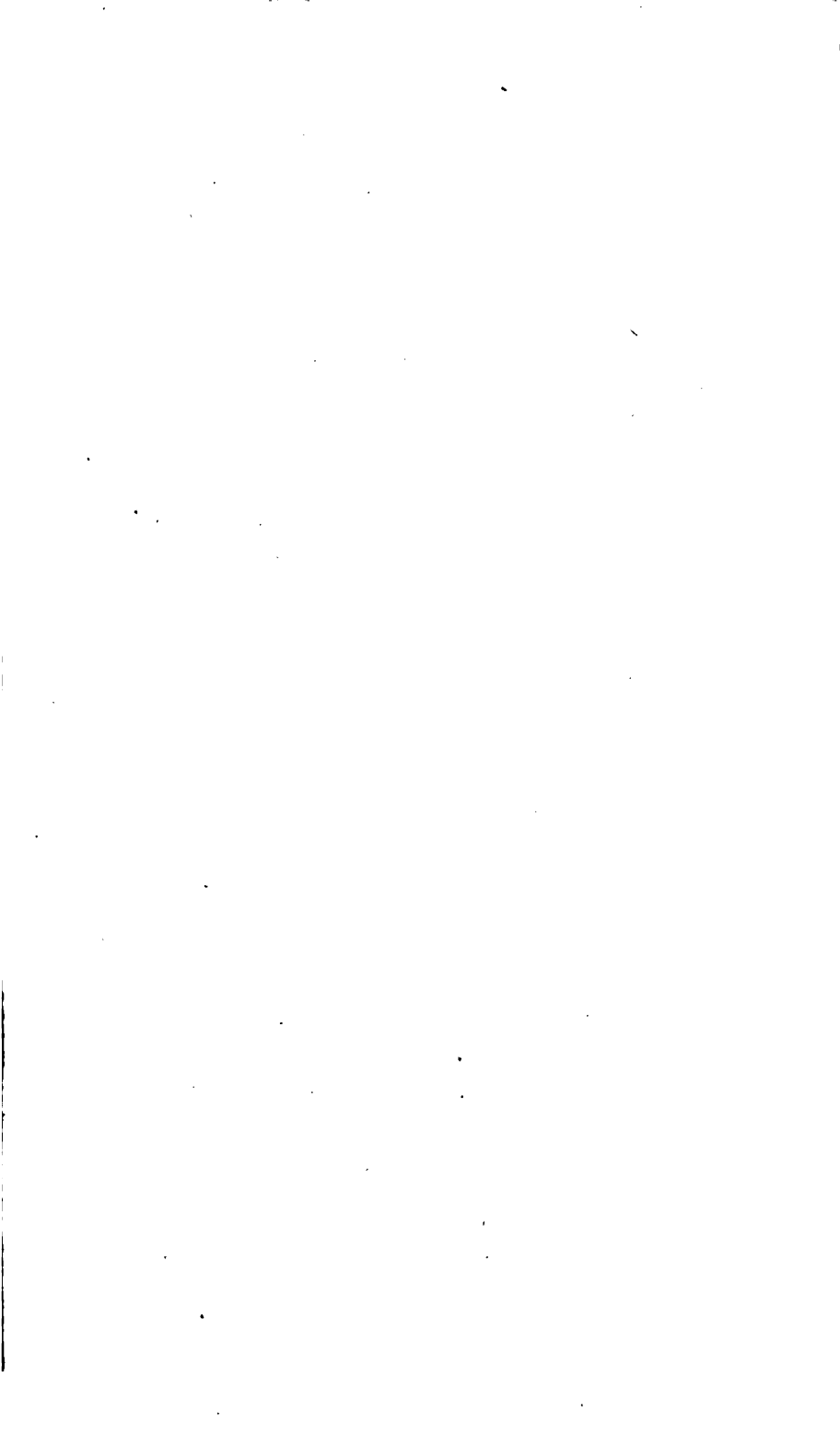
When lowering clouds the skies o'er-spread,
Let Hope exalt her cheerful head,
And all the threats of Fate despise.
Fortune shall give her malice o'er,
And Constancy's triumphant power
At length above her sufferings rise.

END OF THE UNINHABITED ISLAND.

**THE
TRIUMPH OF GLORY.**

VOL. II.

EE



THE
TRIUMPH OF GLORY.

THE Son of Thetis languish'd out his hours
In exile sweet, 'midst Scyros' slothful bowers,
The slave of LOVE; of LOVE, who proudly
view'd

So great a prisoner to his sway subdu'd ;
To keep him still his own he every art bestow'd,
And hourly some new charms in Deidamia
show'd :

He fram'd, in every movement of the fair,
Each word she spoke,
Each simple, unaffected look,
Fresh toils that might Achilles' heart ensnare.
The dwelling teem'd with all that could the
sense allure,

And fix his reign secure.
Throughout the splendid walls around
Soft sighs and gentle voices sound ;
And languid strains, that pity move,
And whispers of protesting love.

In silent groves, the friends to stol'n delight,
Seducing zephyrs play :

The feather'd songsters tune their wanton lay ;

"Twixt rock and rock the waters take
 Their limpid course, and murmuring break,
 While earth and Heaven, all, all to love invite !
 In female vesture, heedless of his praise,
 The enamour'd Hero wastes his days :
 Nor arms nor battle ~~here~~ employ'd his care,
 Nor spoils nor triumphs gain'd in war ;
 But sweet addresses, joy inciting ;
 Faint repulses, oft inviting ;
 Contention, urg'd in sportive mood ;
 The promise given and renew'd ;
 Complaining, pardon and offence,
 And flattery, that blinds the sense :
 A thousand toys, 'by lovers serious deem'd,
 But childish follies by the world esteem'd.

" With thee alone, to live or die,
 " My hope is now repos'd ;"
 Full oft he said, while, with a sigh,
 His melting words were clos'd.

" For ever thine, in thee alone"
 (He cried) " my soul can rest ;"
 While round the fair his arms were thrown,
 And clasp'd her to his breast.

But GLORY (who beheld with jealous eyes
 How LOVE from him usurp'd the prize,
 A heart, long-time to him decreed by Fate,)
 Achilles seeks, reproves his abject state ;

His

His spirit dead to honour's charms,
 And sets before his view Ulysses sheath'd in arms.
 As from a trance Achilles wakes,
 Rous'd with the stern rebuke and gleaming steel,
 he burns

With conscious anger, while by turns
 The flushing colour dyes, and now his cheek for-
 takes :

Swift from his limbs he tears the weeds of shame,
 For arms he calls—With sword and shield
 He now departs to seek the field,
 And heal each past disgrace that stain'd a noble
 name.

But lo ! where Deidamia fair,
 Lost in love and wild despair,
 Breathless, fighting,
 Fainting, dying,
 Pursues his flight, and vainly tries
 To vent those fond complaints her faltering tongue
 denies.

Yet could her words have found their way,
 The conquering dame had won her lover's stay.
 " Ah ! princess," (he the weeping maid ad-
 dress'd,)

" Unjust the transports that distract thy breast.
 " If thou would'st have me bear a soul so base,
 " A loss like mine were easy to replace :
 " Would'st thou in me a hero view,
 " Let me a hero's steps pursue.

“ Farewell !—to me for ever shalt thou prove”—

This firm farewell of parting love

Her gentle spirit ill could bear :

A tremor seiz'd the hapless fair ;

Through all her veins a sudden chillness flies,

And mute and motionless she lies !

What shall Achilles now ? While GLORY there
bestows

Laurels and palms, here LOVE his Deidamia shows

! All pale and senseless : THAT his heart proclaims

Irresolute and weak, and THIS as cruel blames.

The hero and the lover both contend,

And both his agonizing bosom rend :

The lover weeps ; the hero burns ;

He now departs, and now returns :

His feet, as changing passions sway,

Reluctant this or that obey ;

At length one generous effort made,

And all his virtue summon'd to his aid,

He curbs the pitying thoughts that fain would rise,

Awhile he silent stands, debates, resolves and flies.

'Tis true, that sorrowing still he flies,
But GLORY at his side attends ;
GLORY, that tears of sorrow dries,
And LOVE beneath his empire bends.

Capricious thus his rule below
The winged archer God maintains ;
Who meets him falls beneath the foe,
While he who flies the conquest gains.

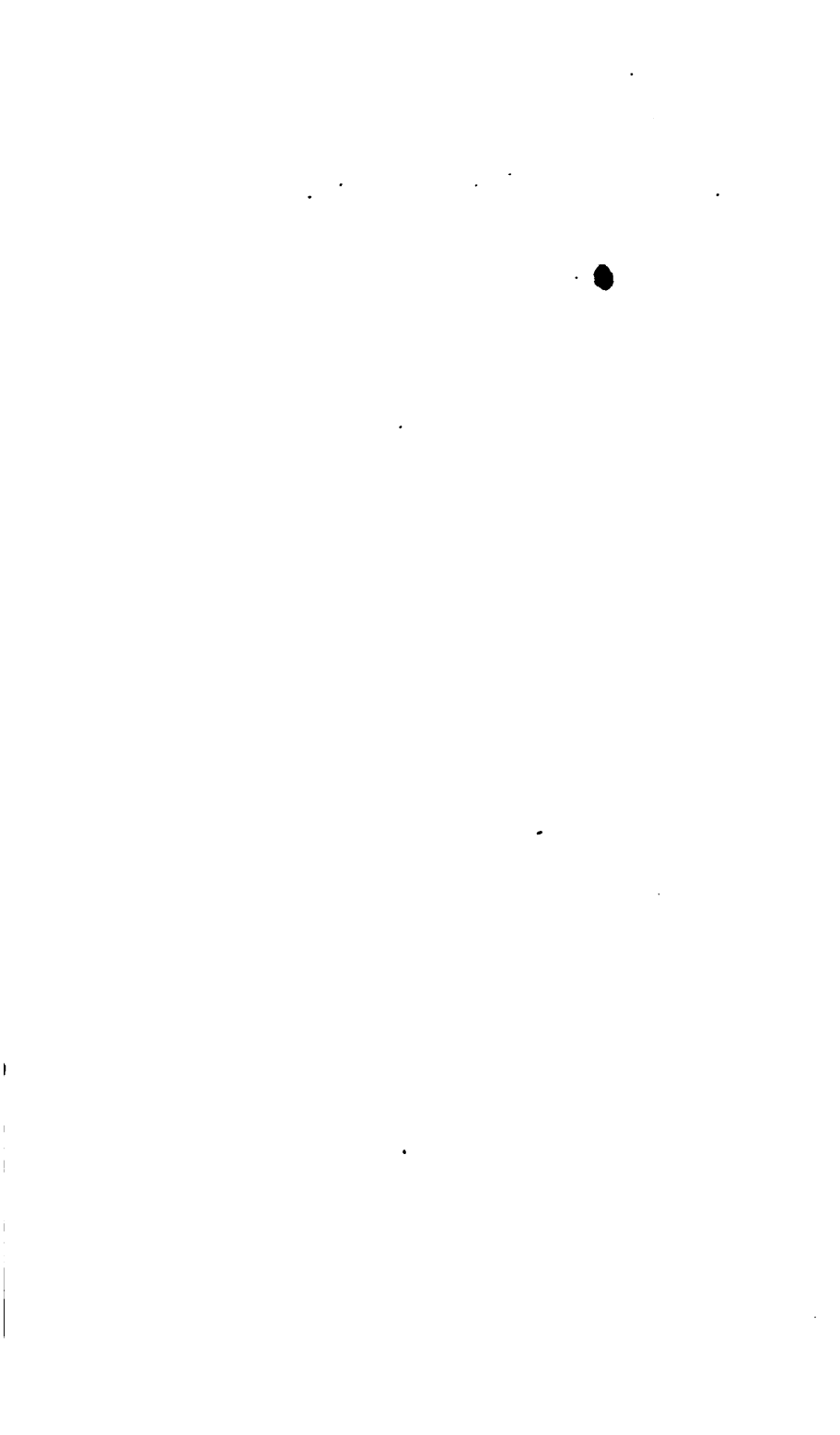
END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.





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